

DELL

FEBRUARY

15¢

M.G.M.'s

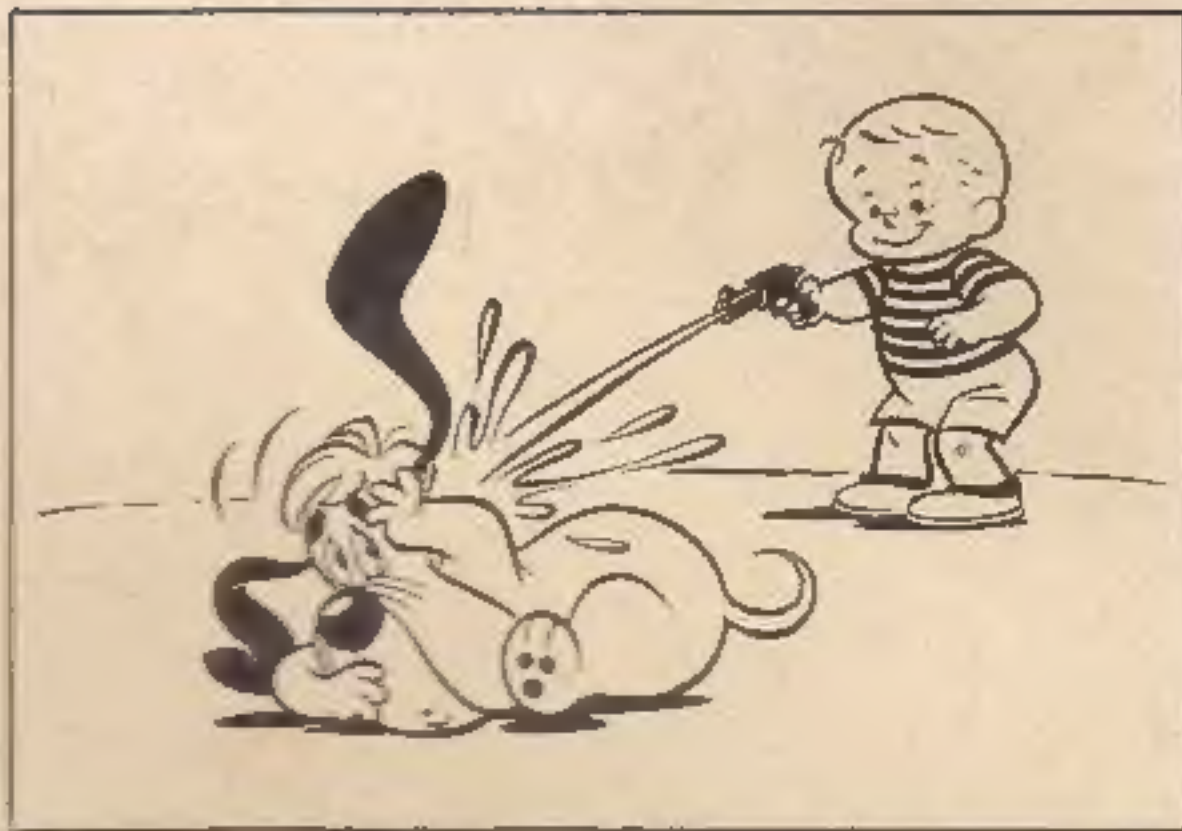
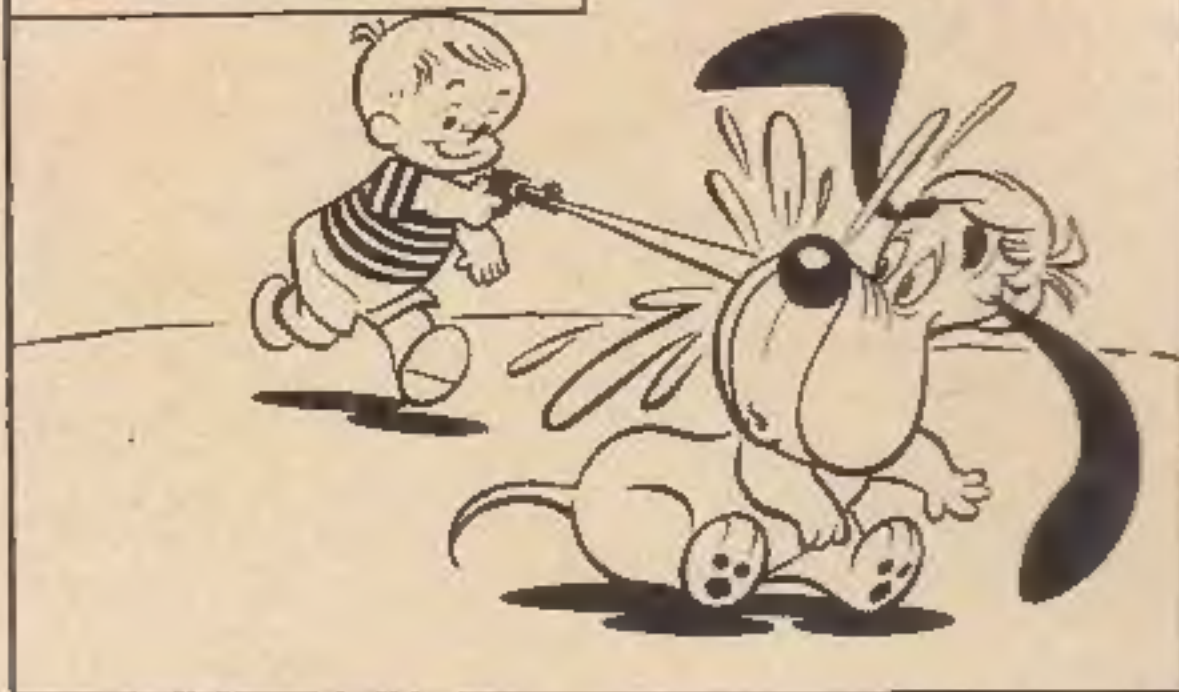
Tom and Jerry

Comics



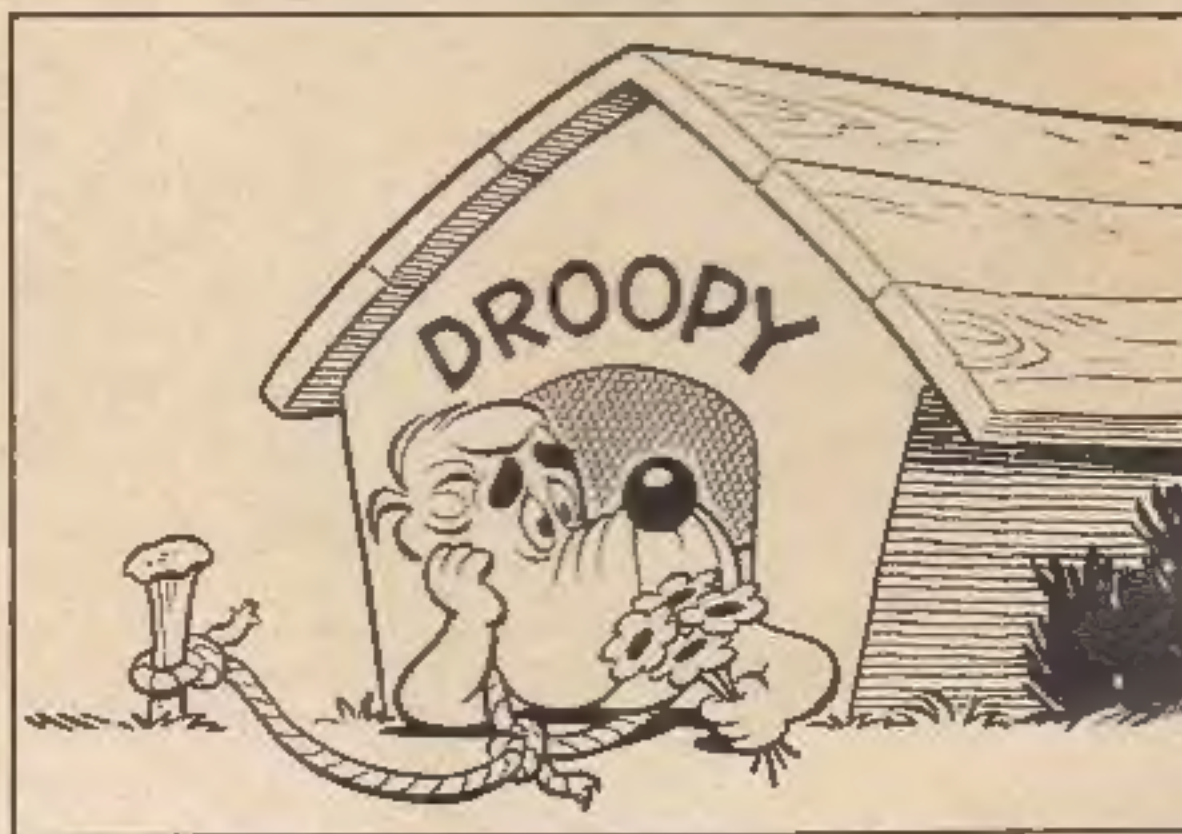
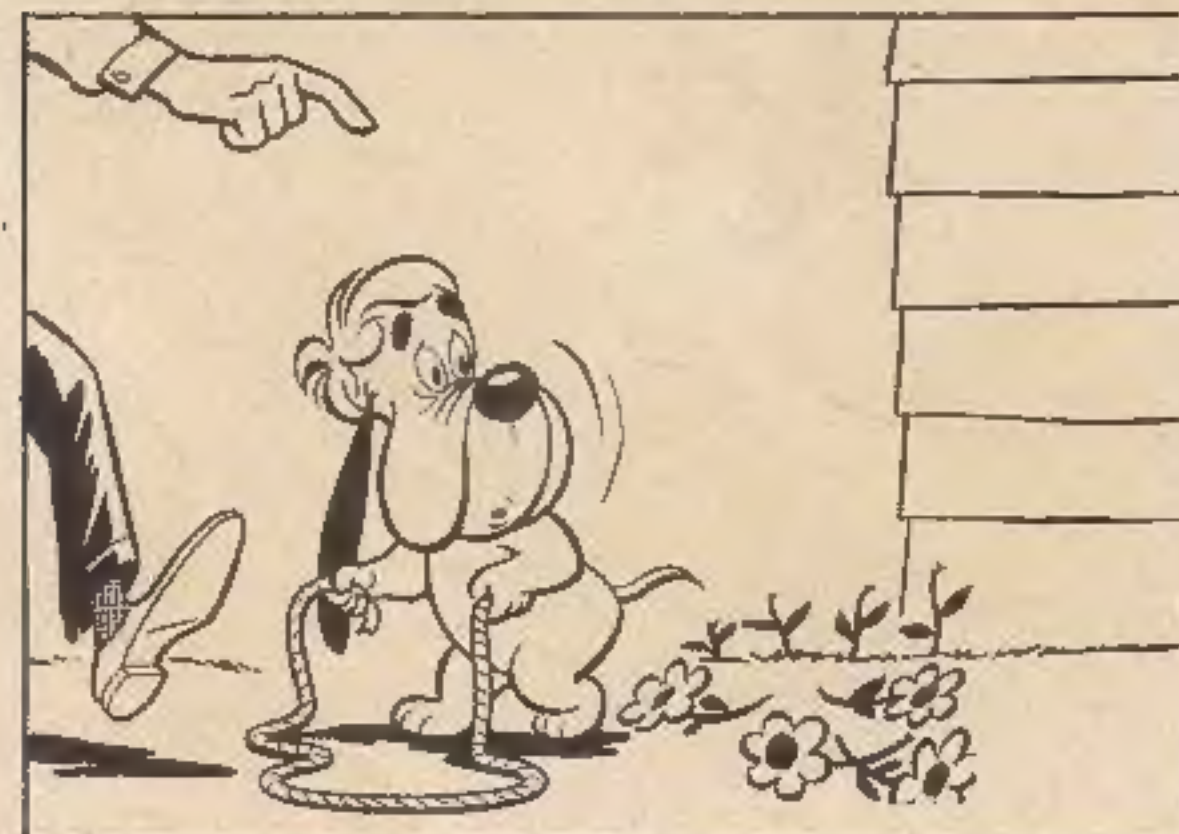
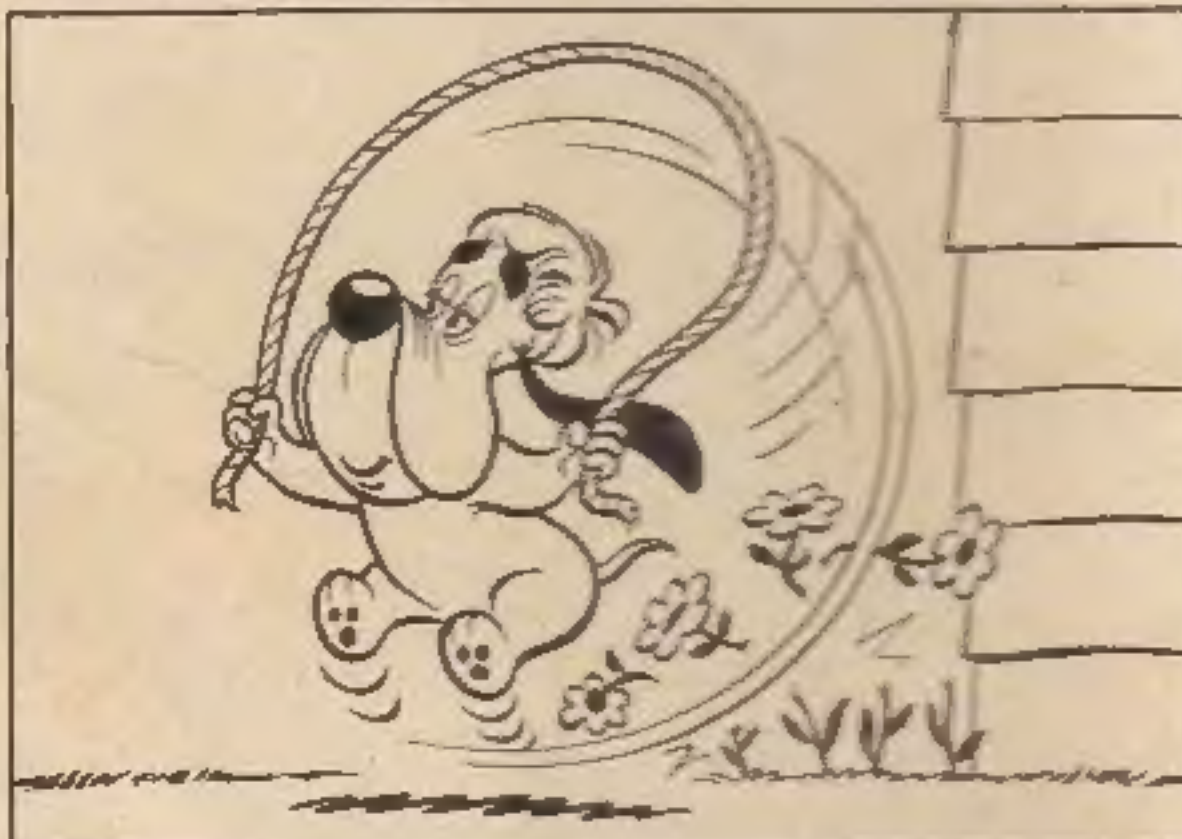
DROOPY

SQUIRT GUN FUN



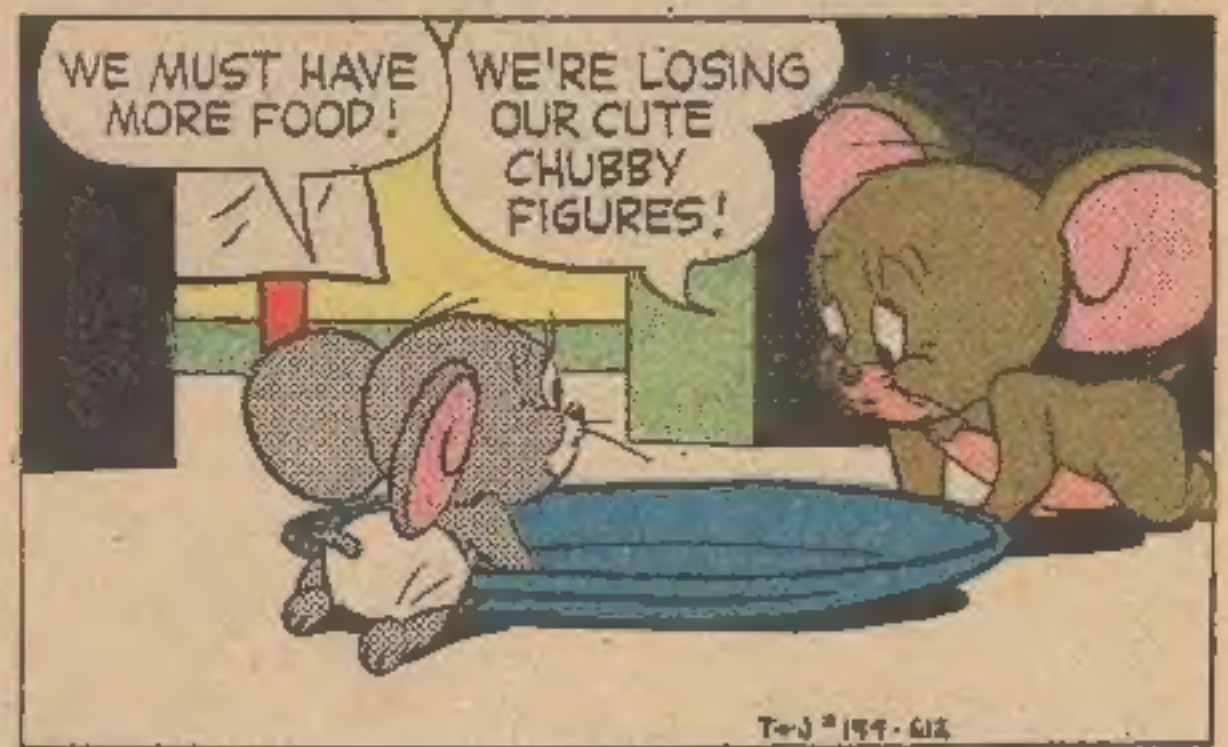
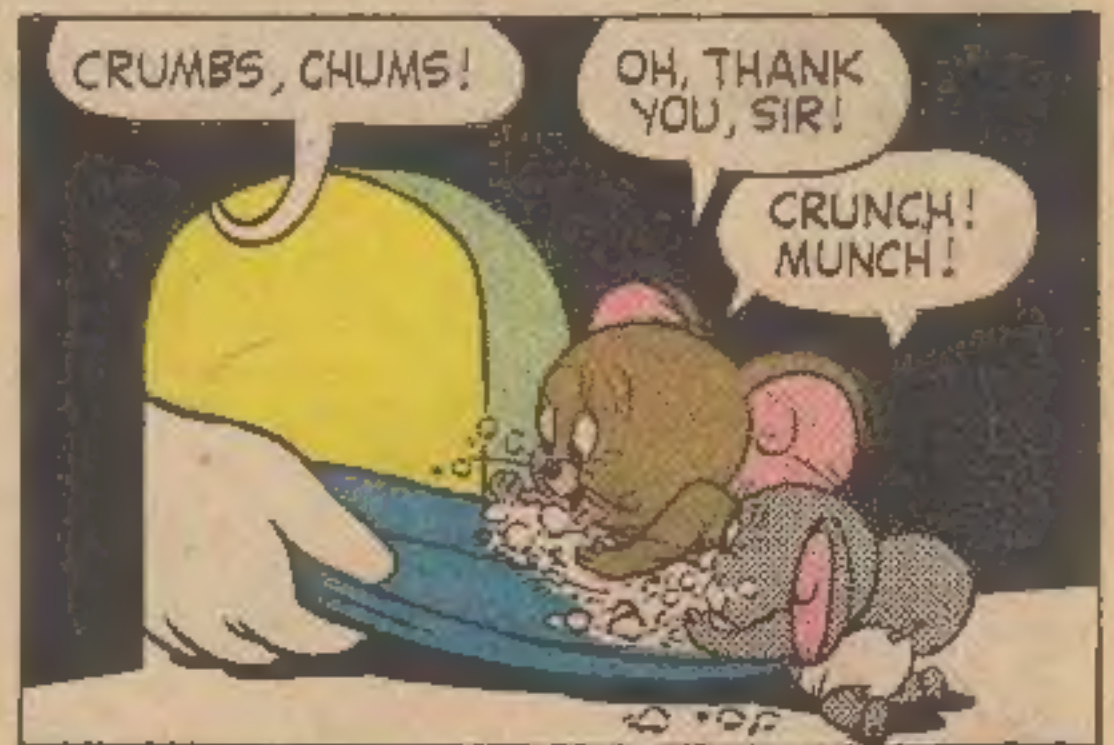
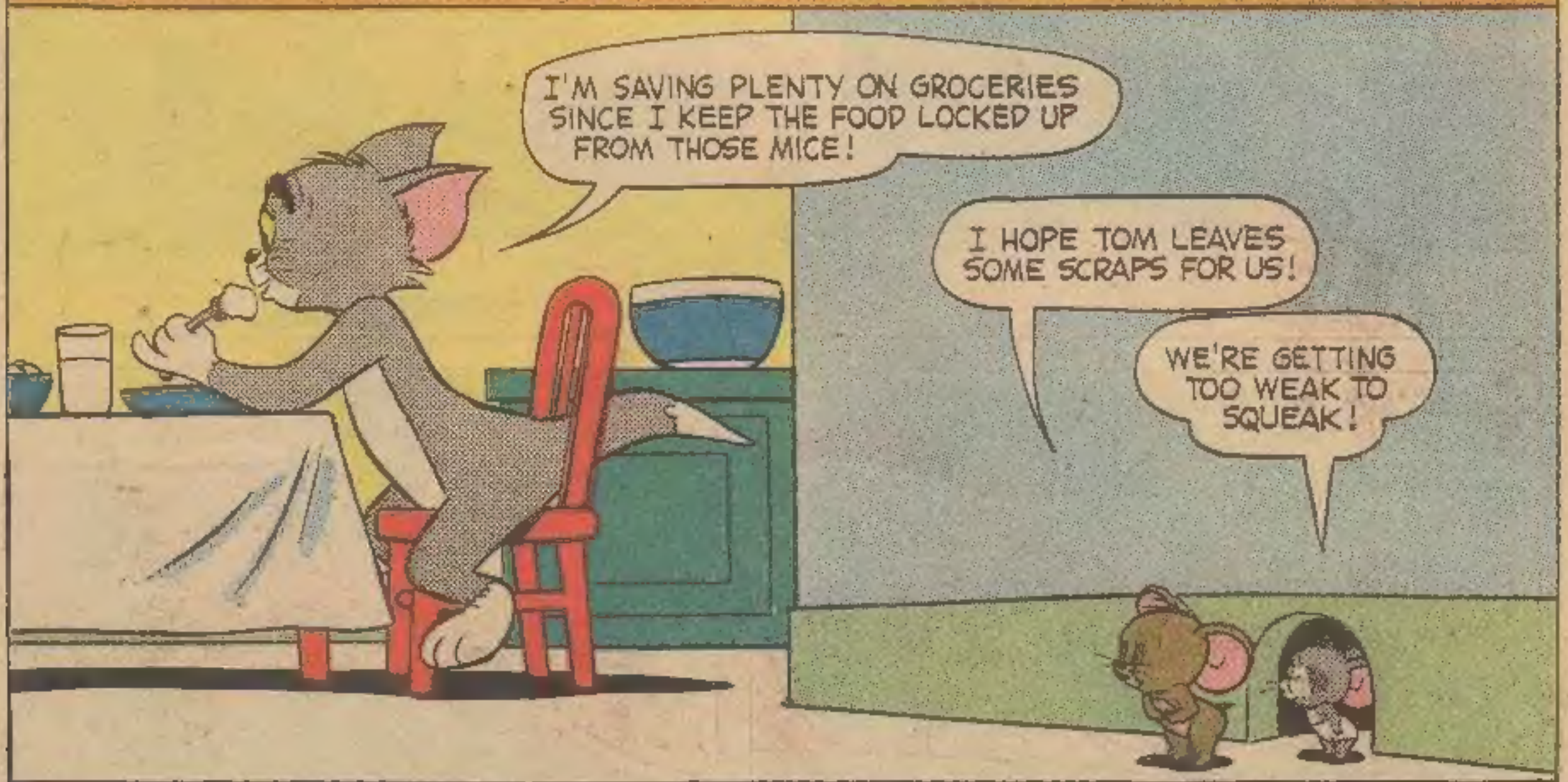
DROOPY

ROPED AND TIED



Tom and Jerry

THE VITAMICE

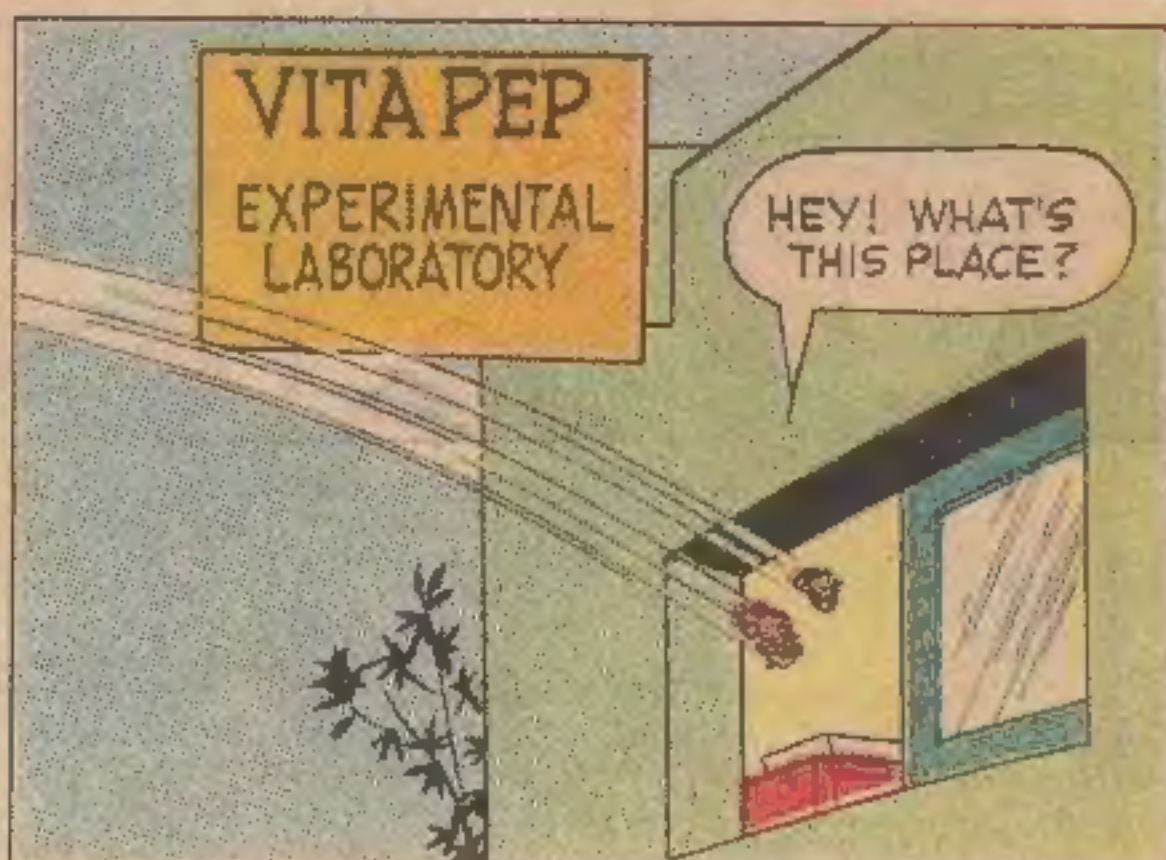
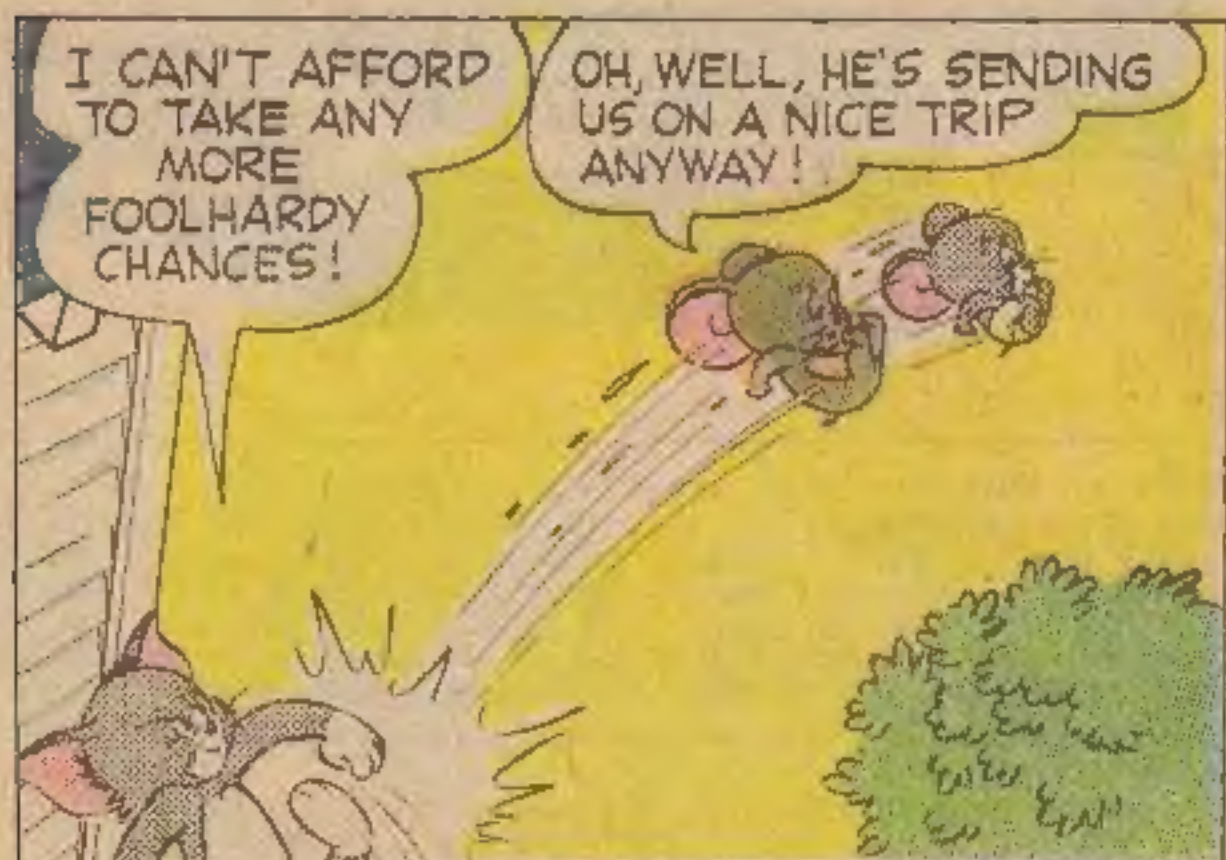
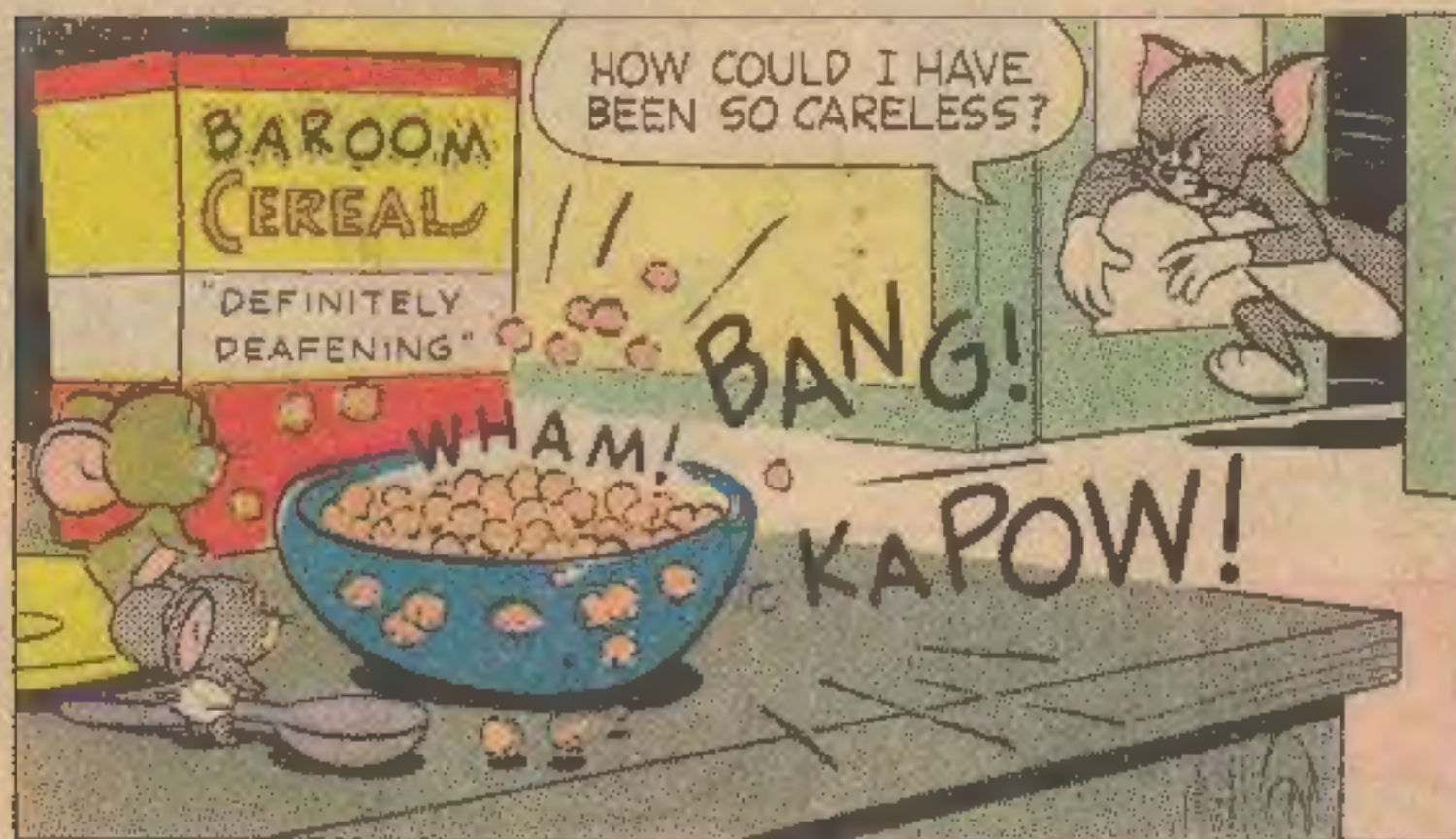
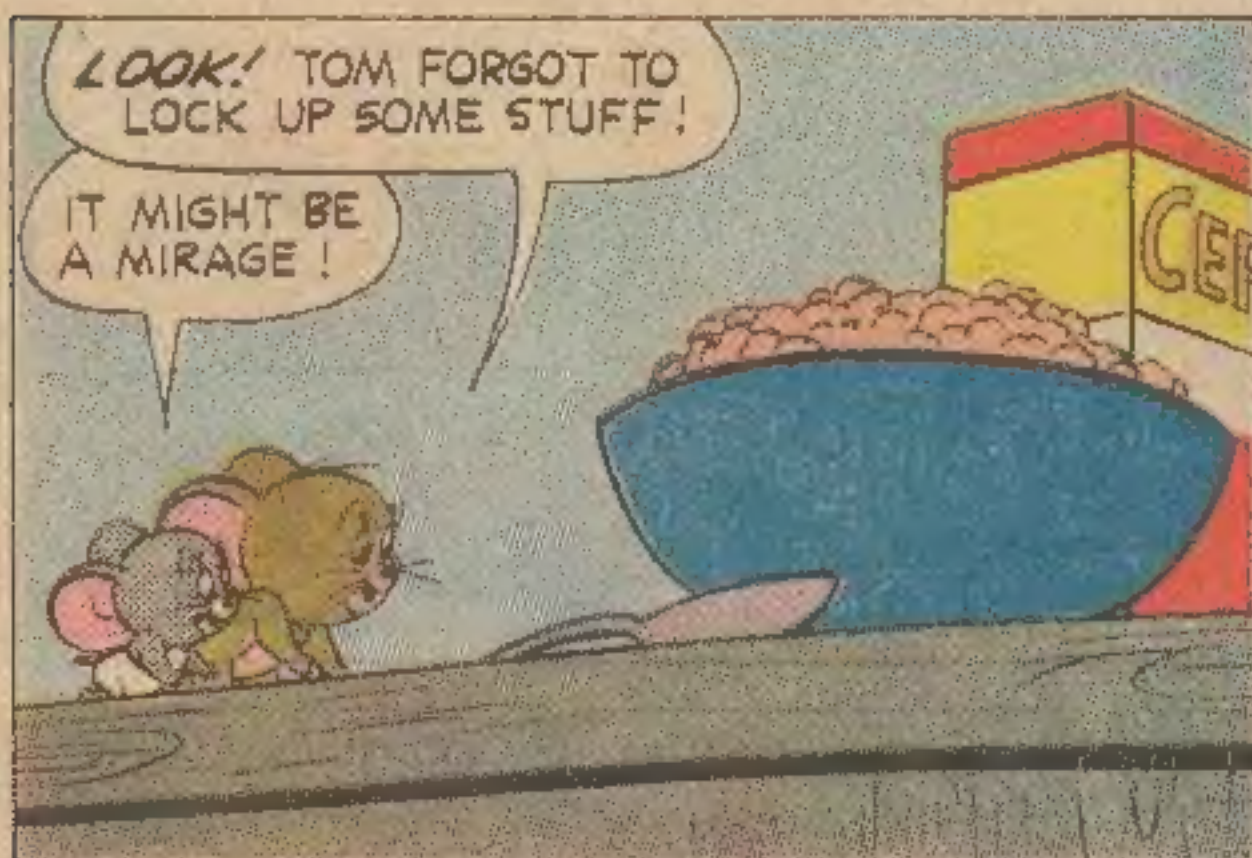
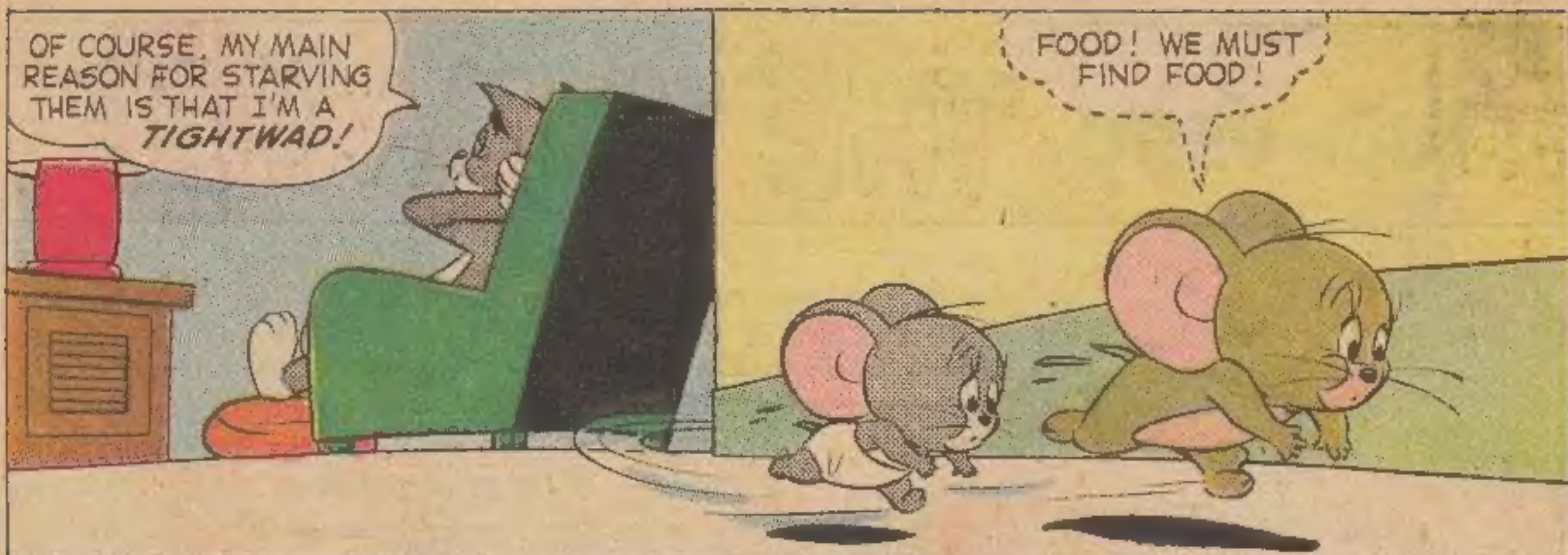


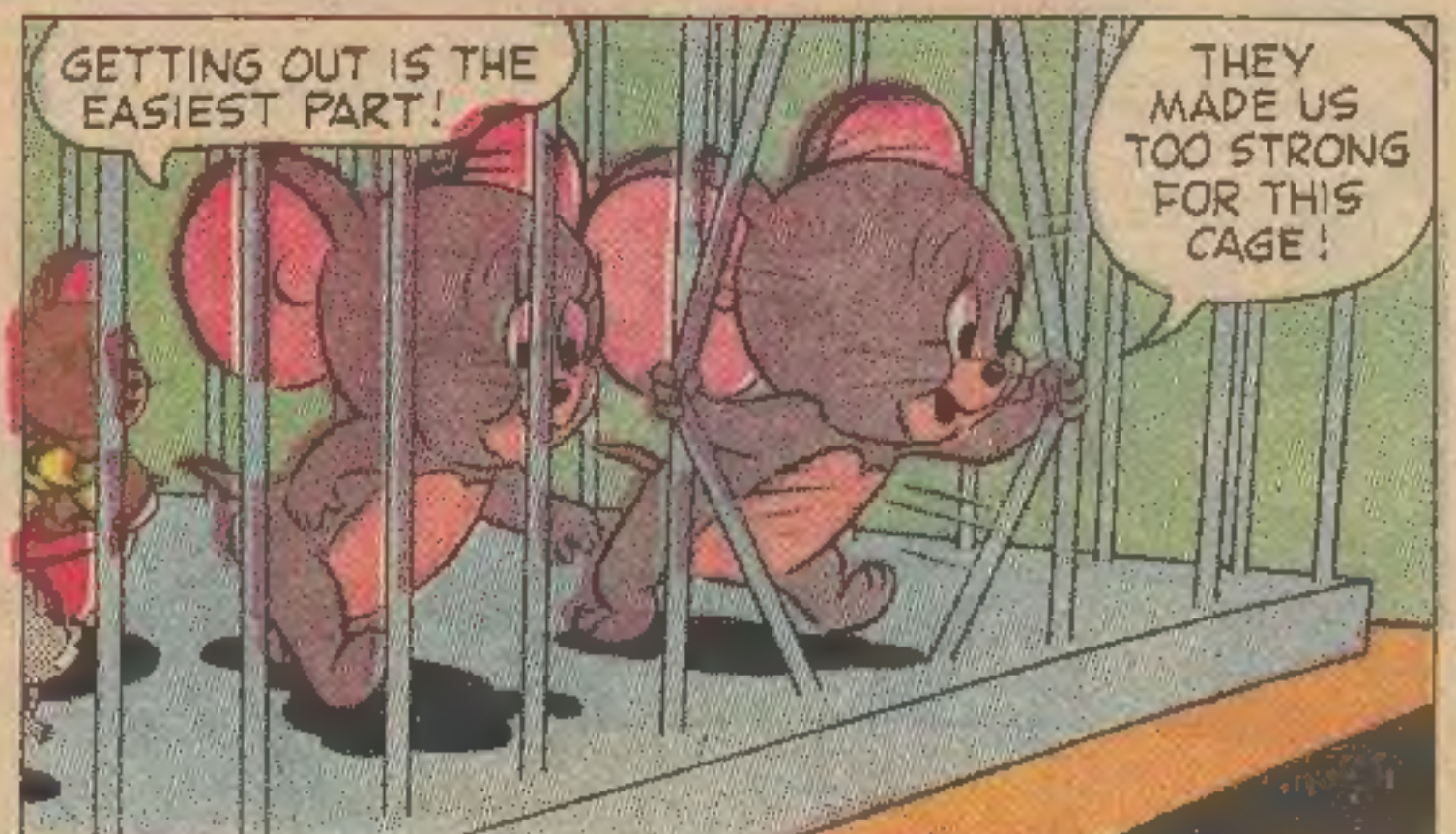
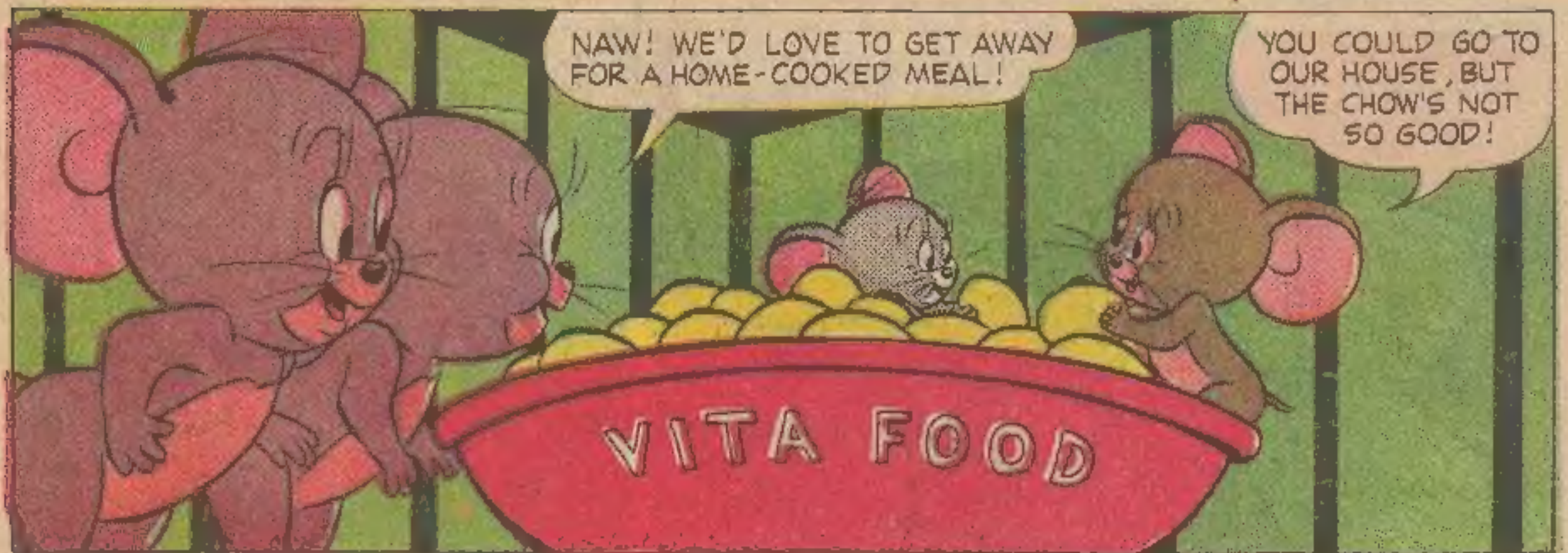
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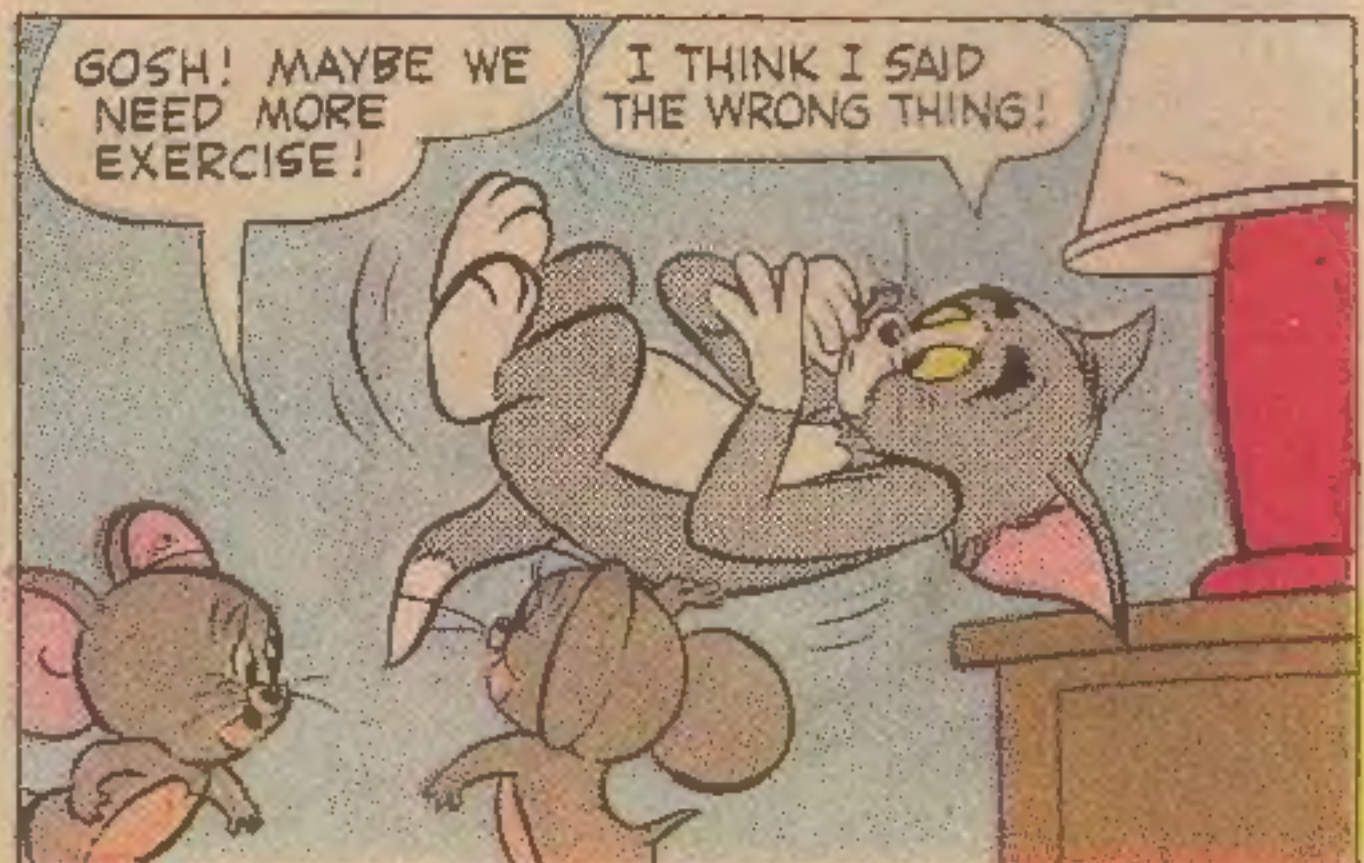
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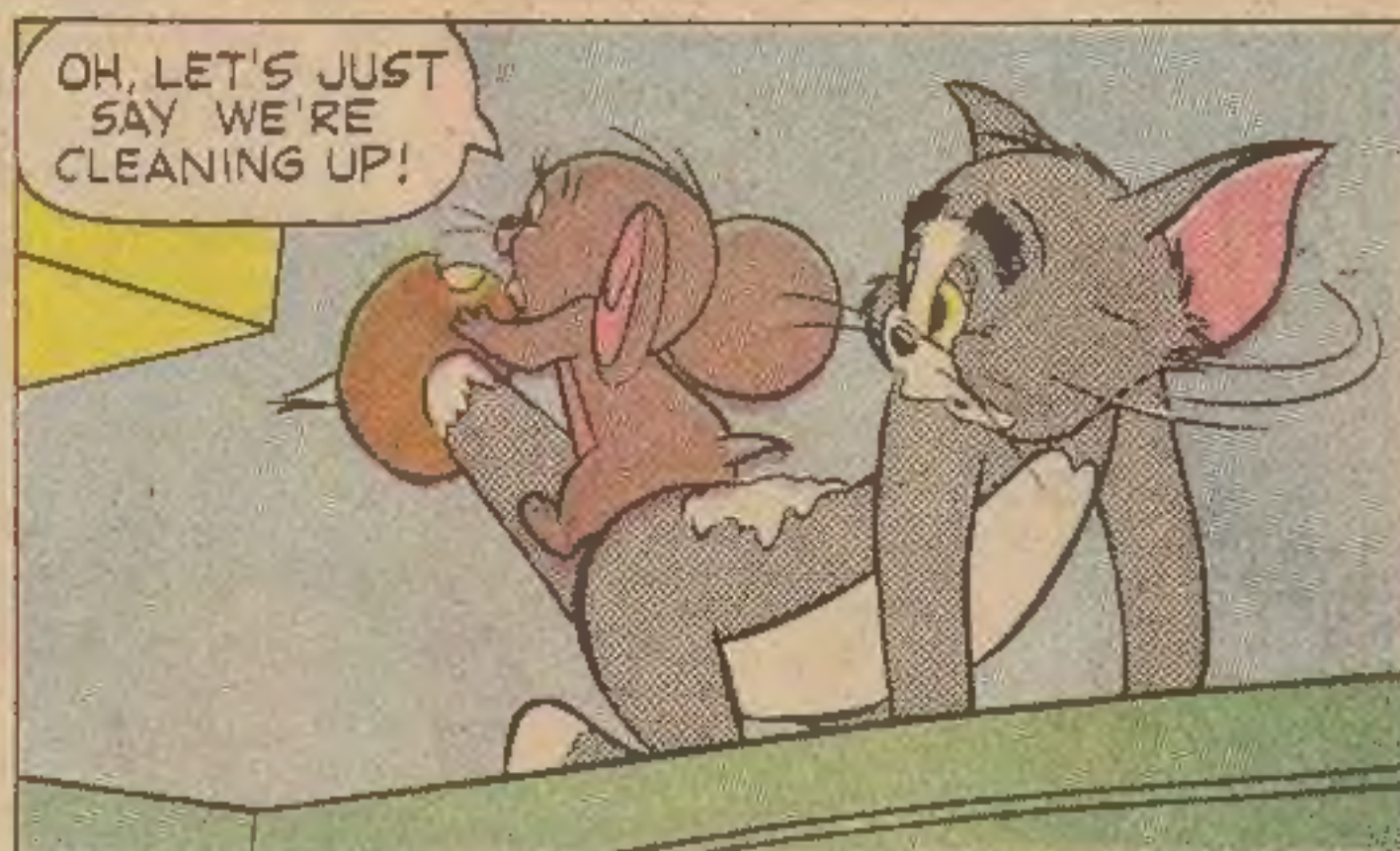
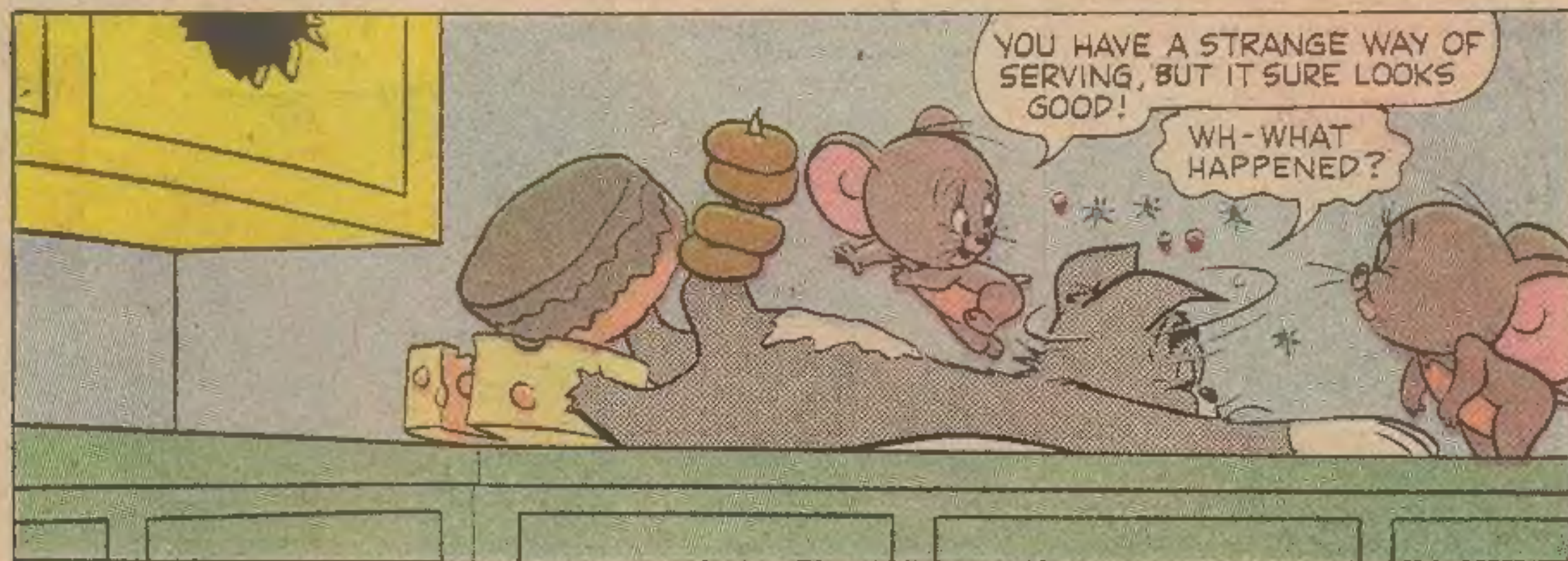
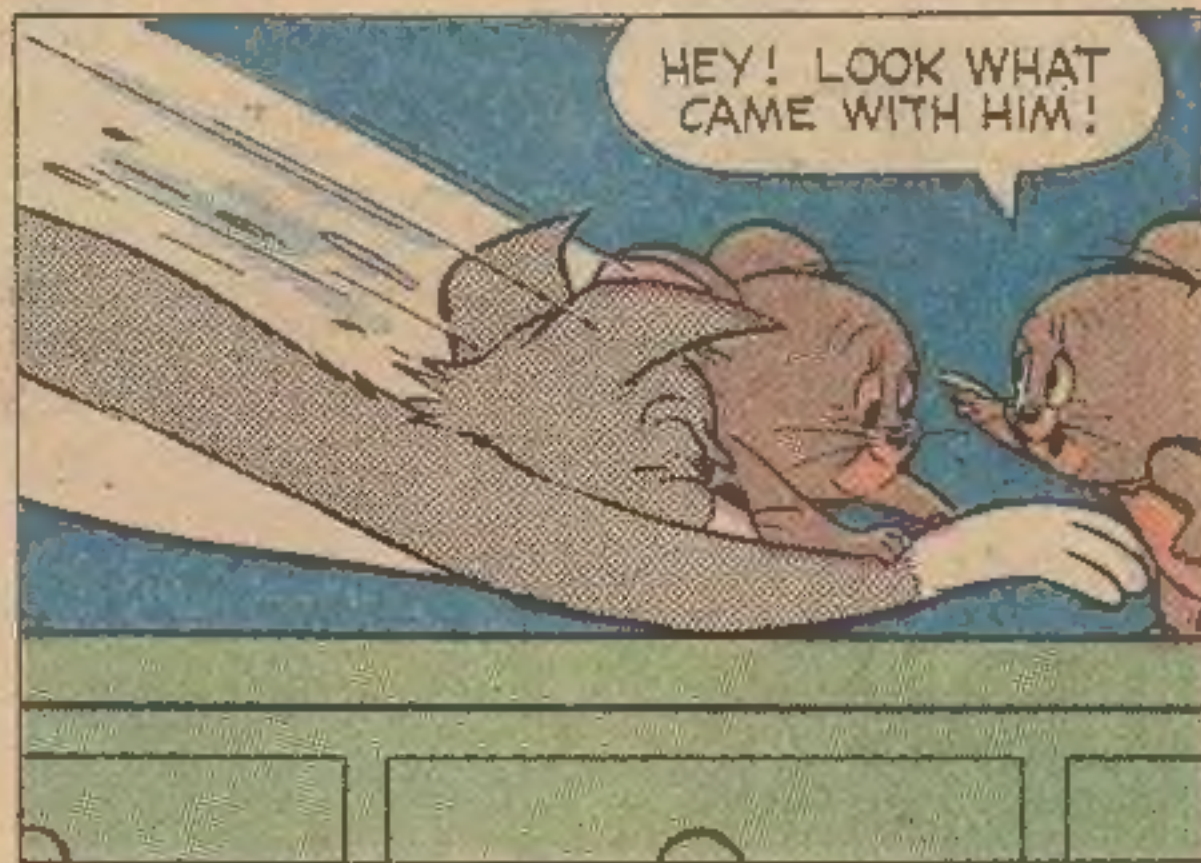
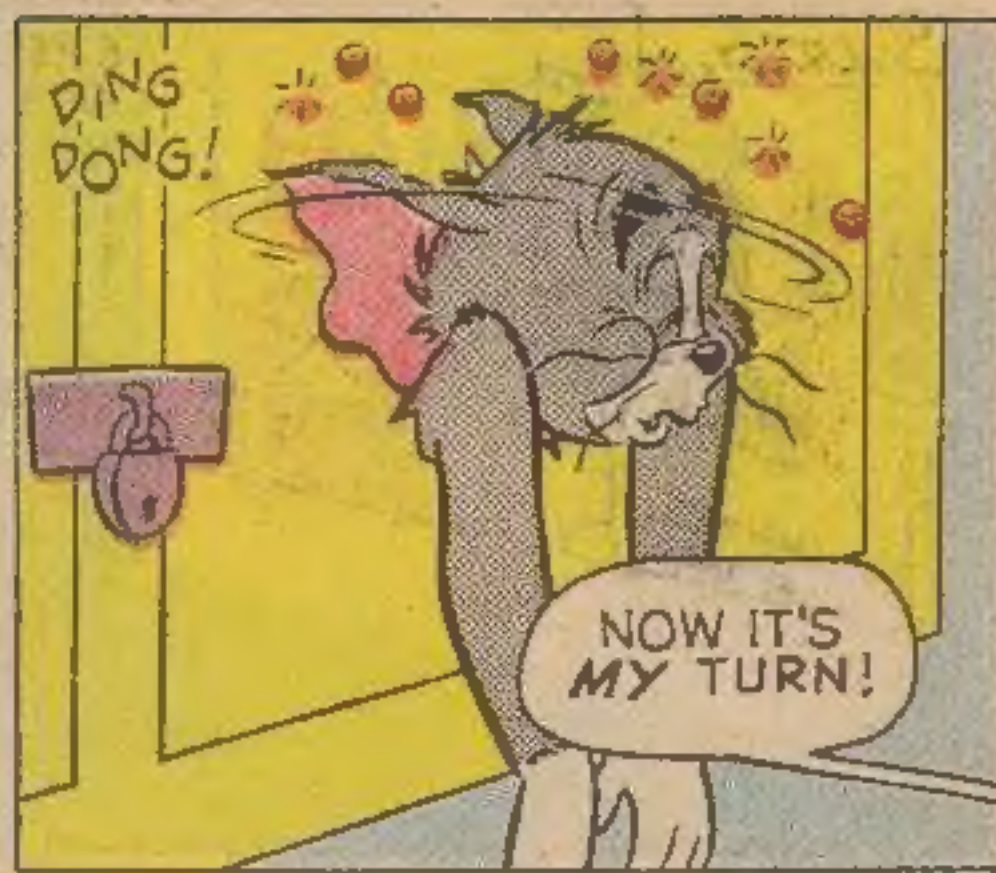
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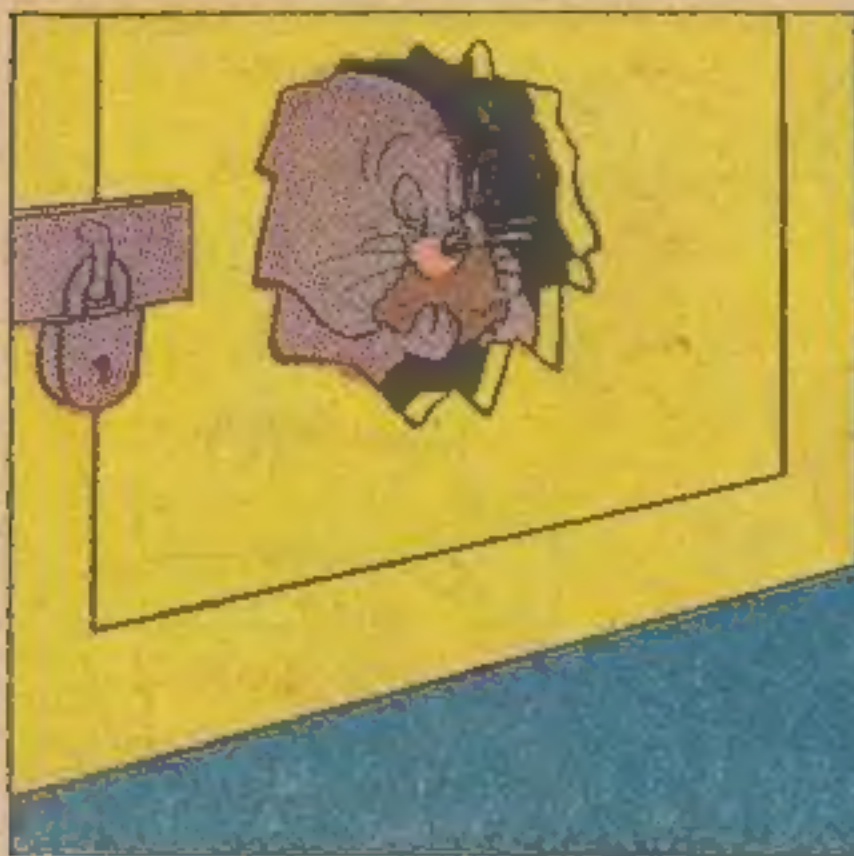
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YOU MEAN CLEANING ME
OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME!

(LICK!)
(LICK!)

OH, STOP BEING SO
DRAMATIC!



I'M STARING
STARVATION
IN THE (SOB!)
FACE!

THERE NOW, KITTY!
WE'LL GET YOU
MORE FOOD!

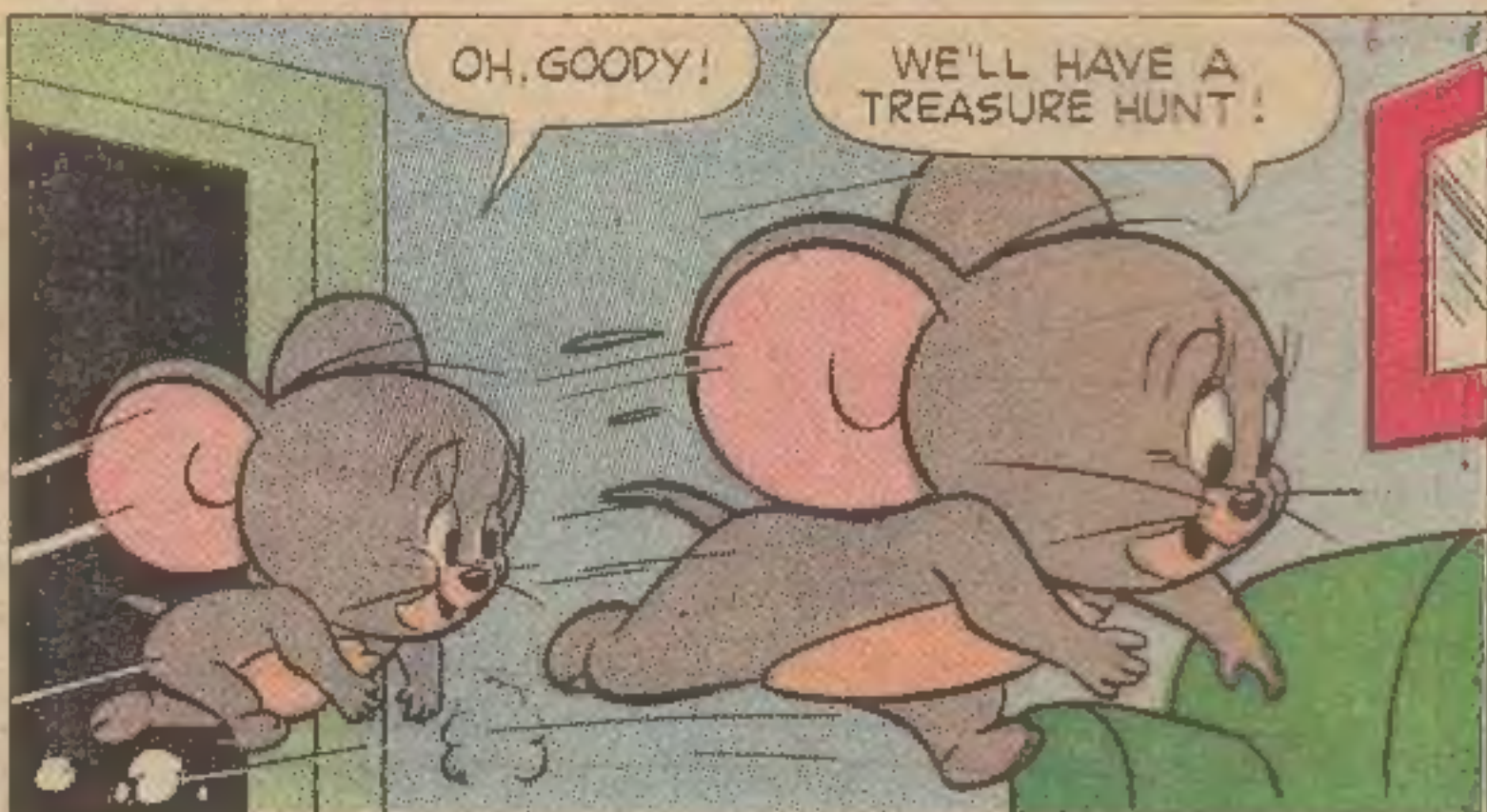


YOU *WILL*?

SURE! WHERE'S
YOUR *MONEY*?

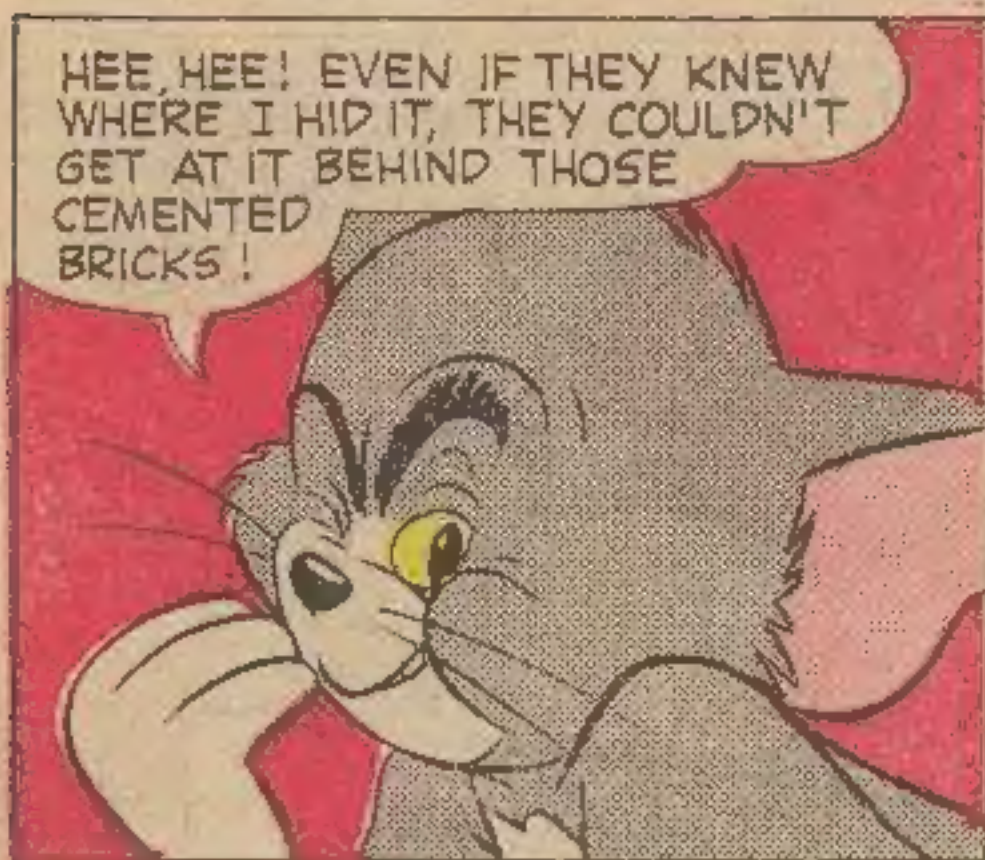


MONEY? YOU CAN HAVE
ANY YOU FIND AROUND
HERE!



OH, GOODY!

WE'LL HAVE A
TREASURE HUNT!



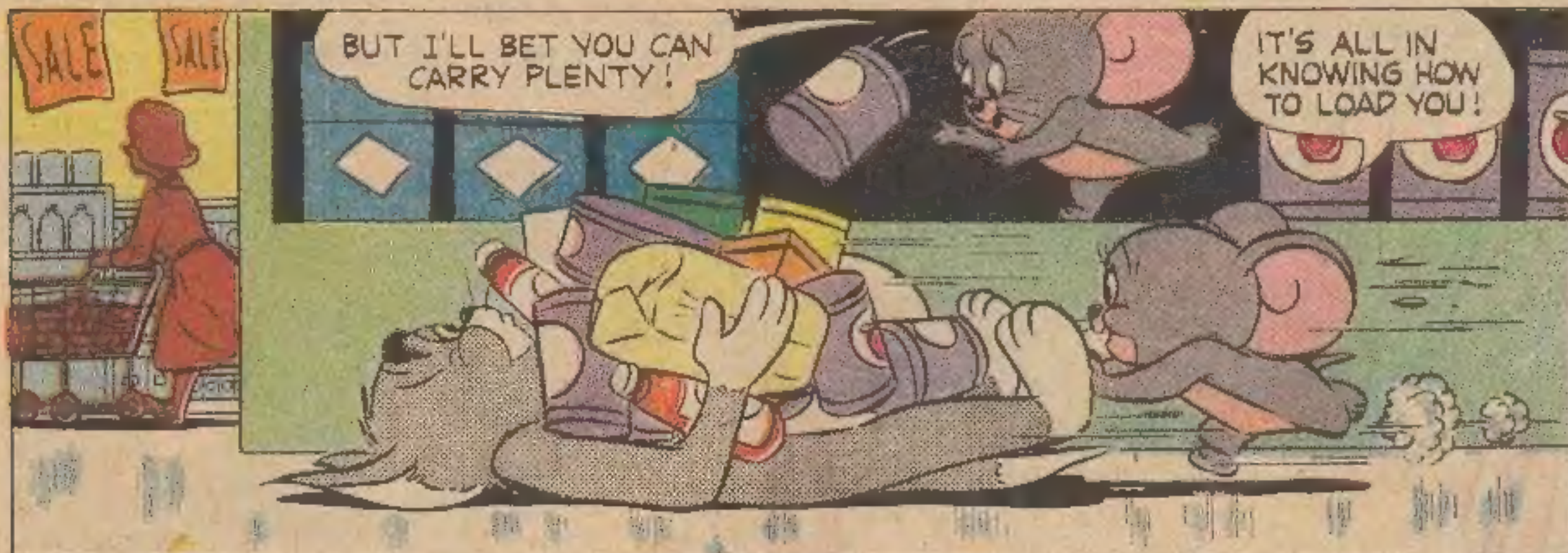
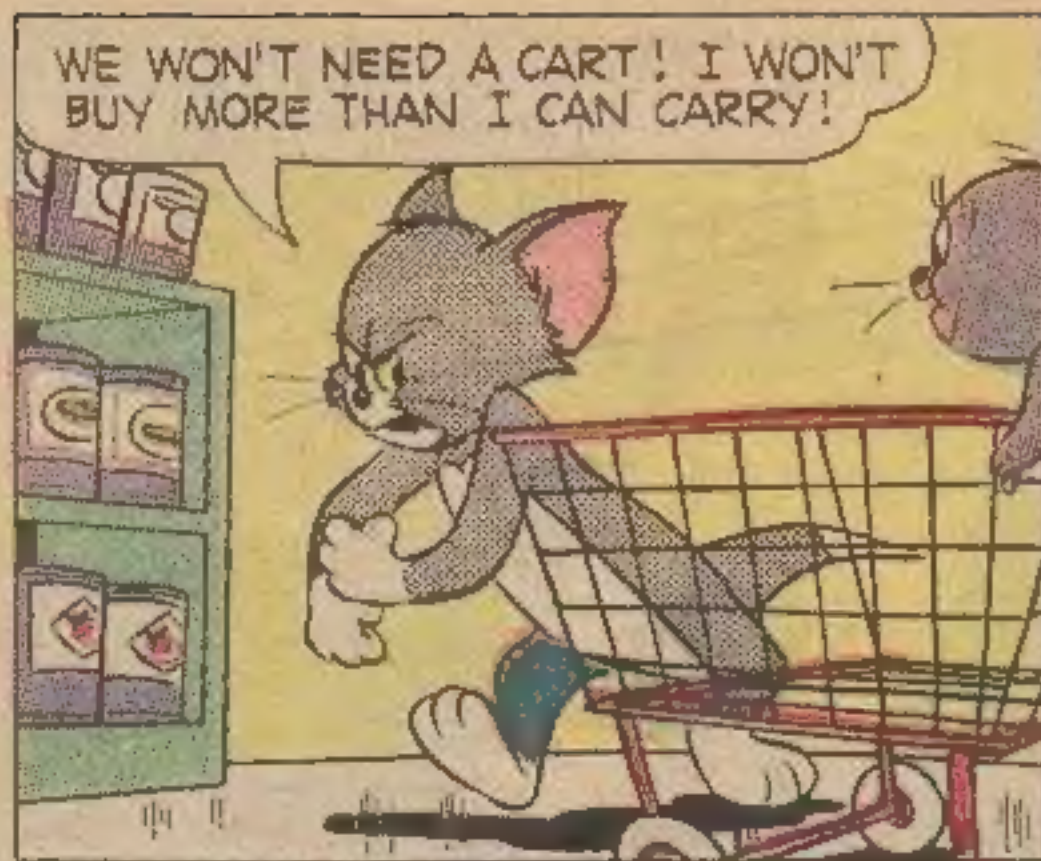
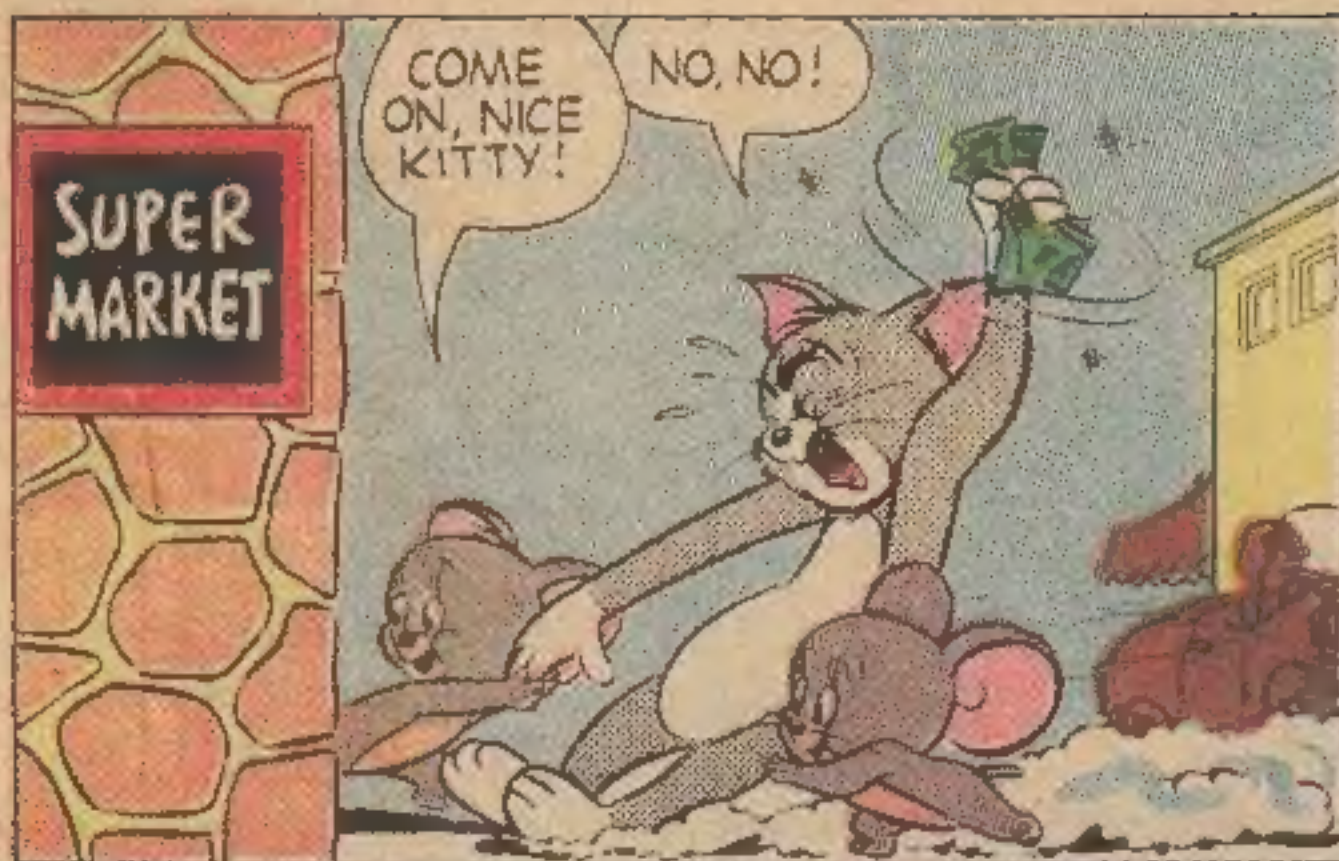
HEE, HEE! EVEN IF THEY KNEW
WHERE I HID IT, THEY COULDN'T
GET AT IT BEHIND THOSE
CEMENTED
BRICKS!

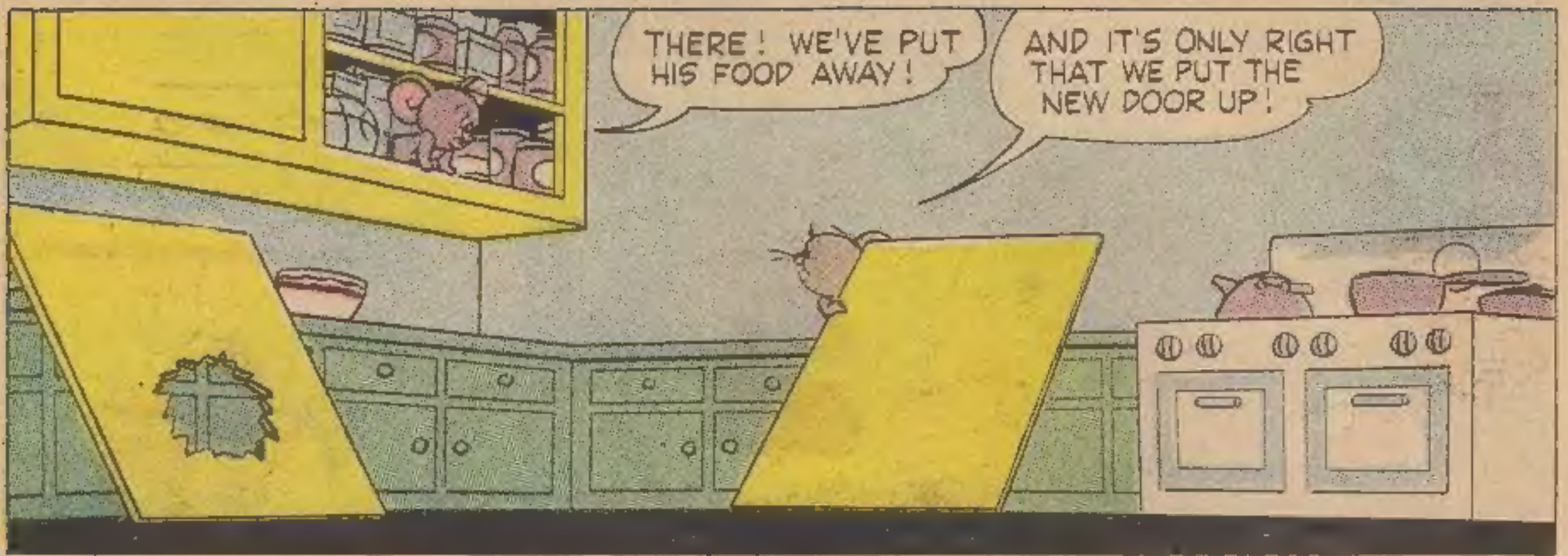


OR
COULD
THEY?

THIS IS WHERE
ALL MISERS HIDE
THEIR MONEY!

AND HERE IT *IS*!





THERE! WE'VE PUT HIS FOOD AWAY!

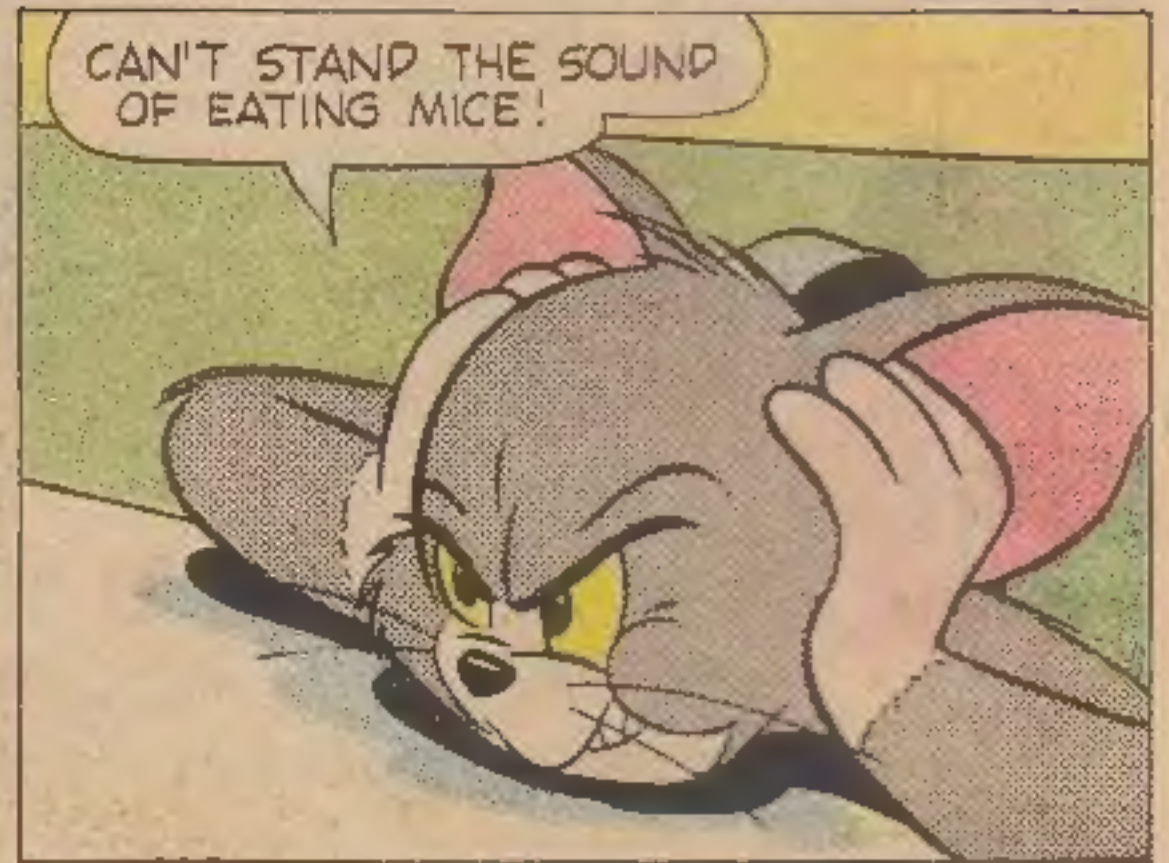
AND IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT WE PUT THE NEW DOOR UP!



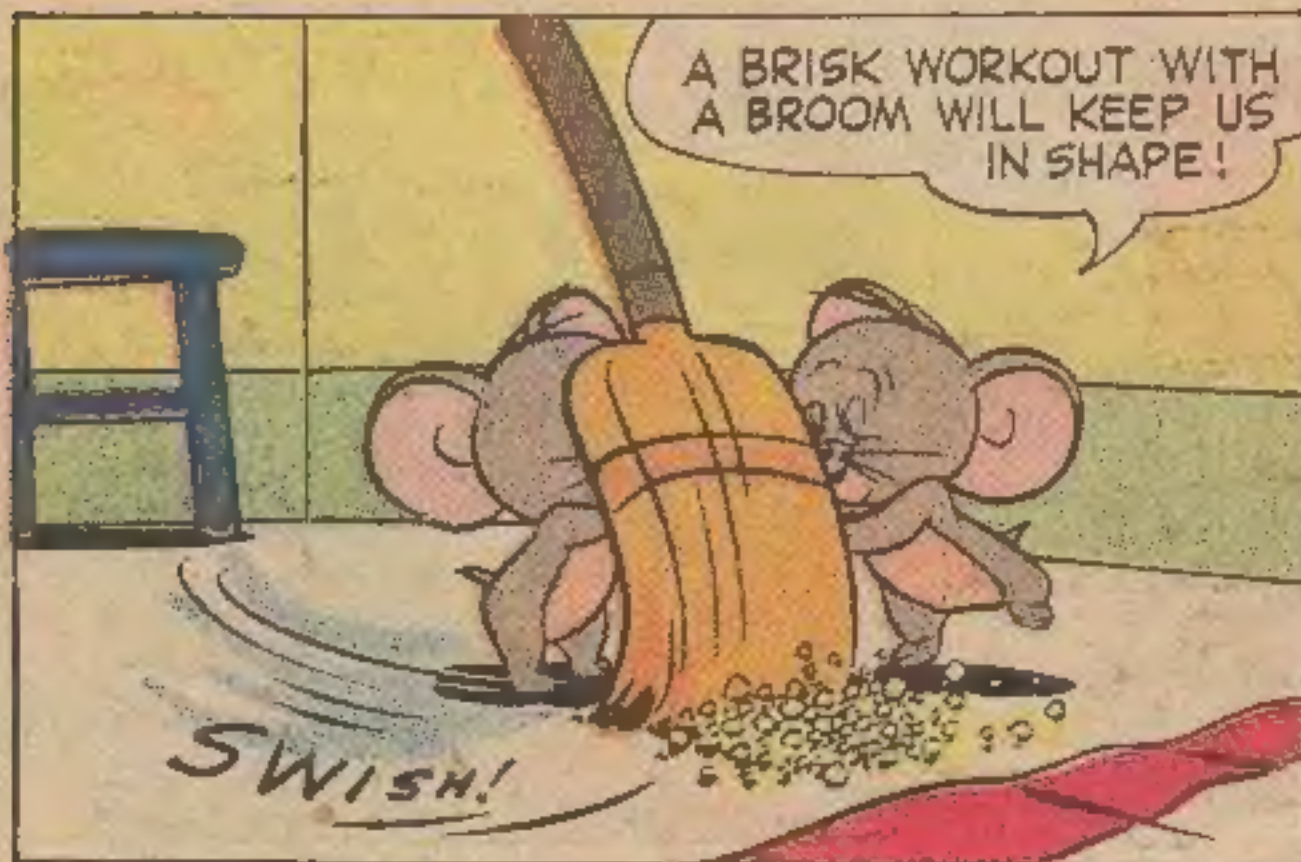
THESE HOME MEALS ARE THE MOST!

BUT, AS TOMMY SAYS, WE MIGHT GET FAT!

CHEW!
CHOMP!



CAN'T STAND THE SOUND OF EATING MICE!



A BRISK WORKOUT WITH A BROOM WILL KEEP US IN SHAPE!

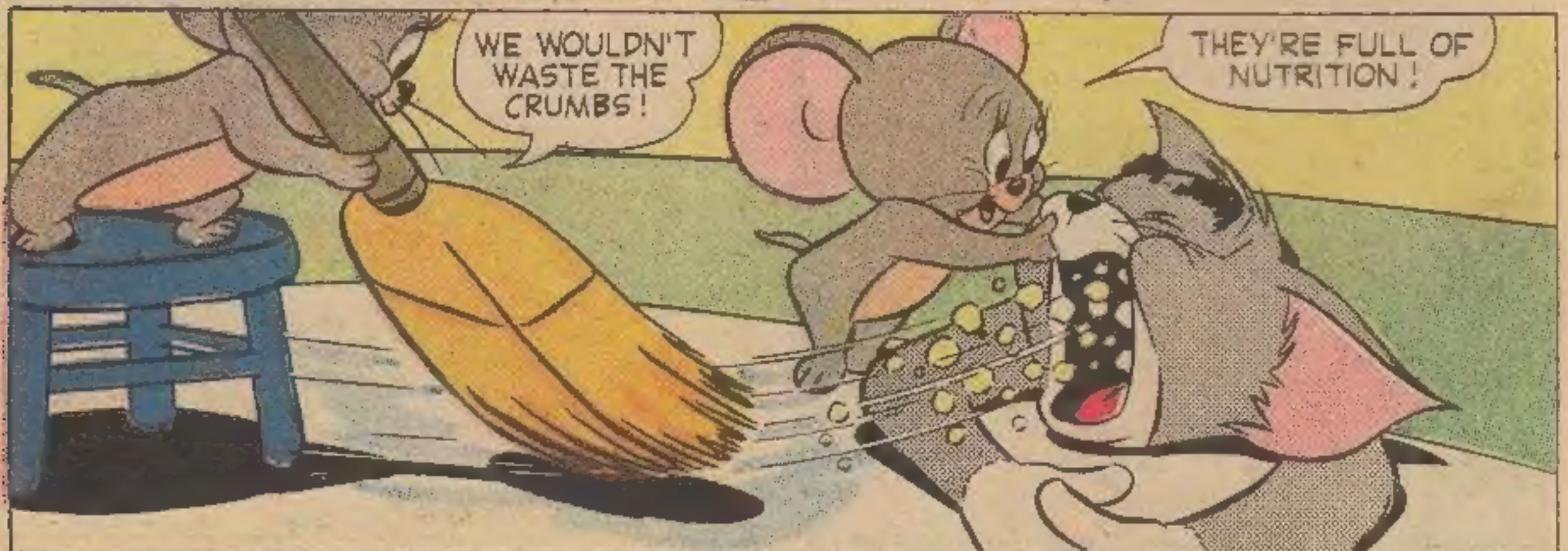
SWISH!



DON'T SWEEP THAT UNDER THE RUG!

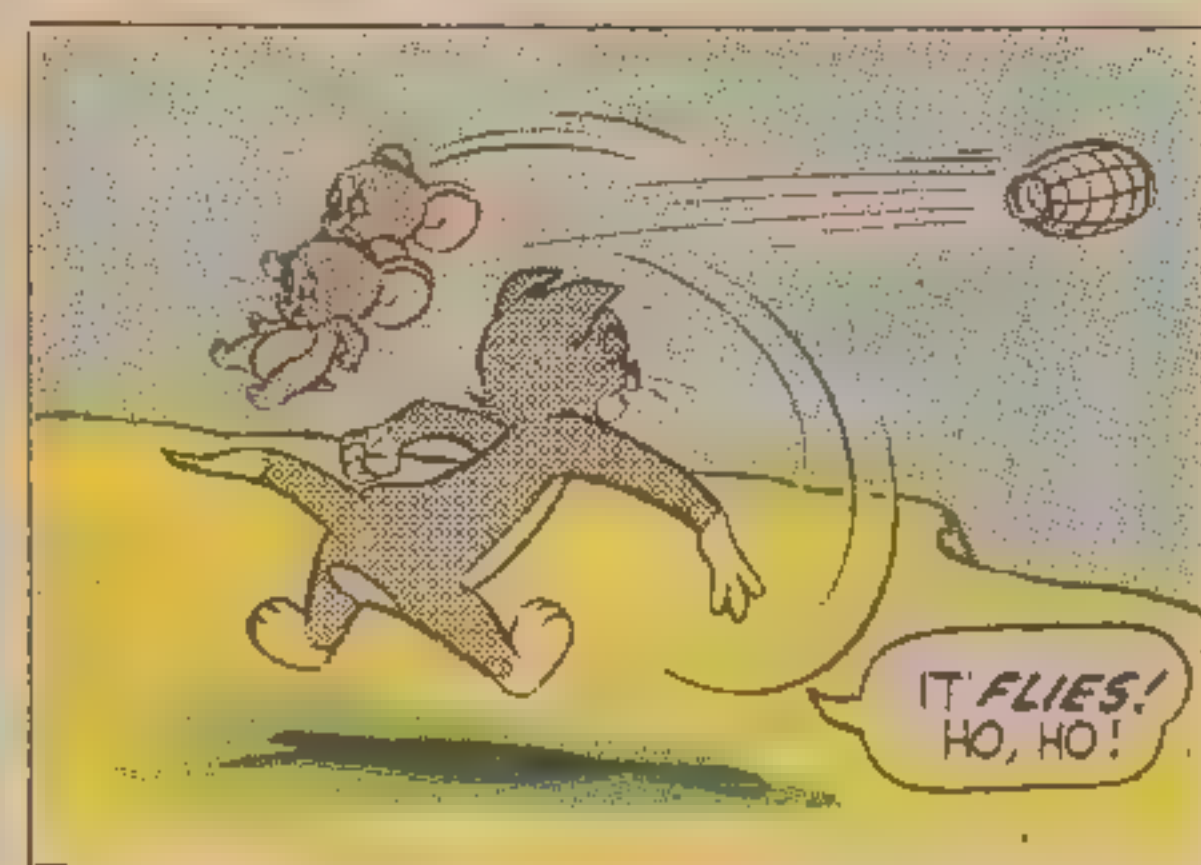
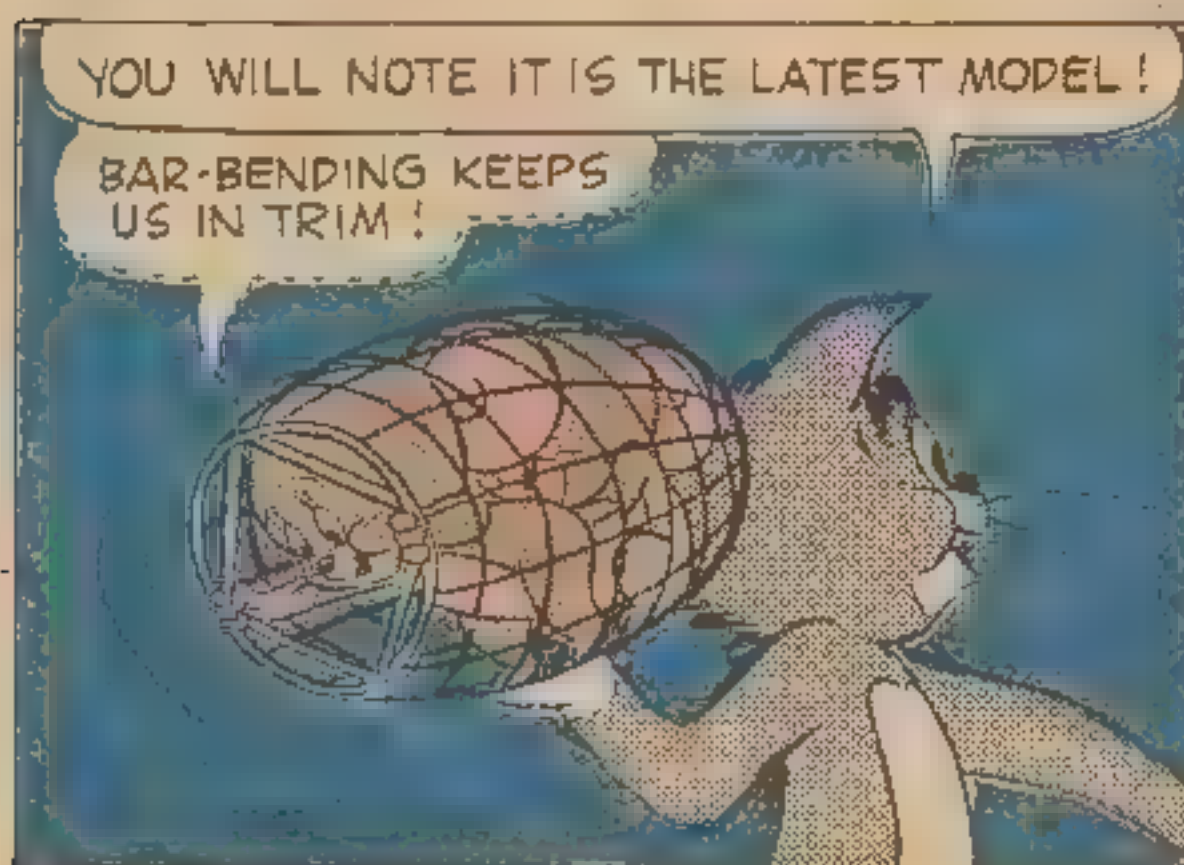
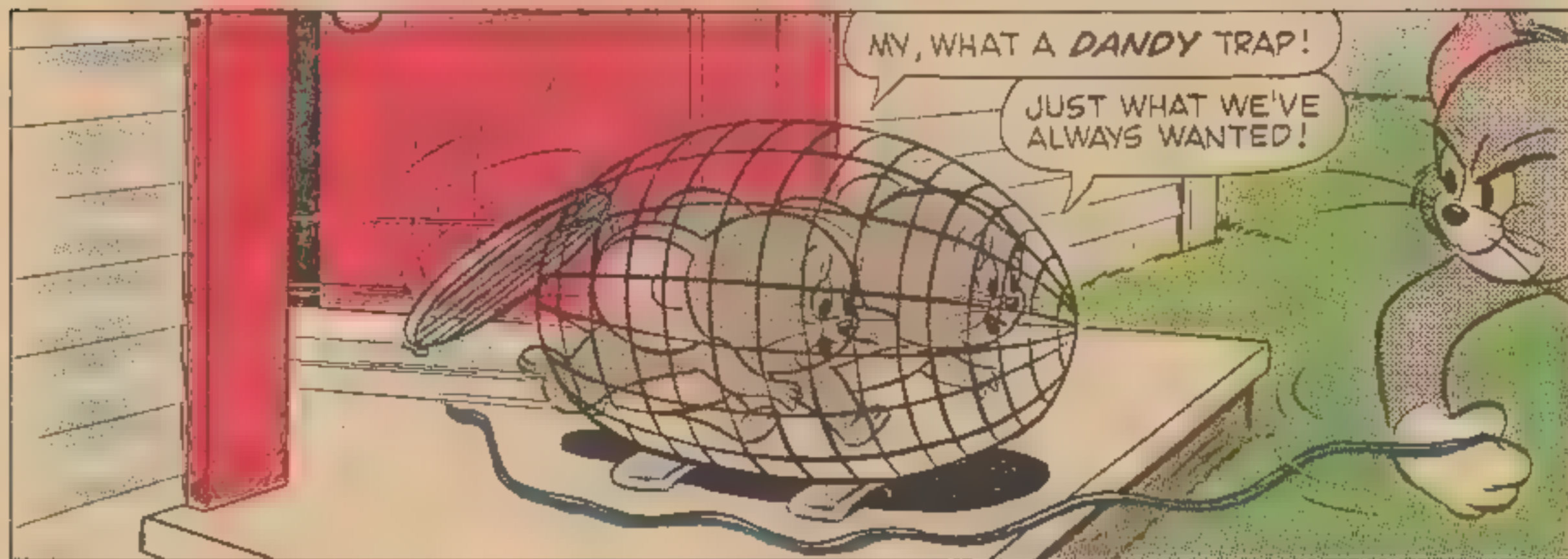
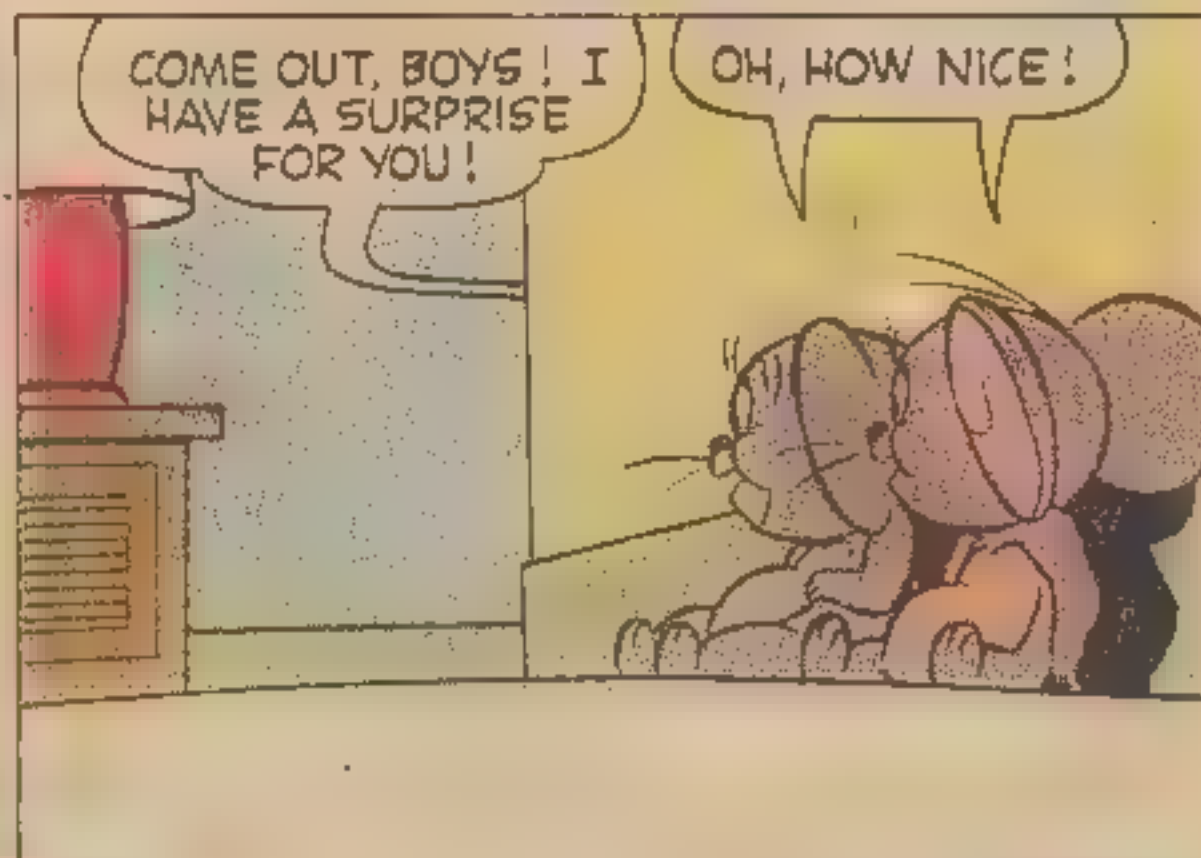
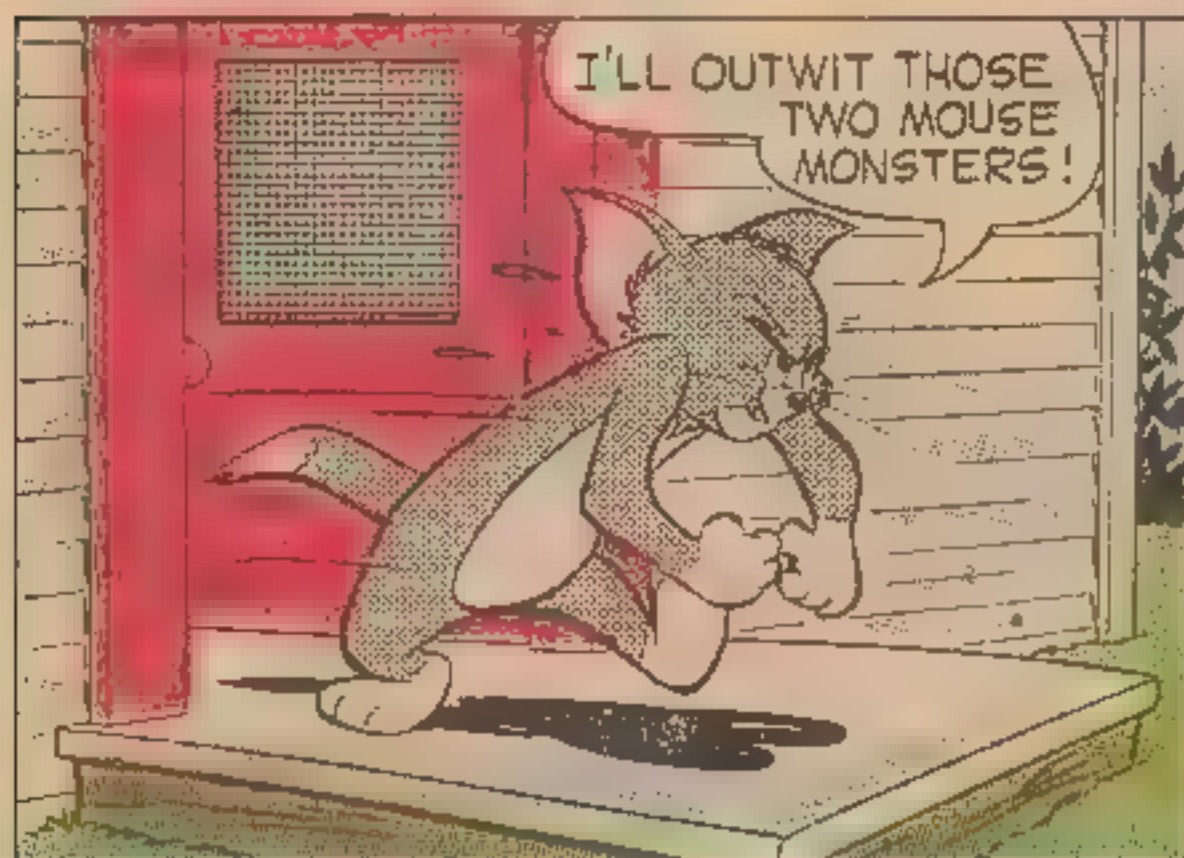
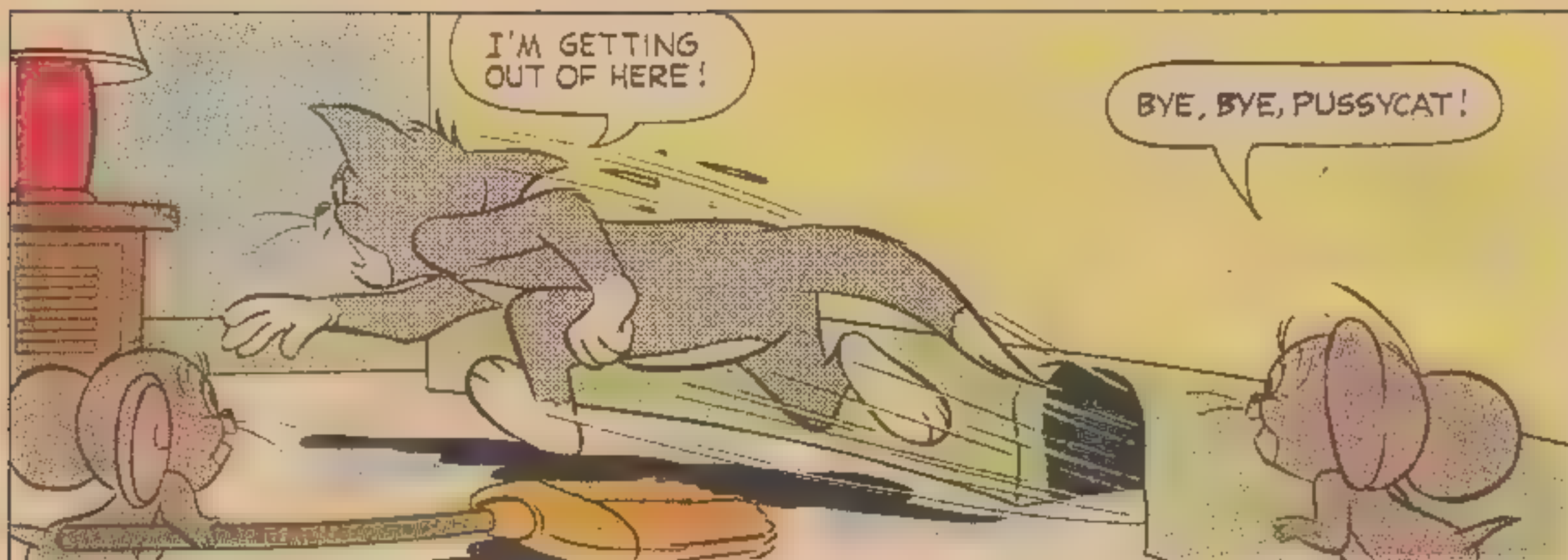
OH, WE WON'T!

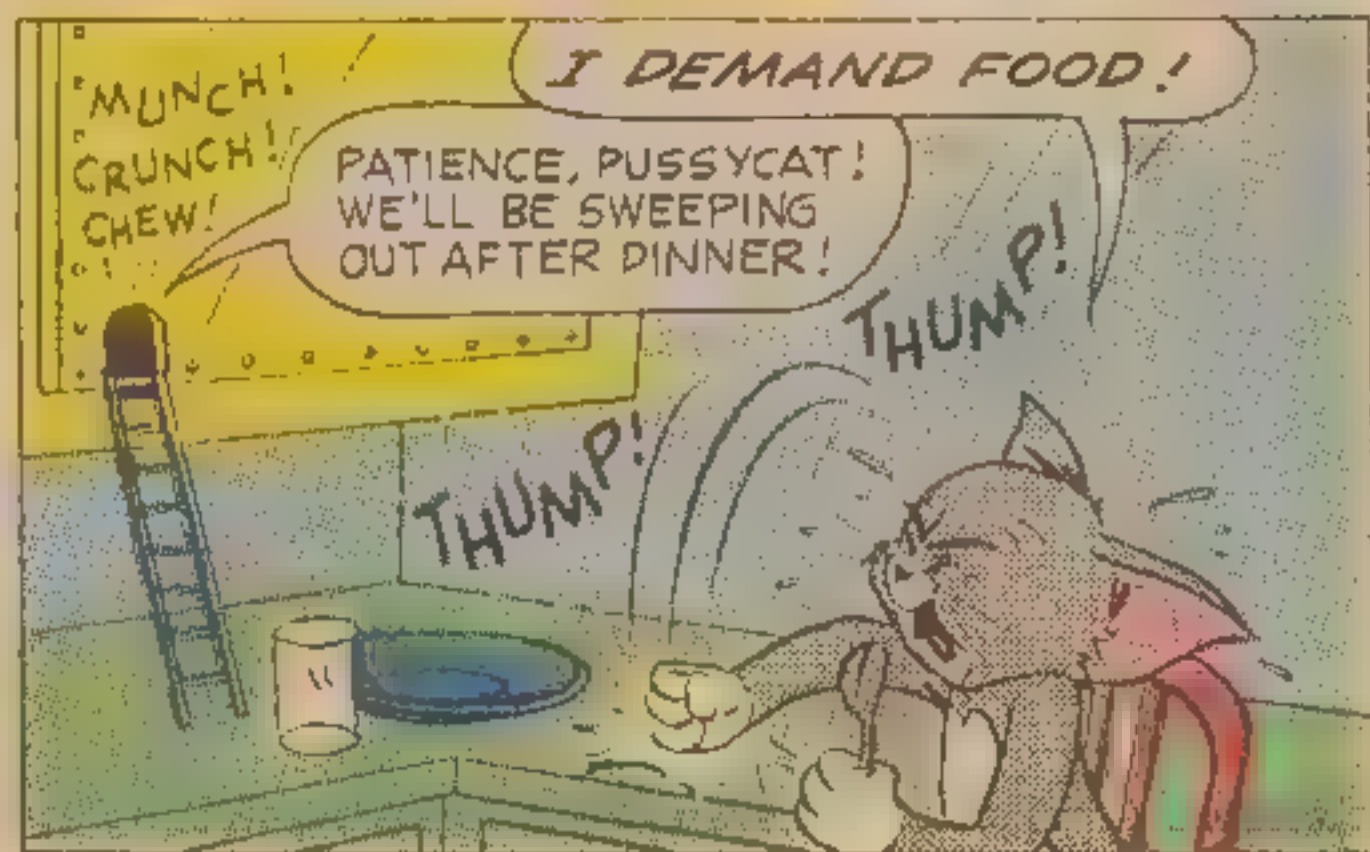
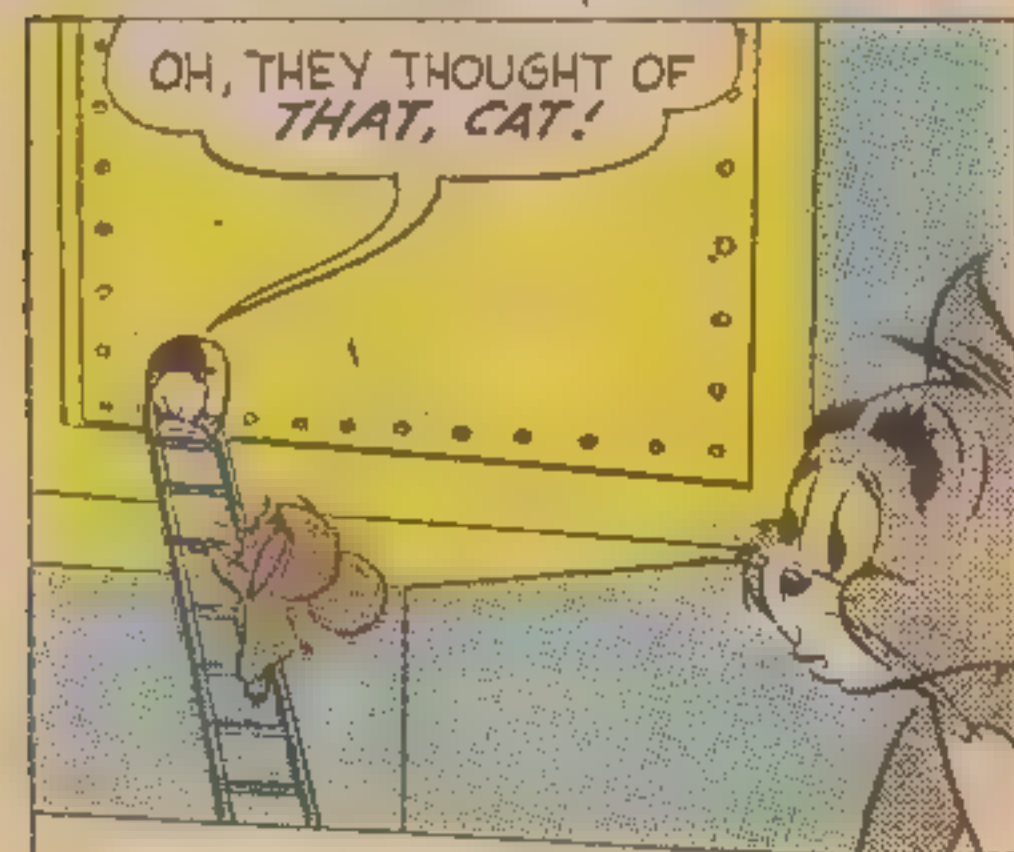
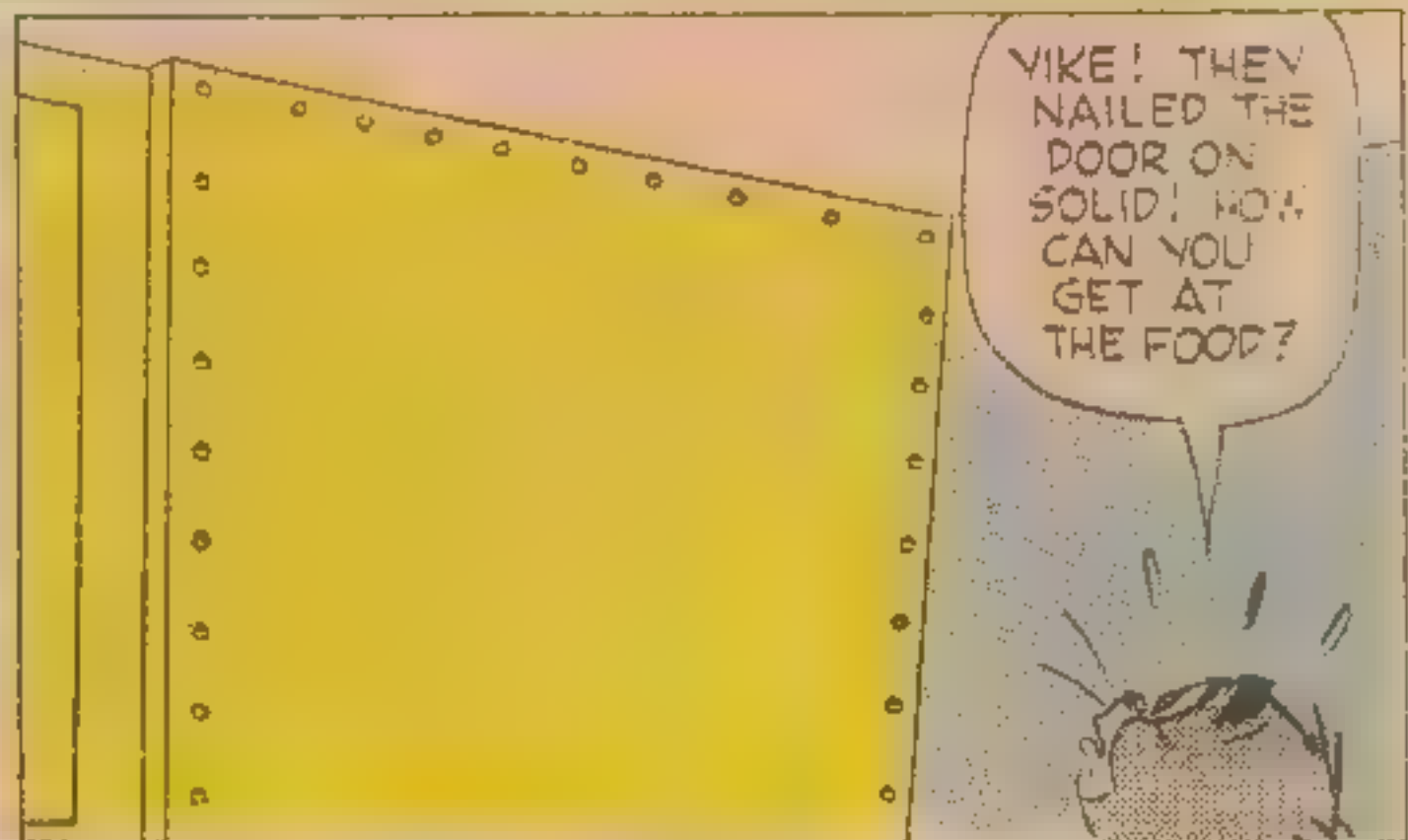
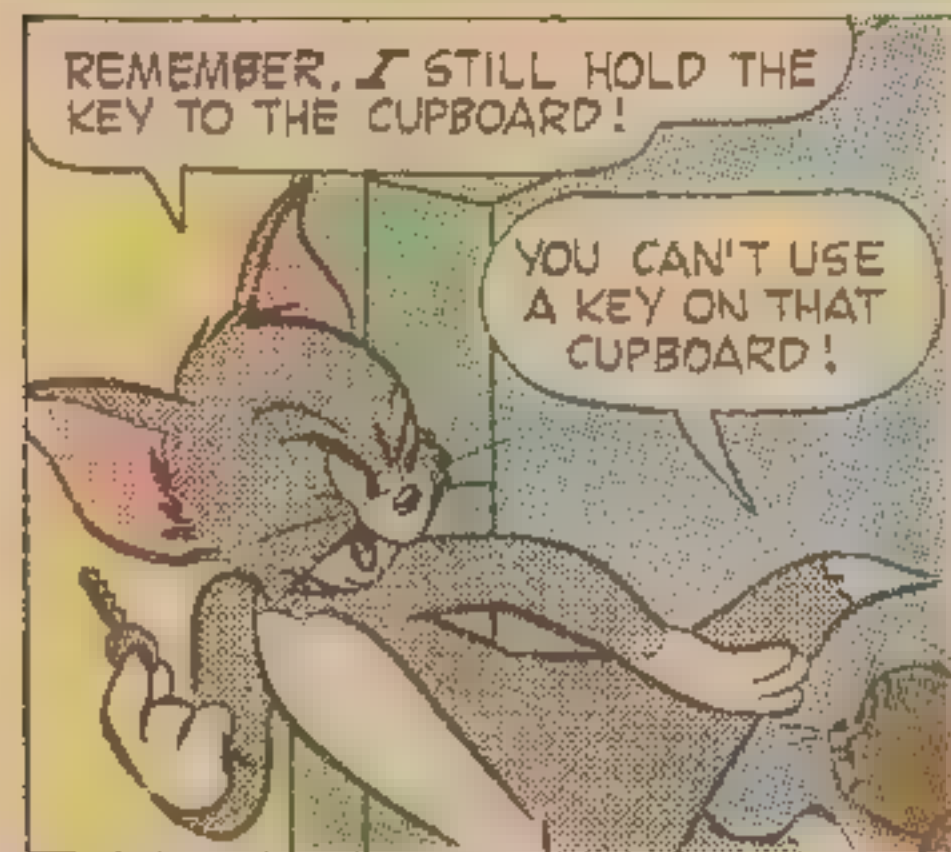
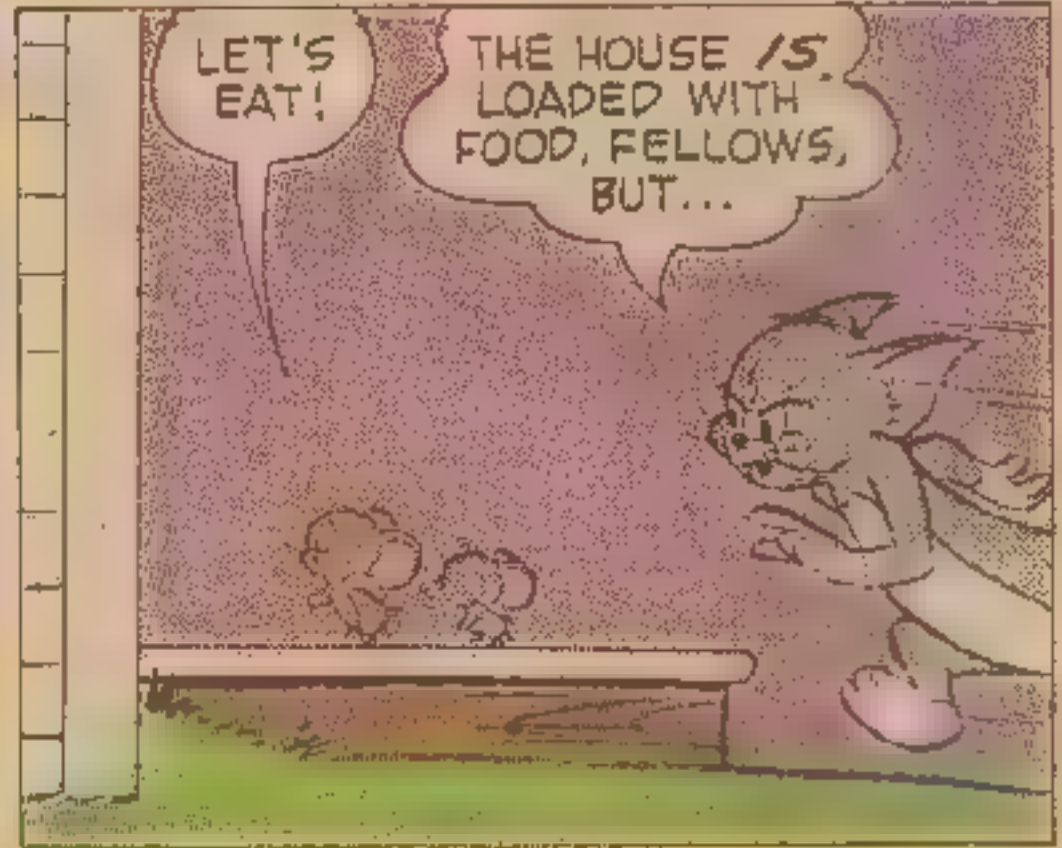
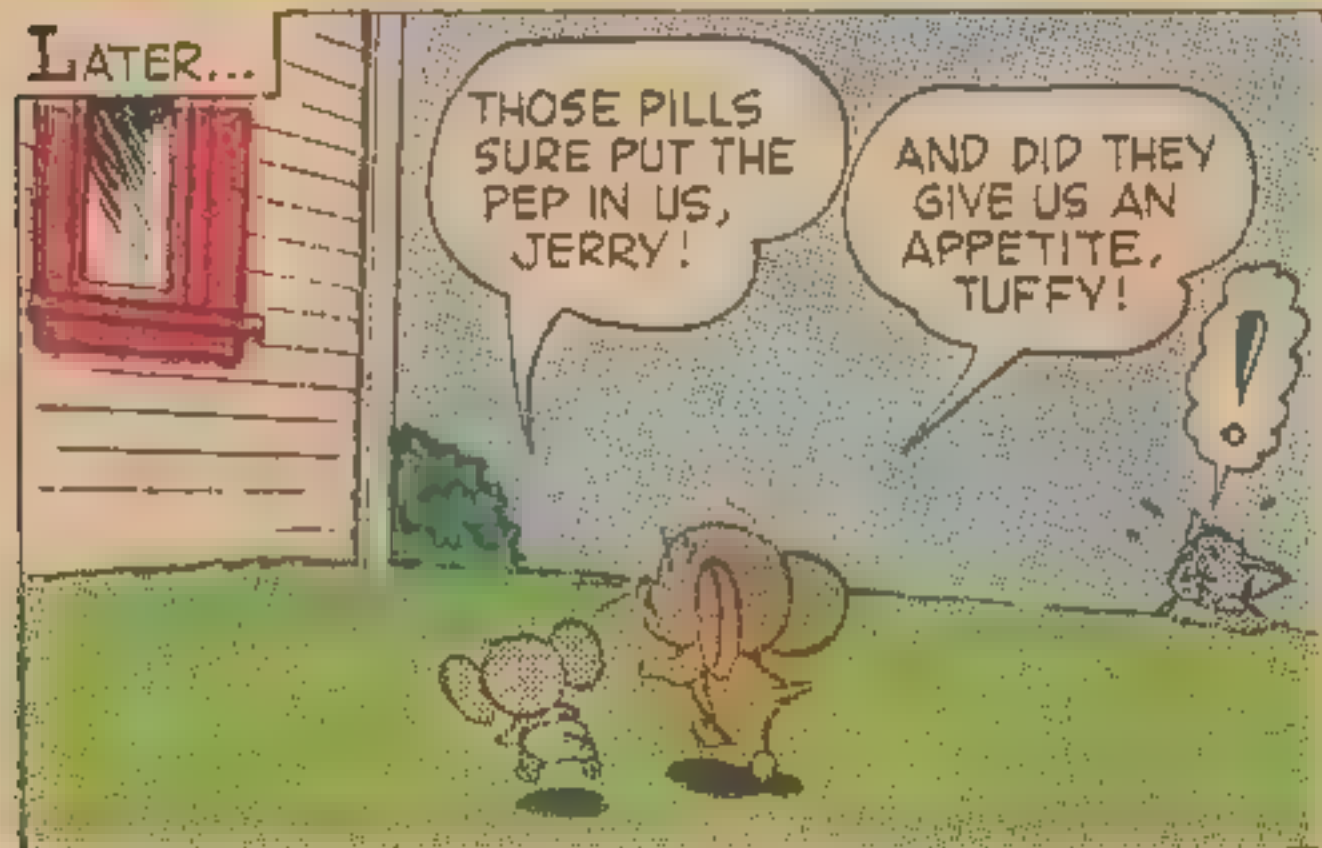
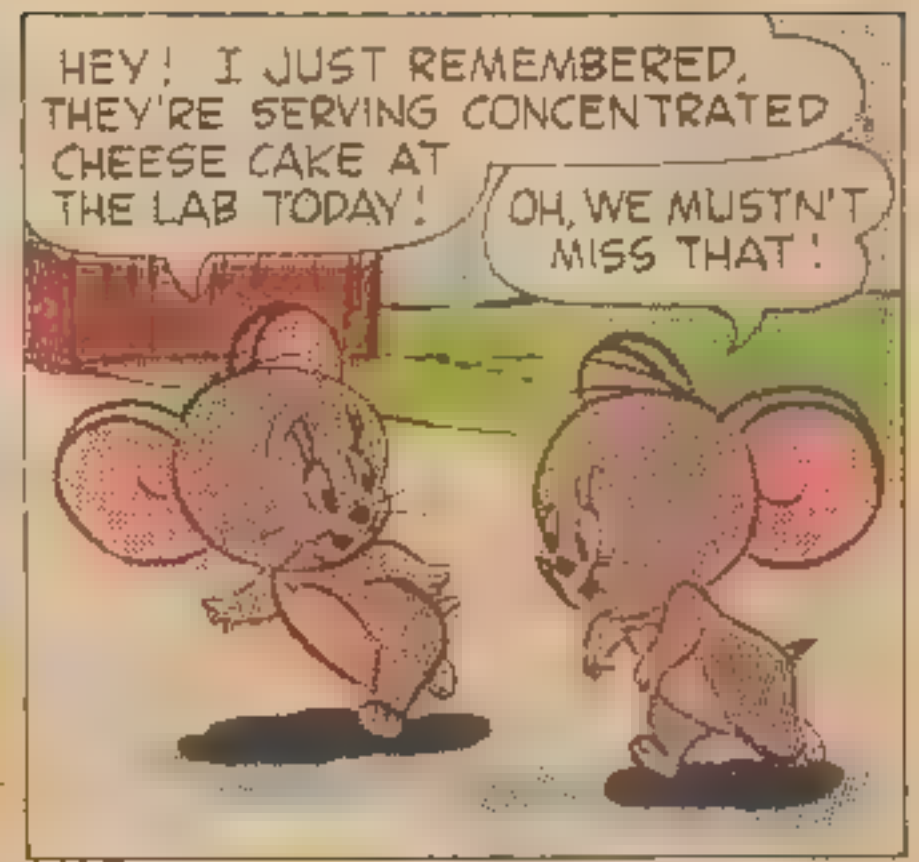
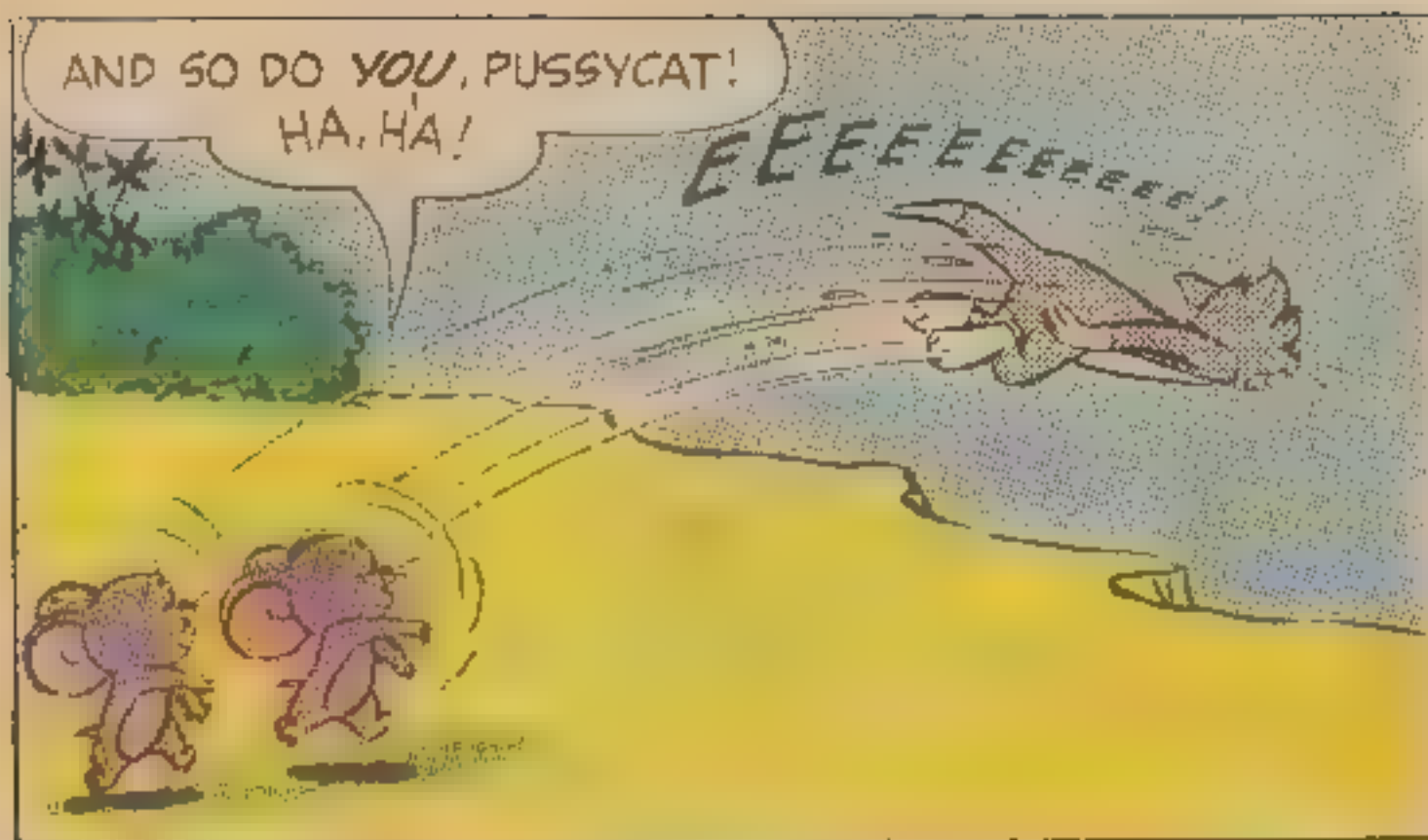
SWISH!



WE WOULDN'T WASTE THE CRUMBS!

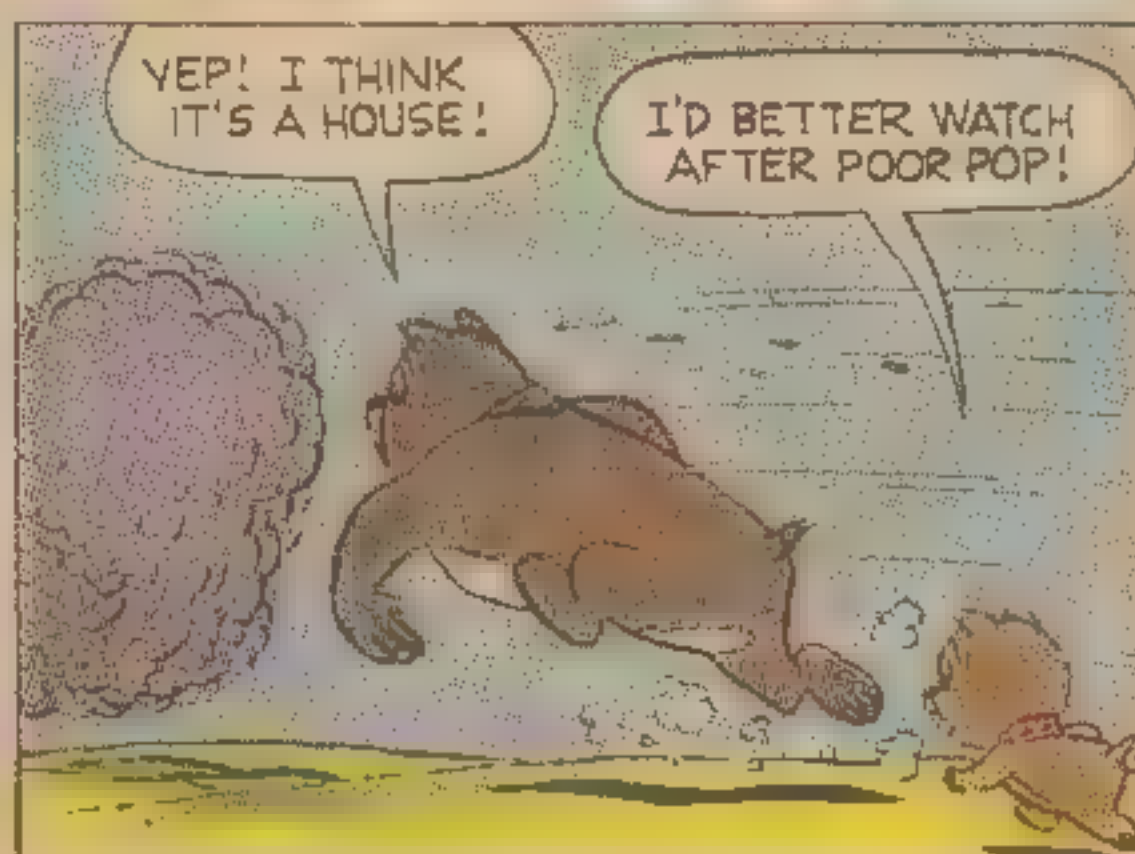
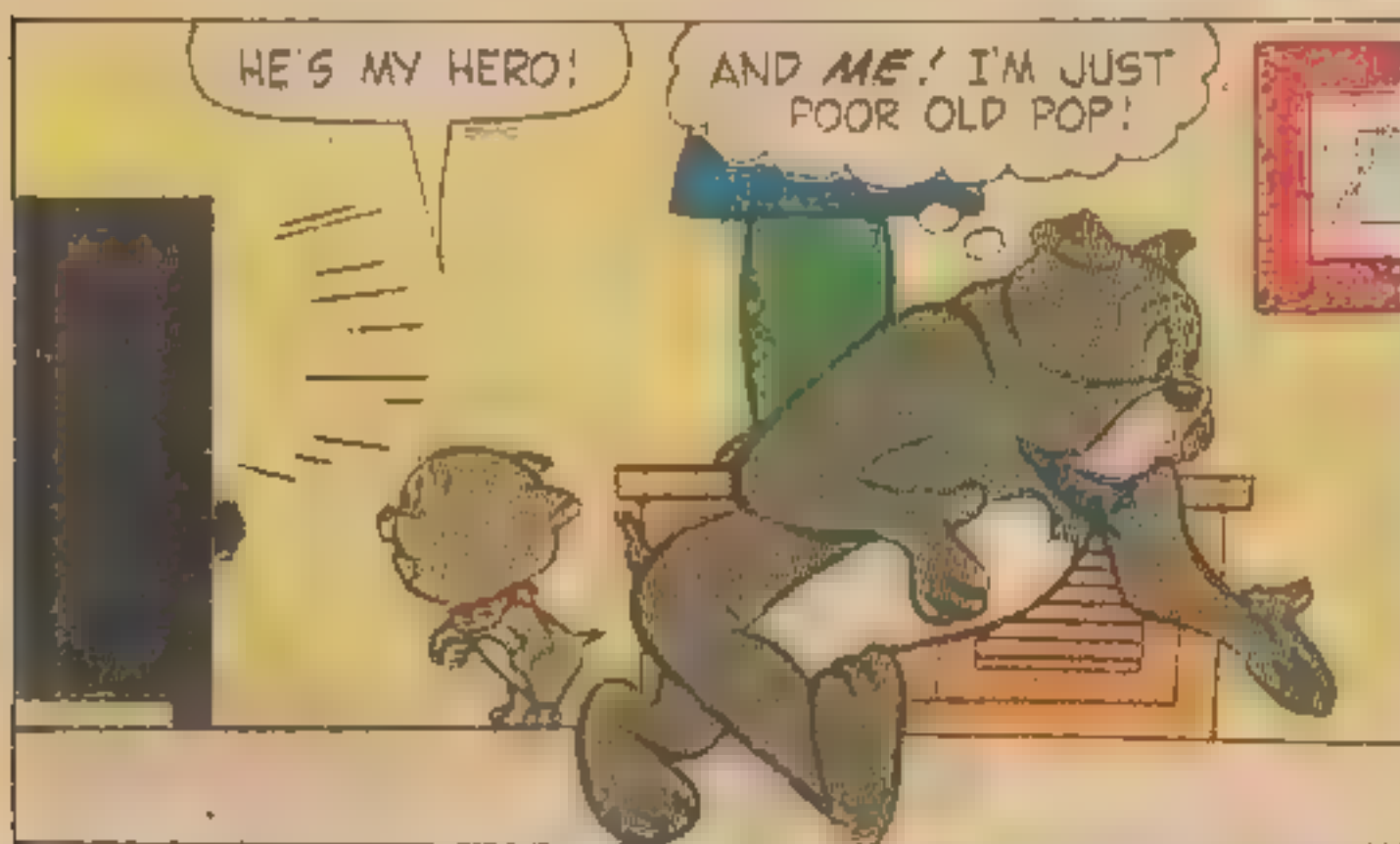
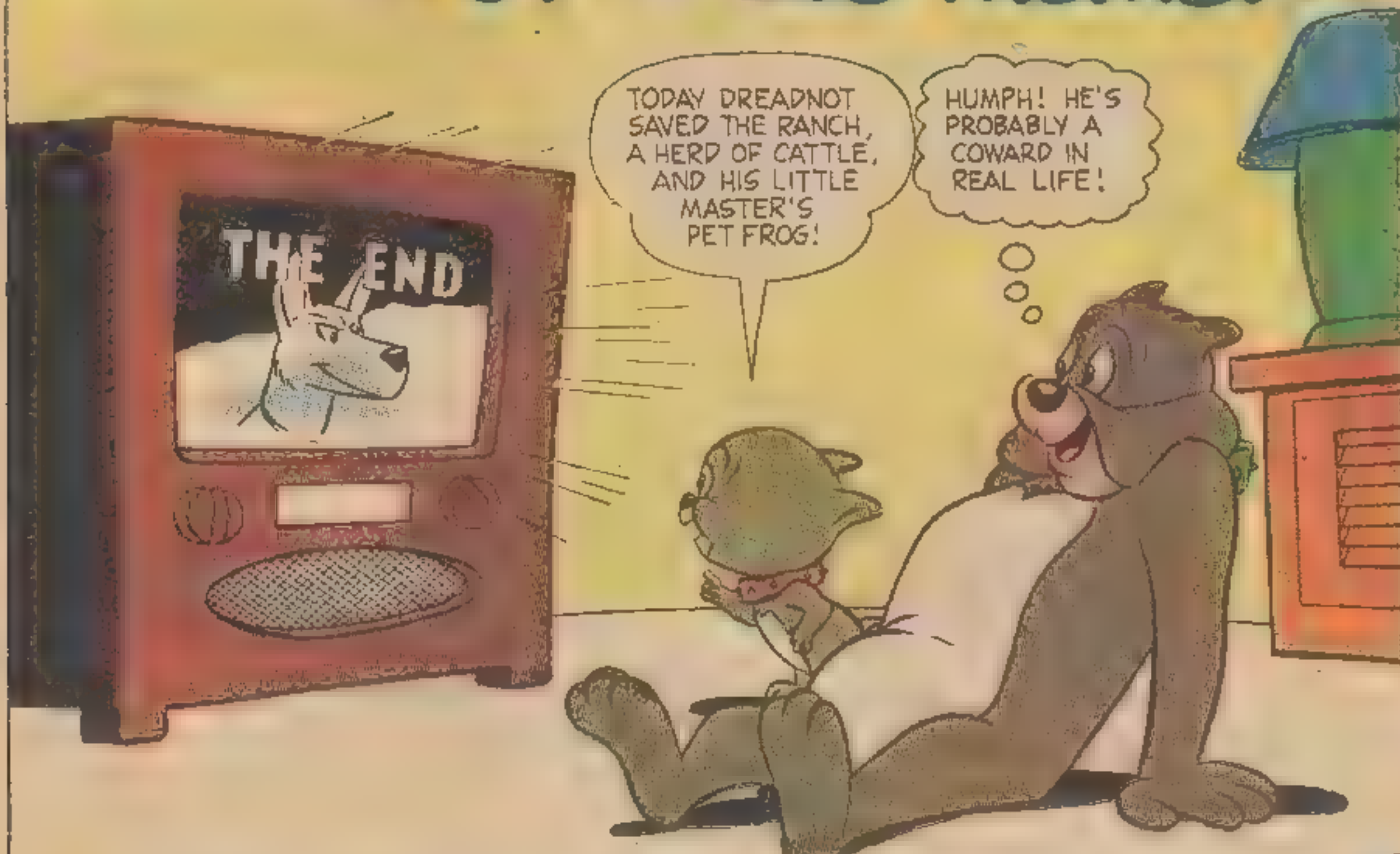
THEY'RE FULL OF NUTRITION!

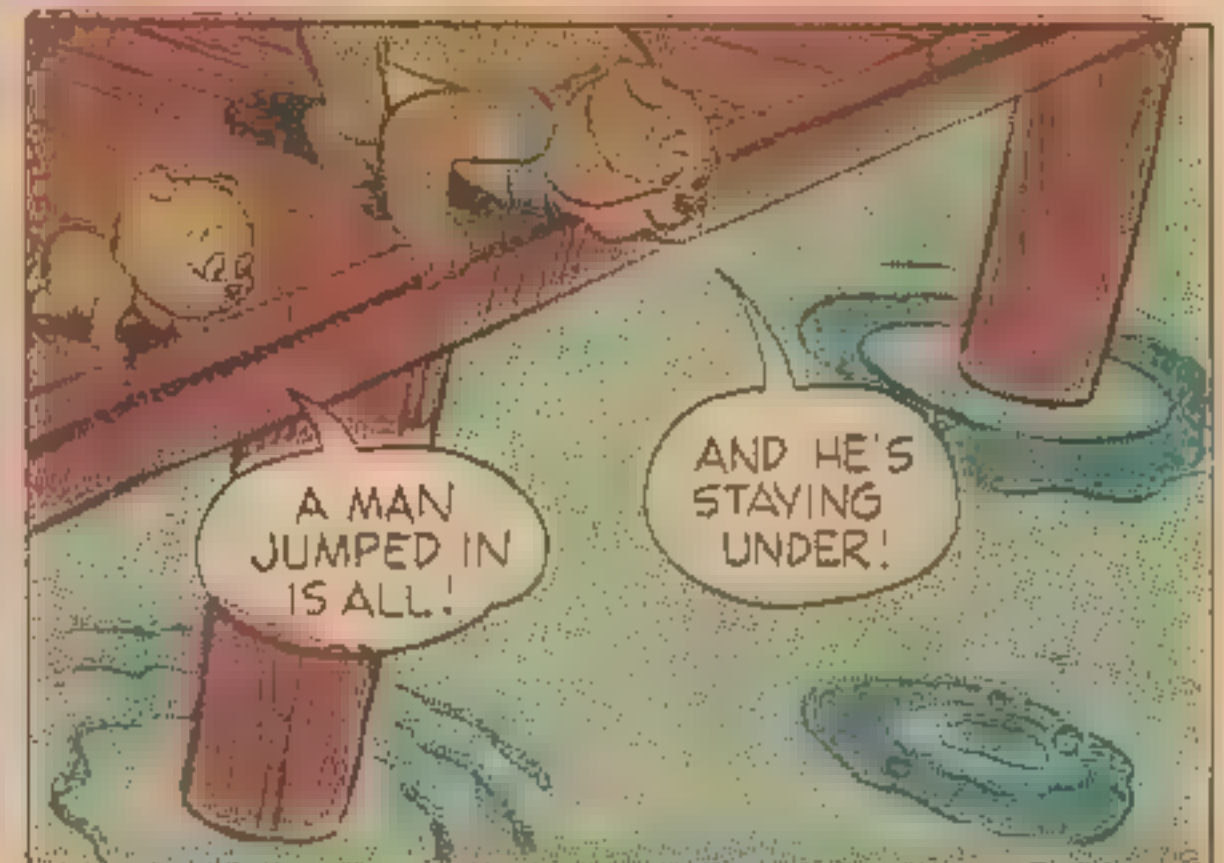
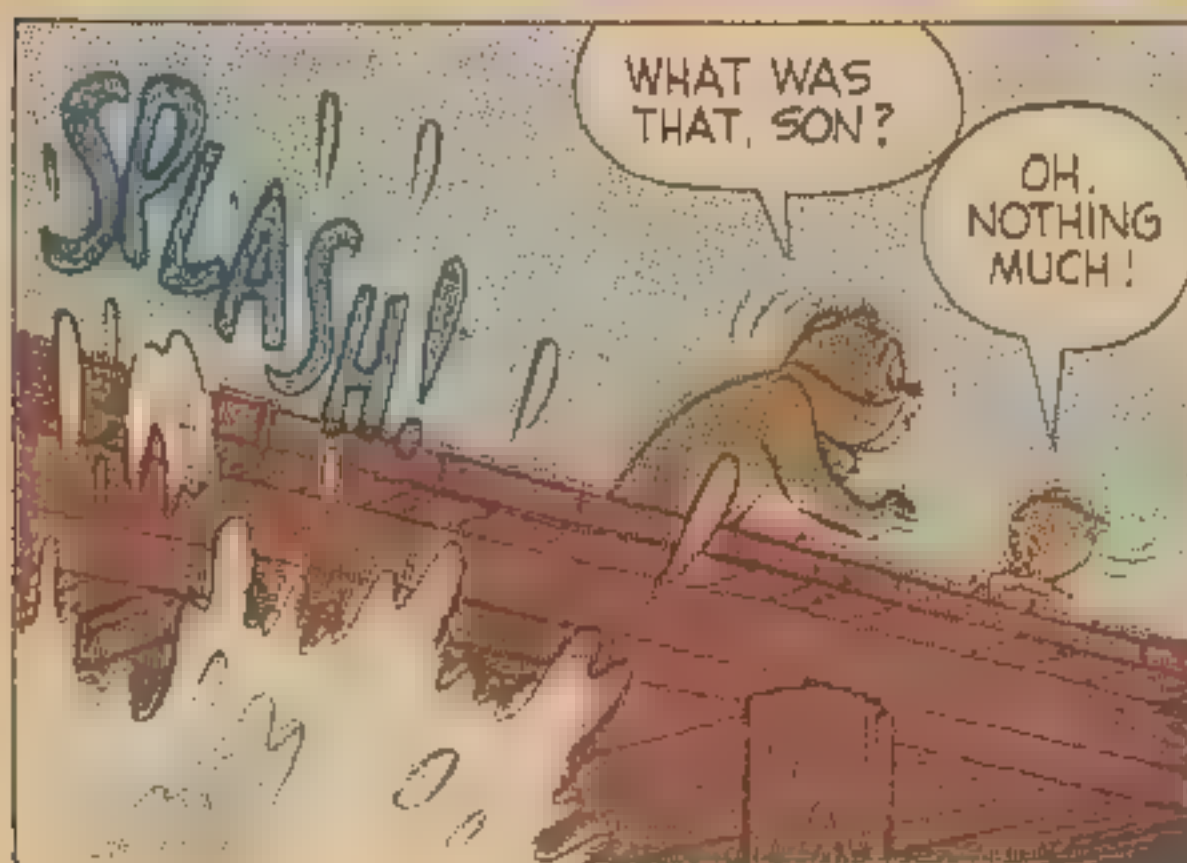
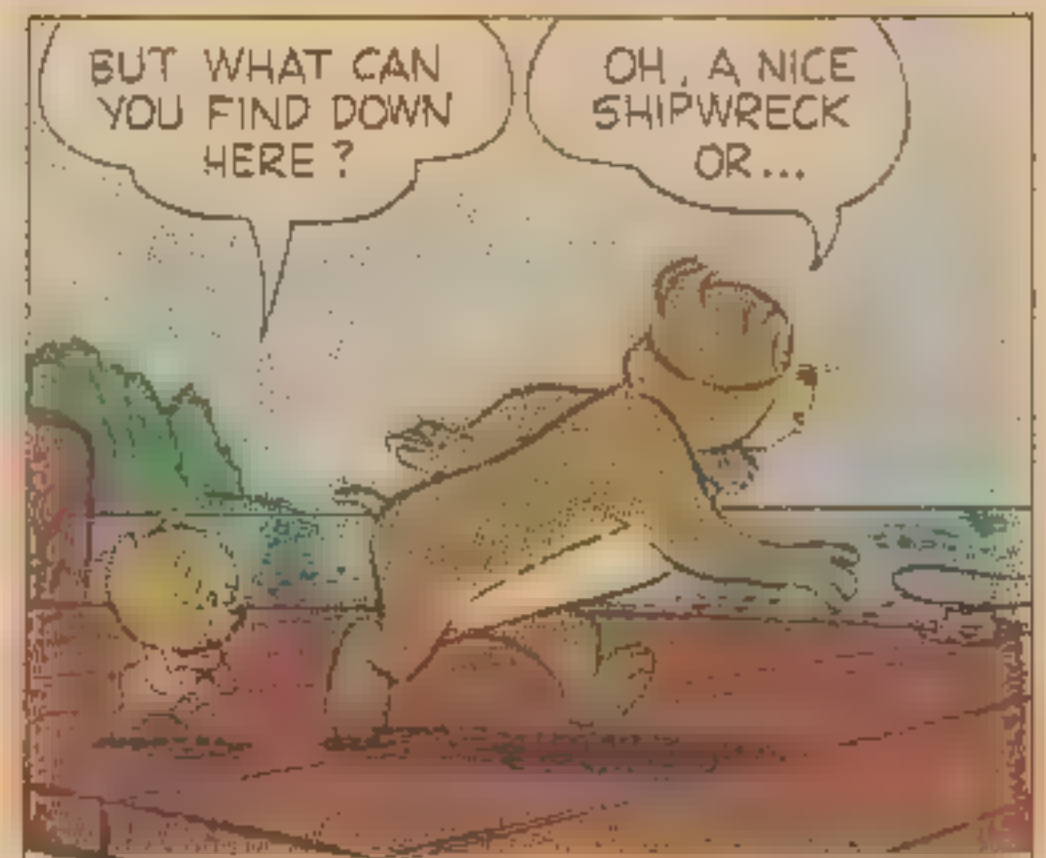
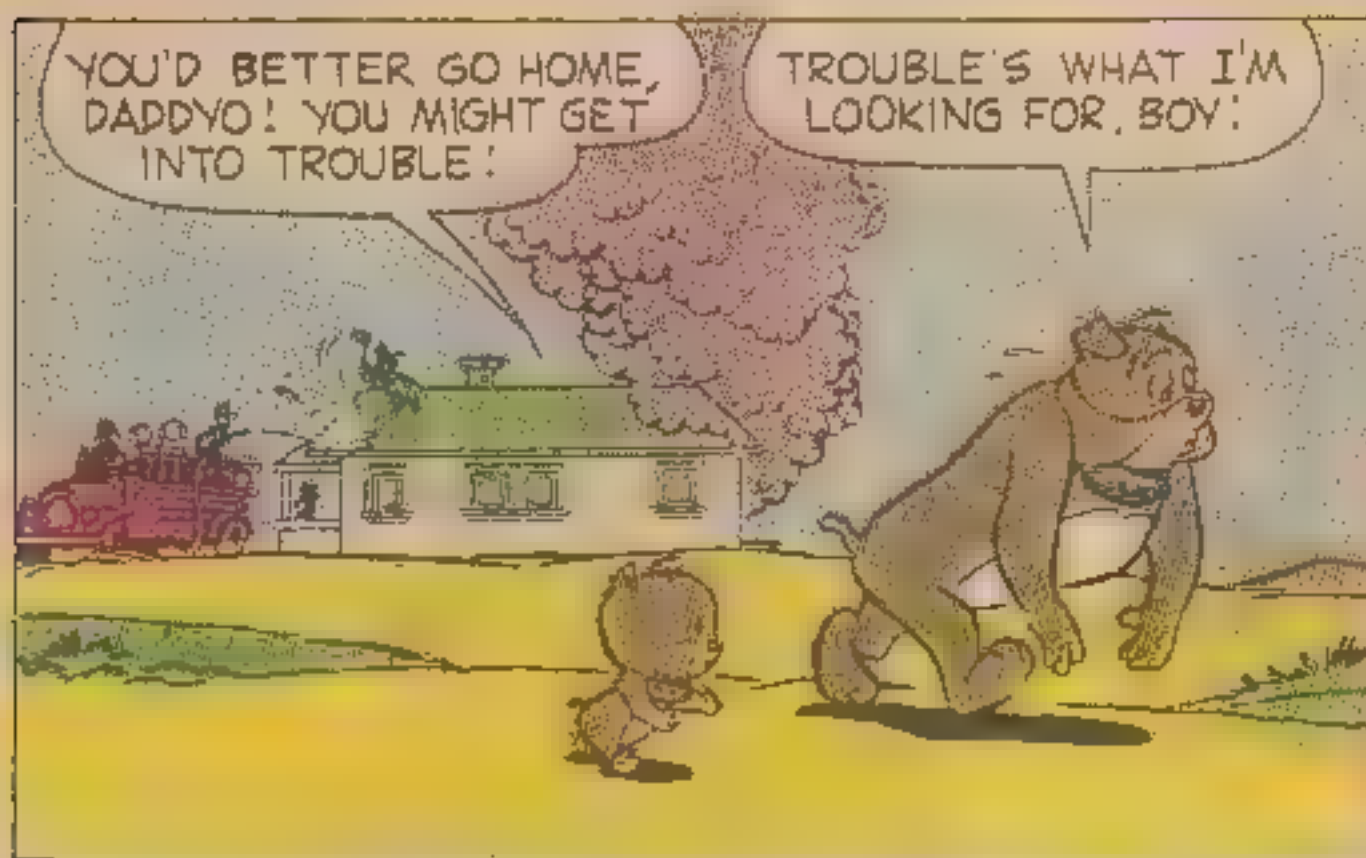
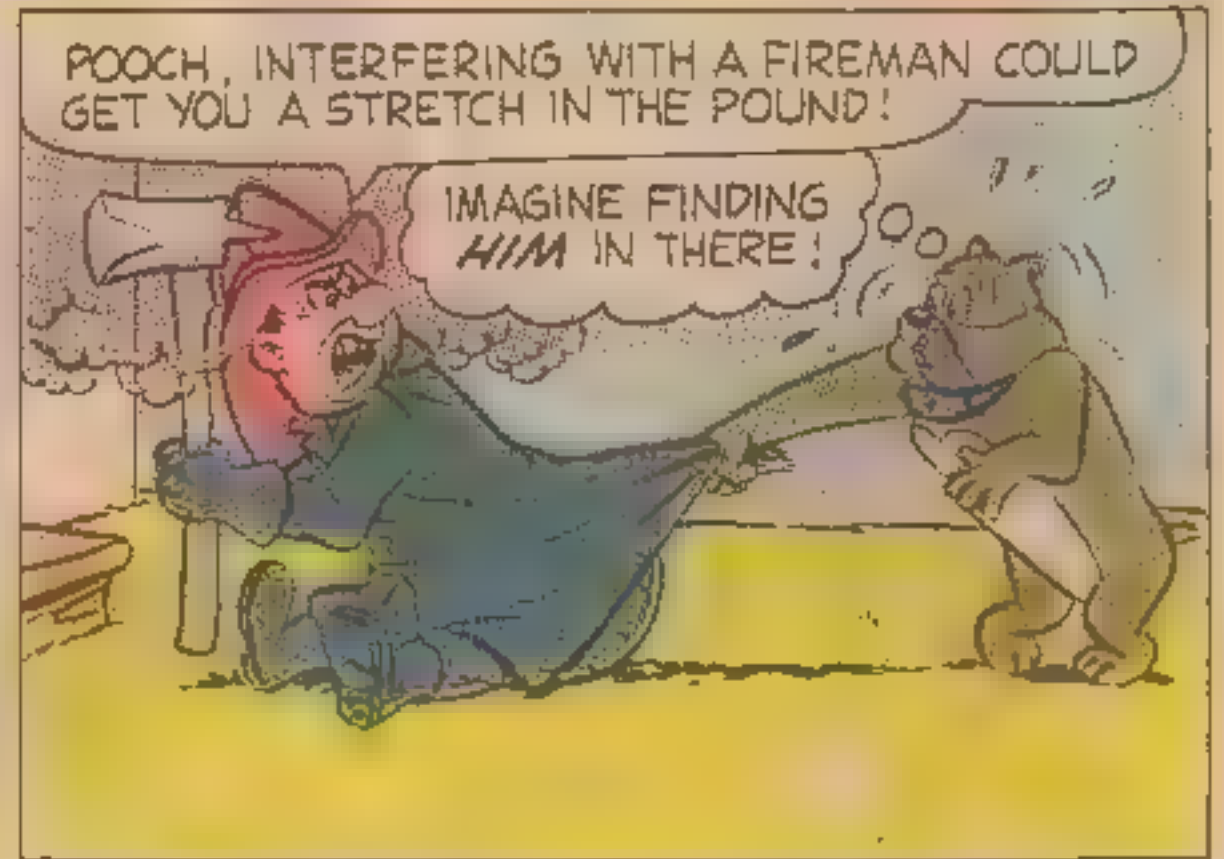
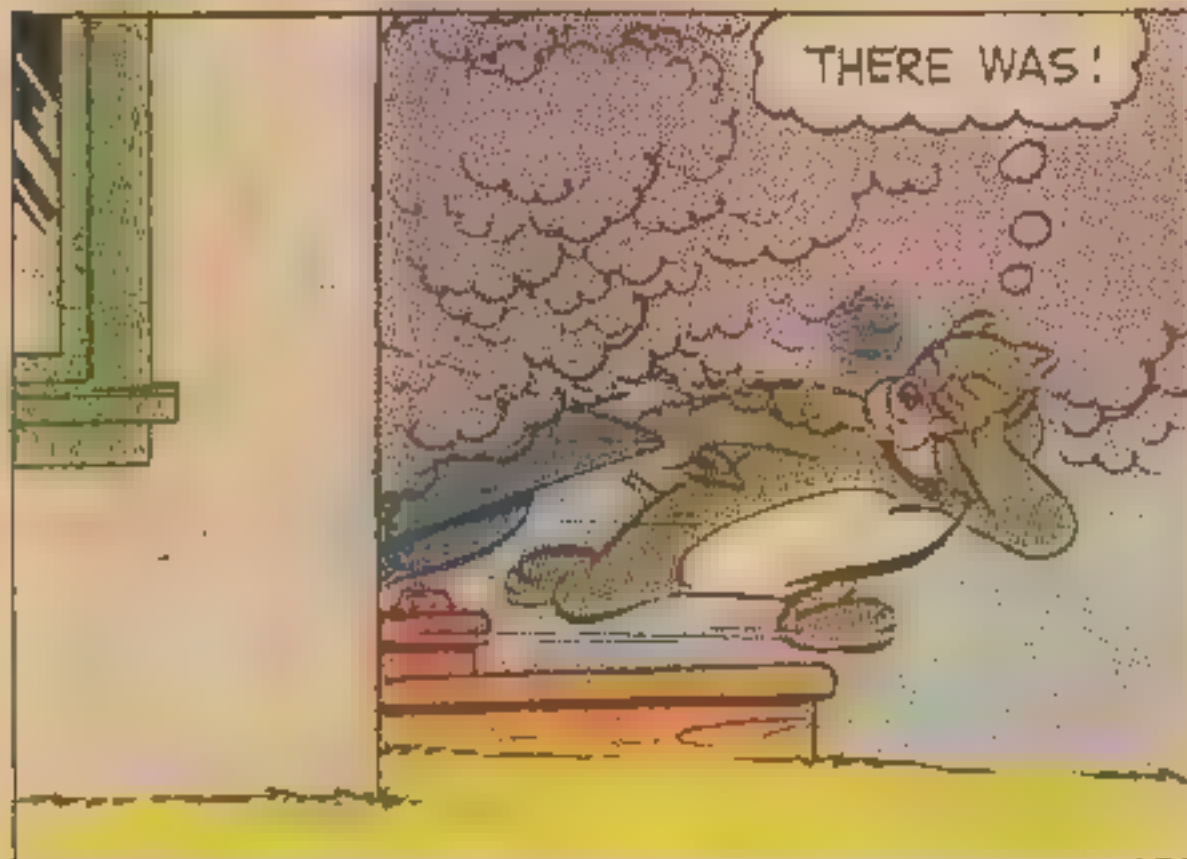
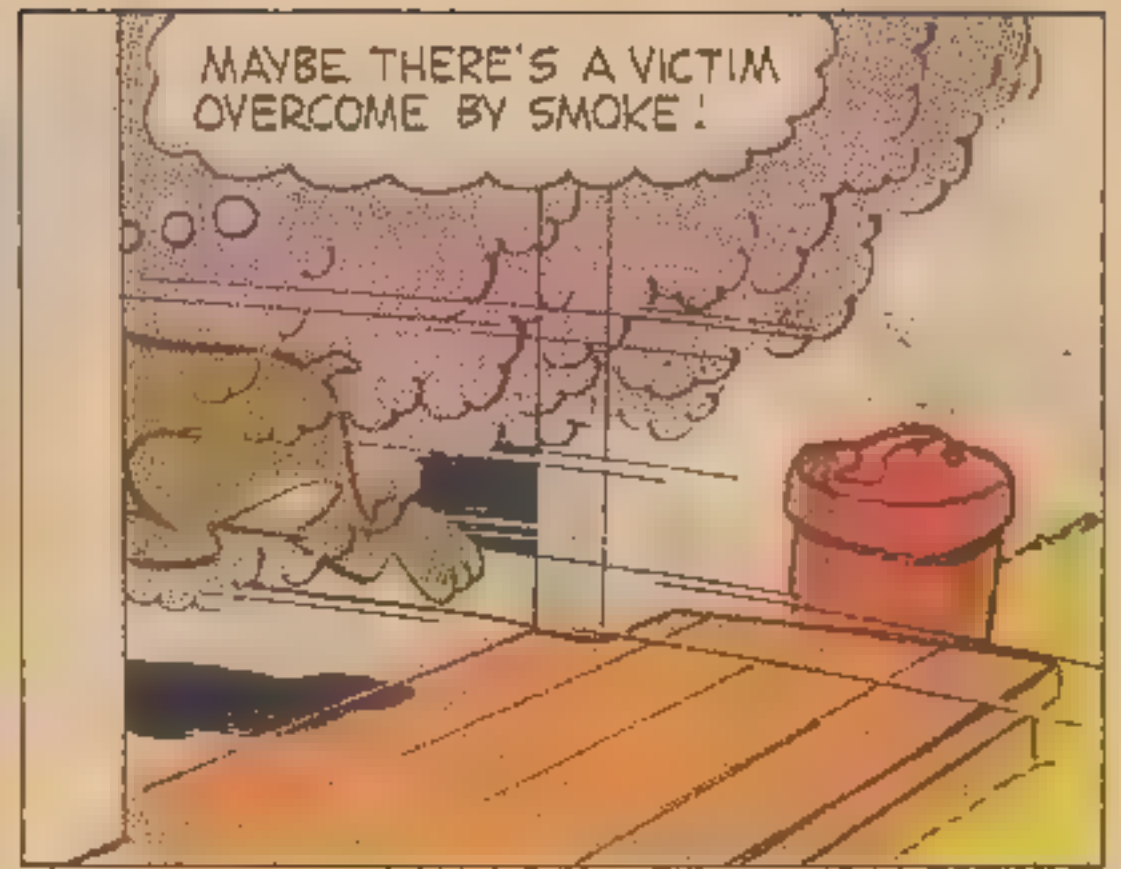
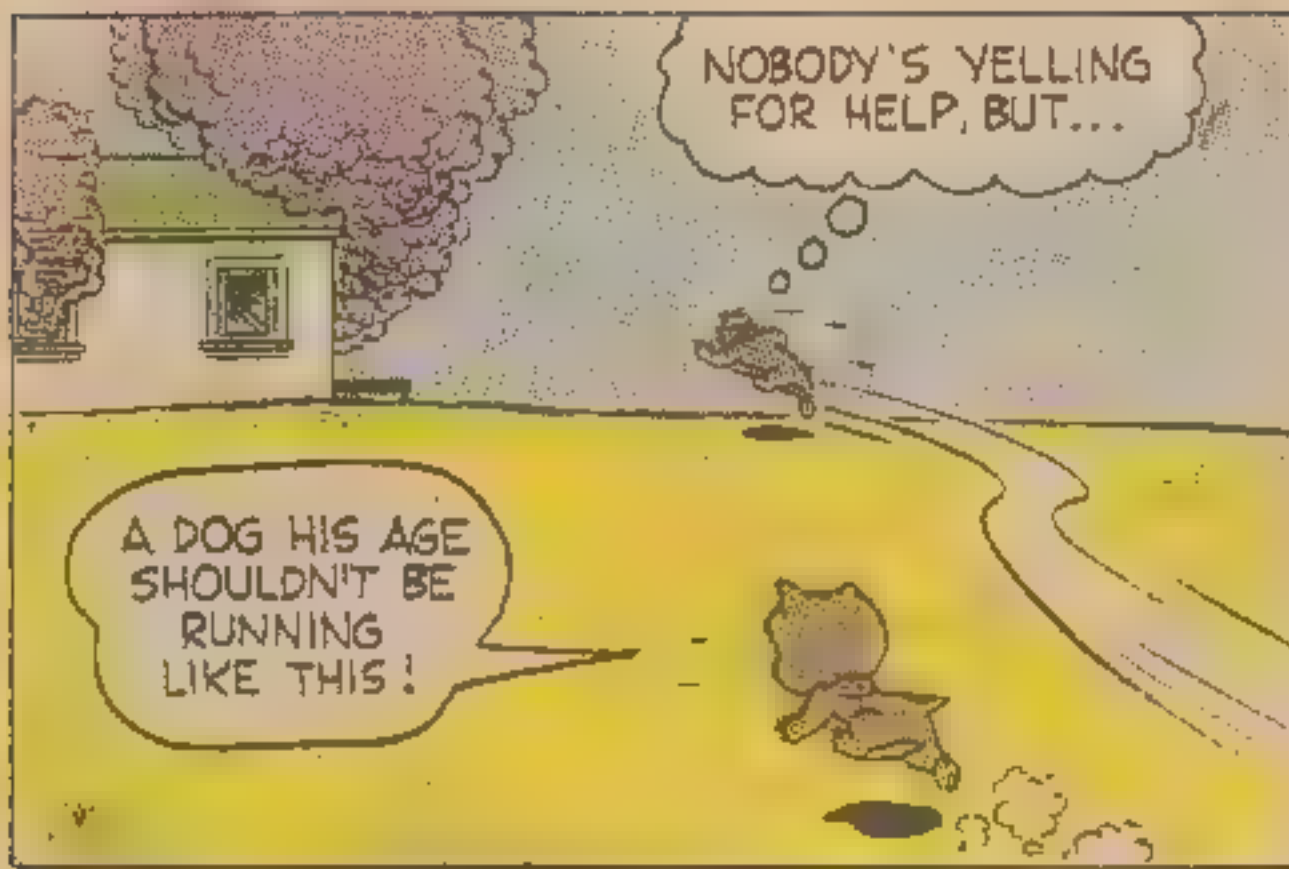


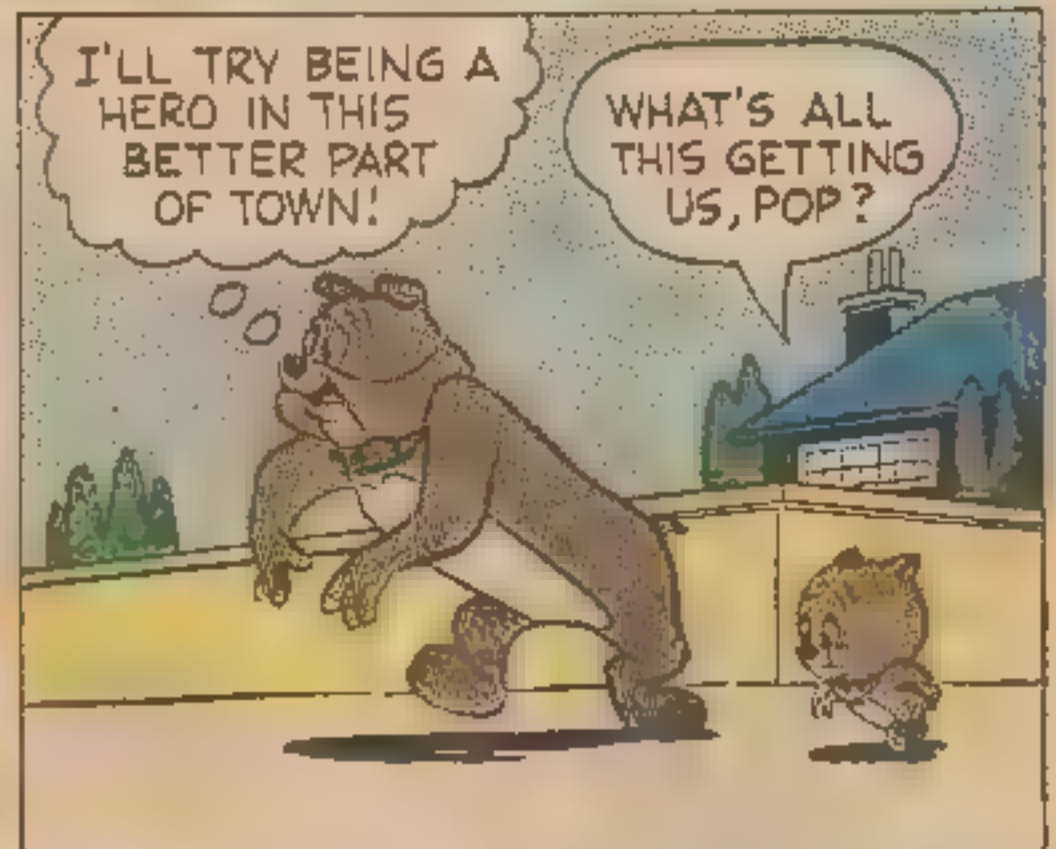
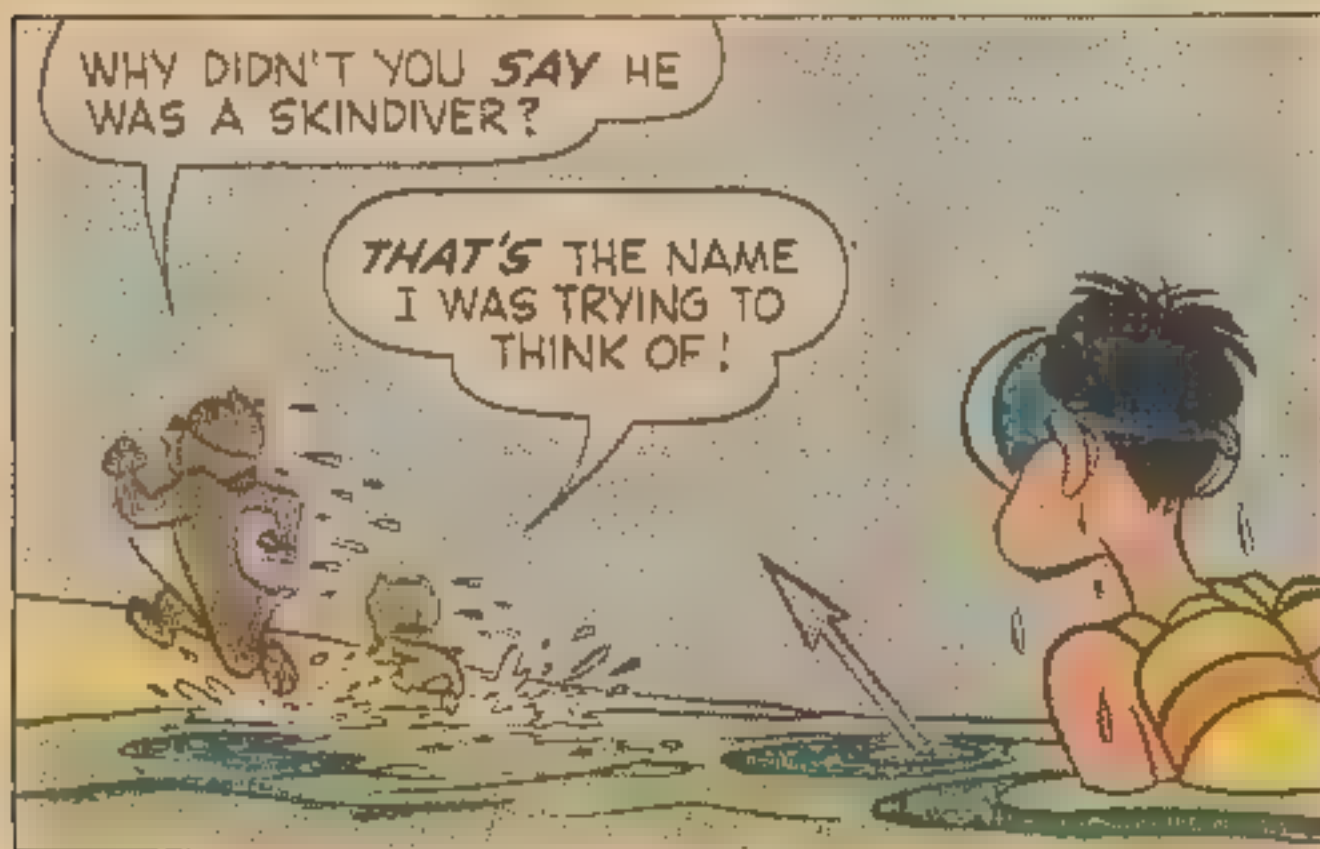
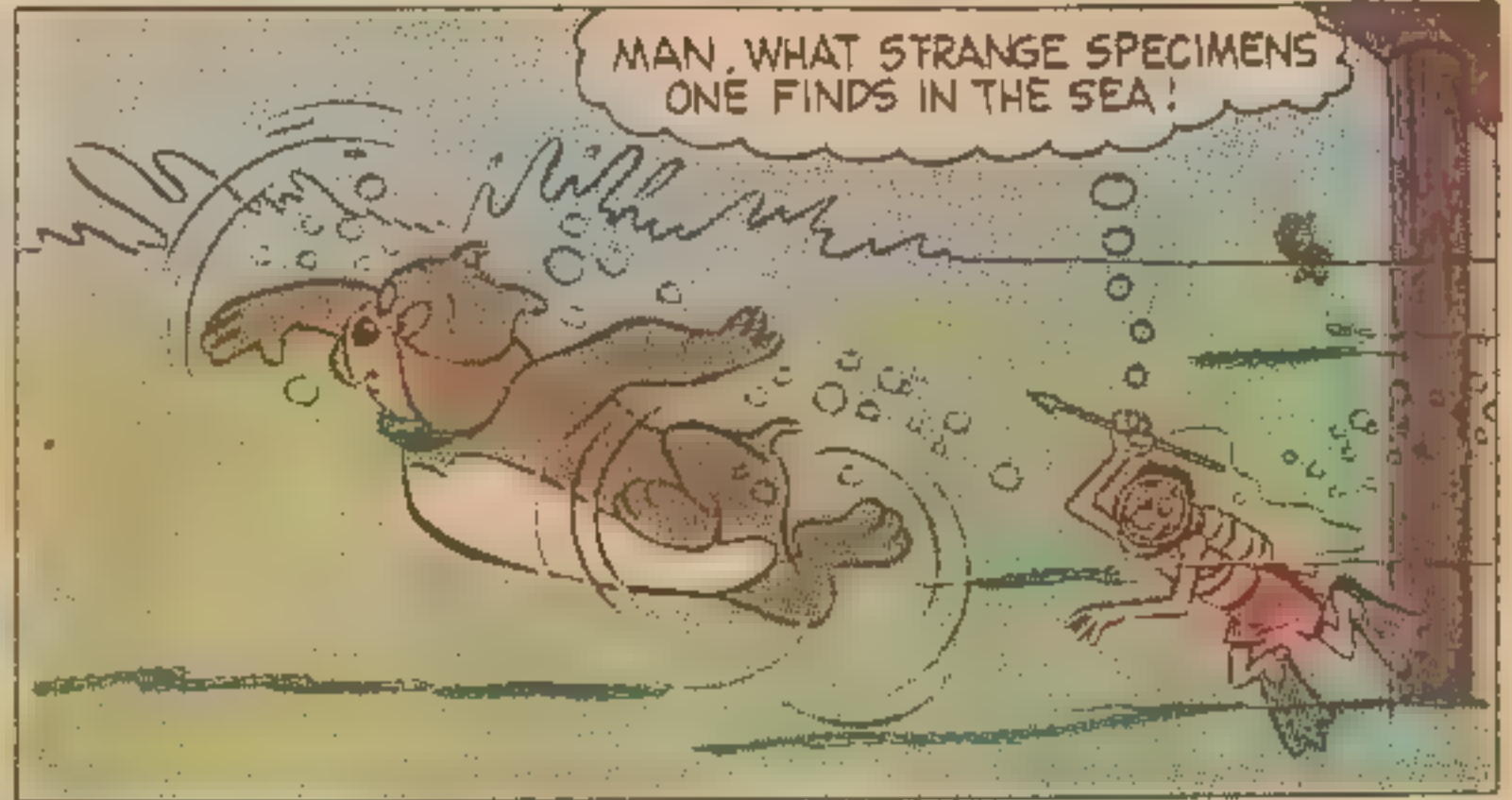
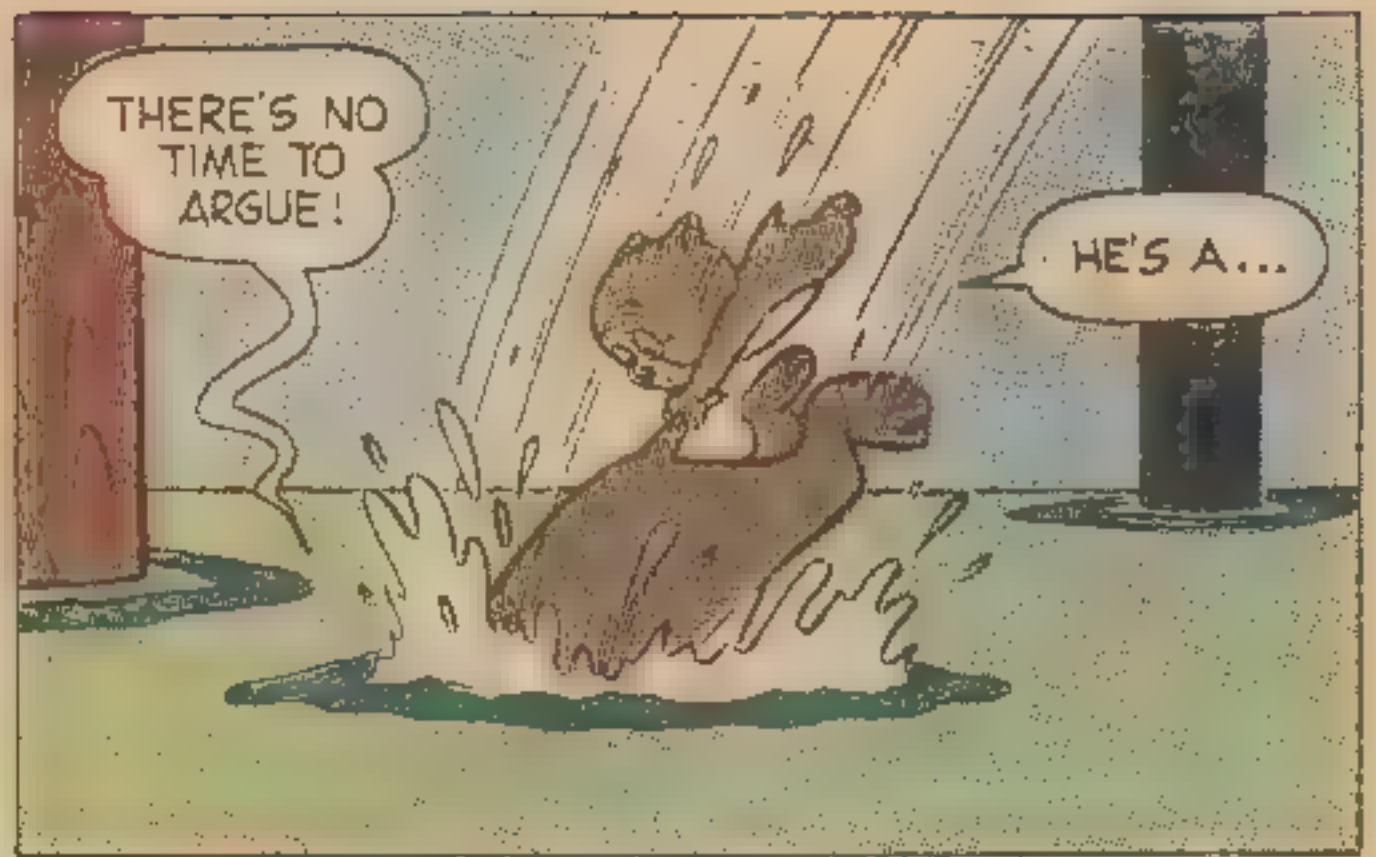
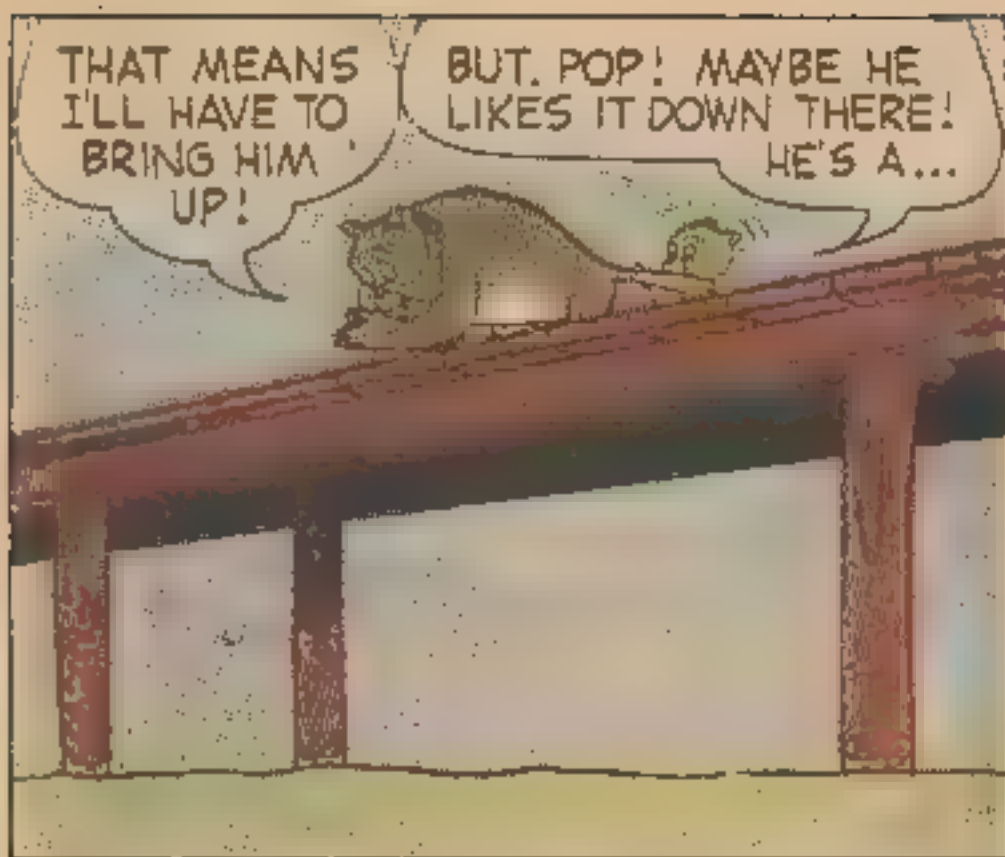


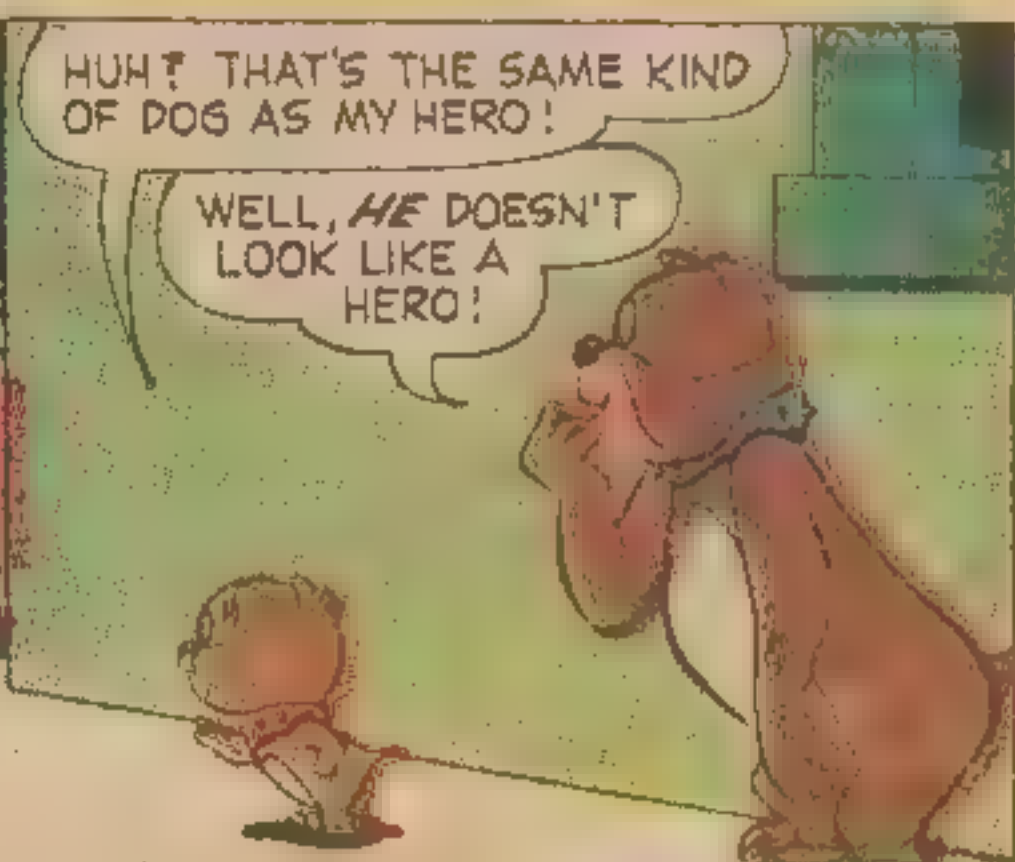
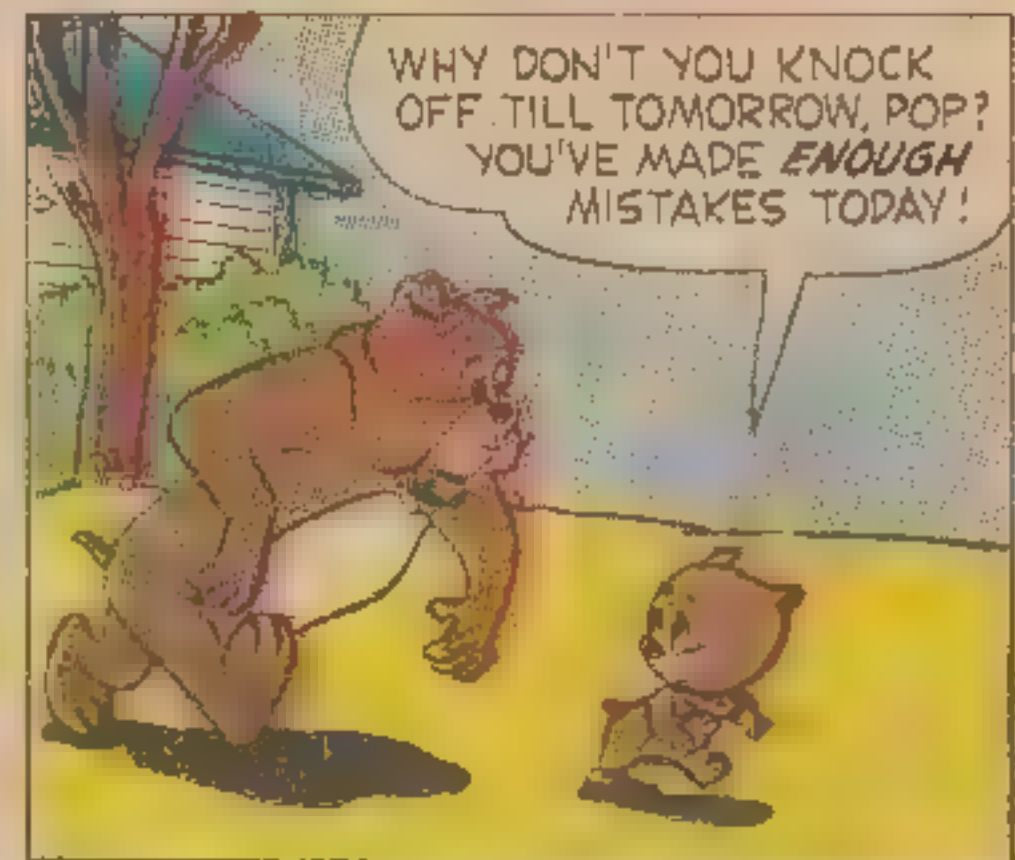
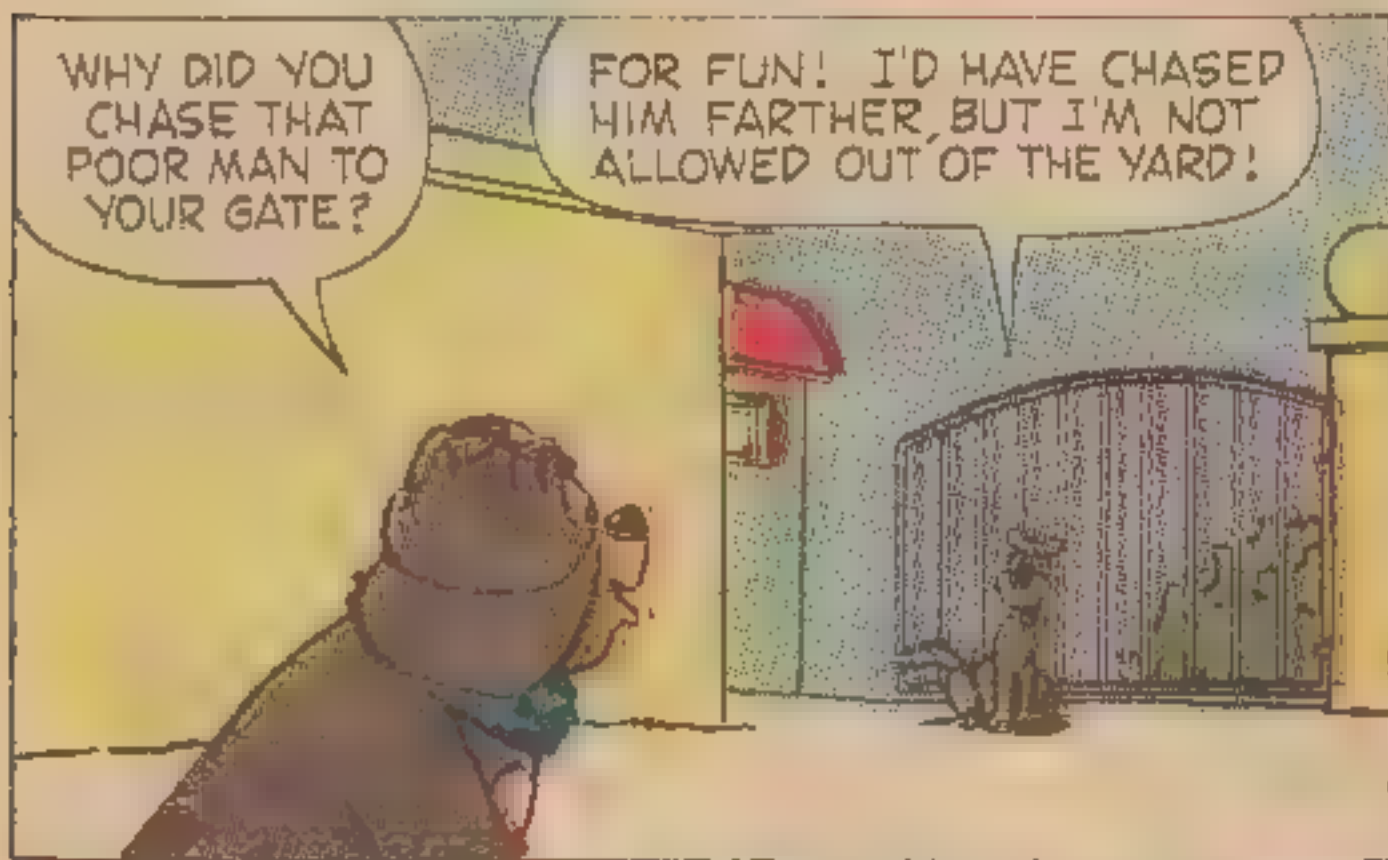
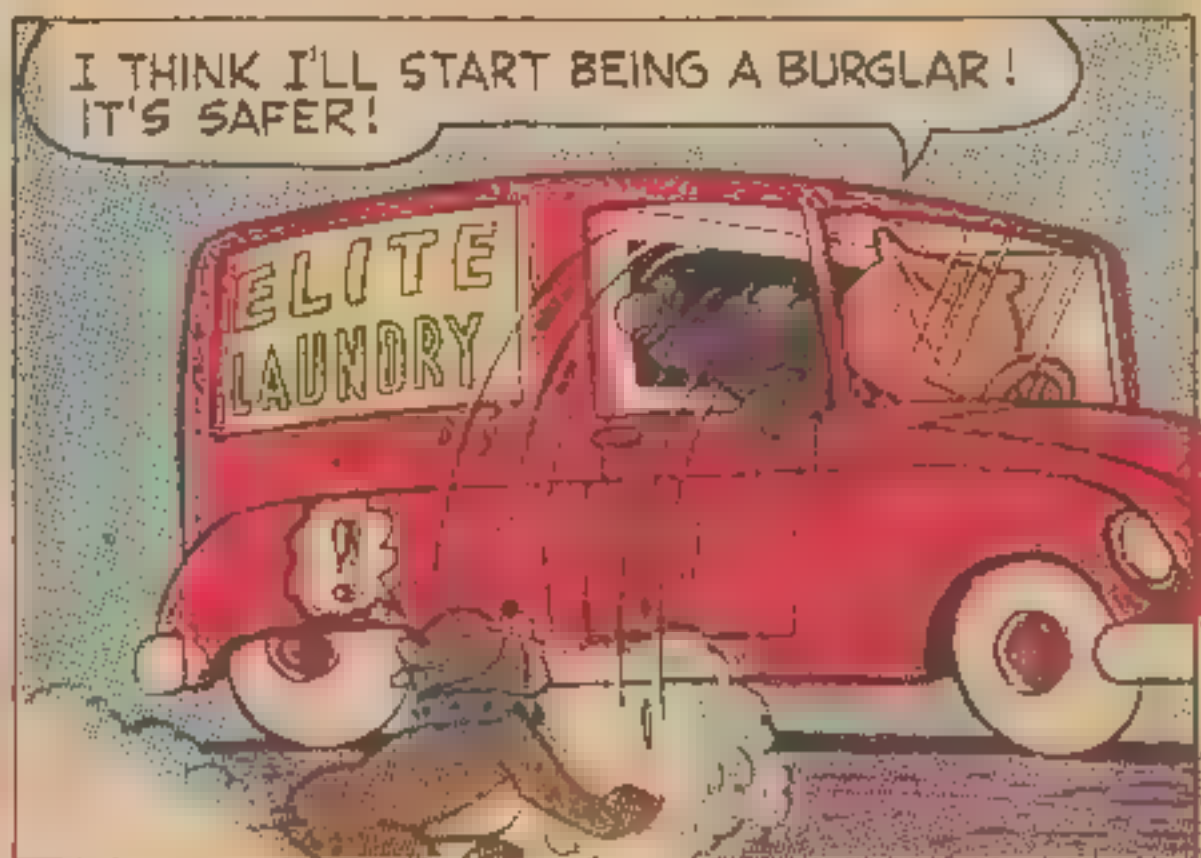
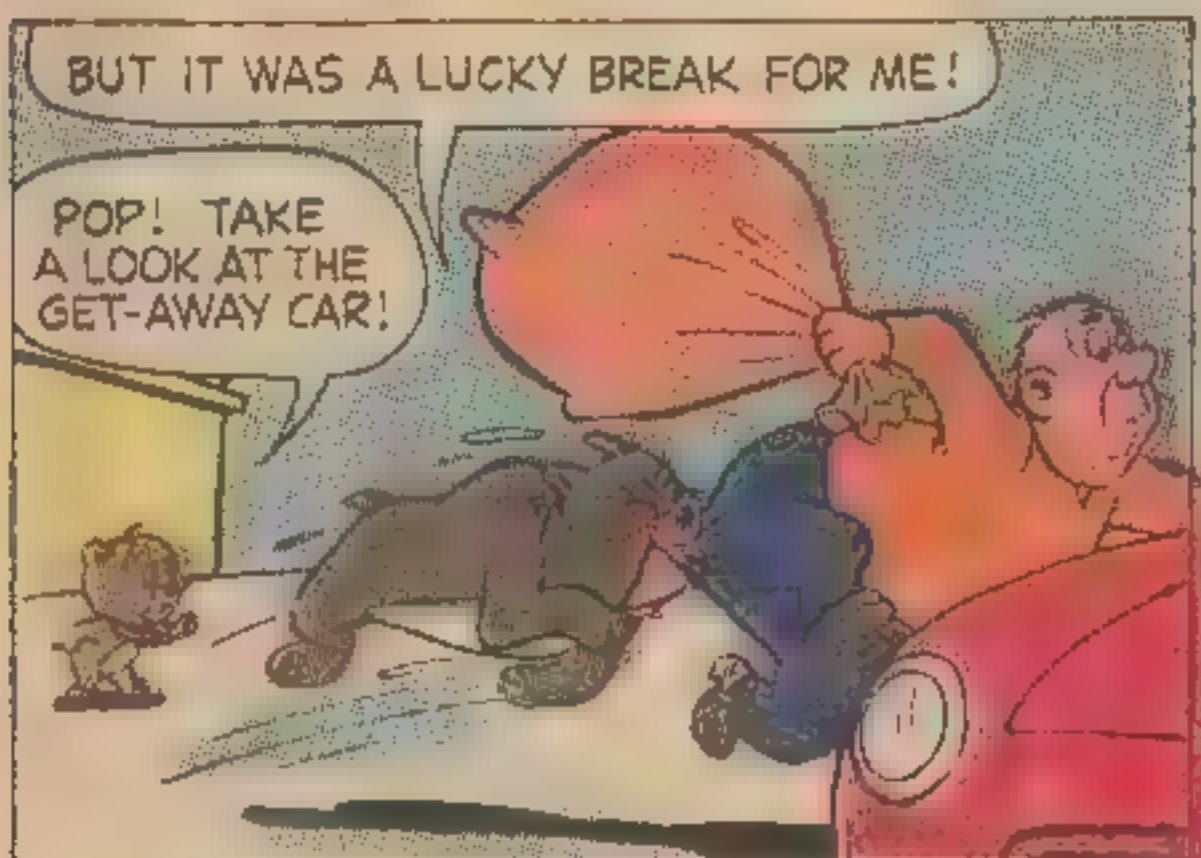
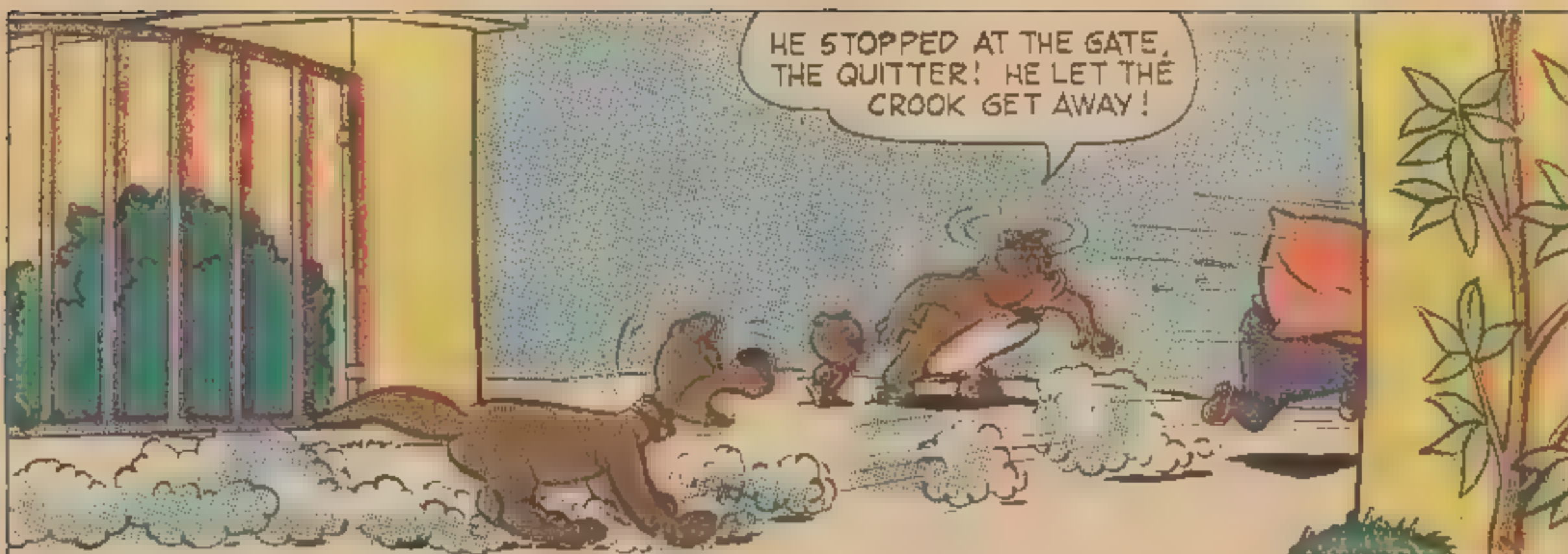
Spike and Tyke

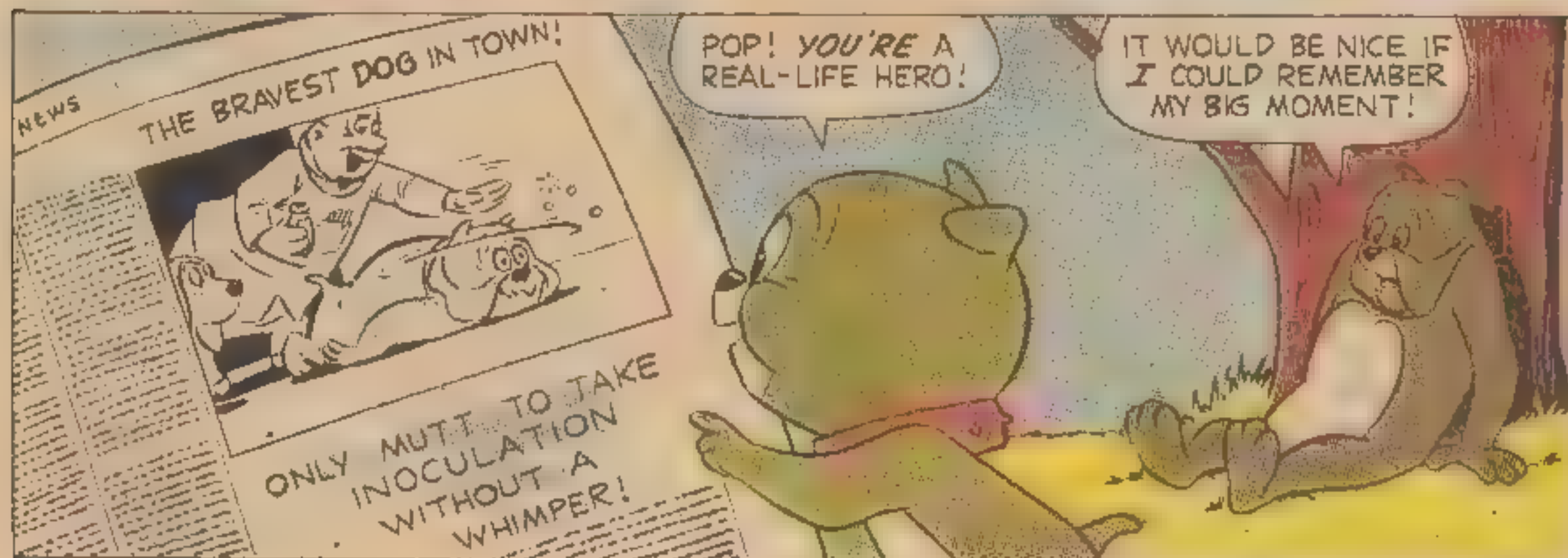
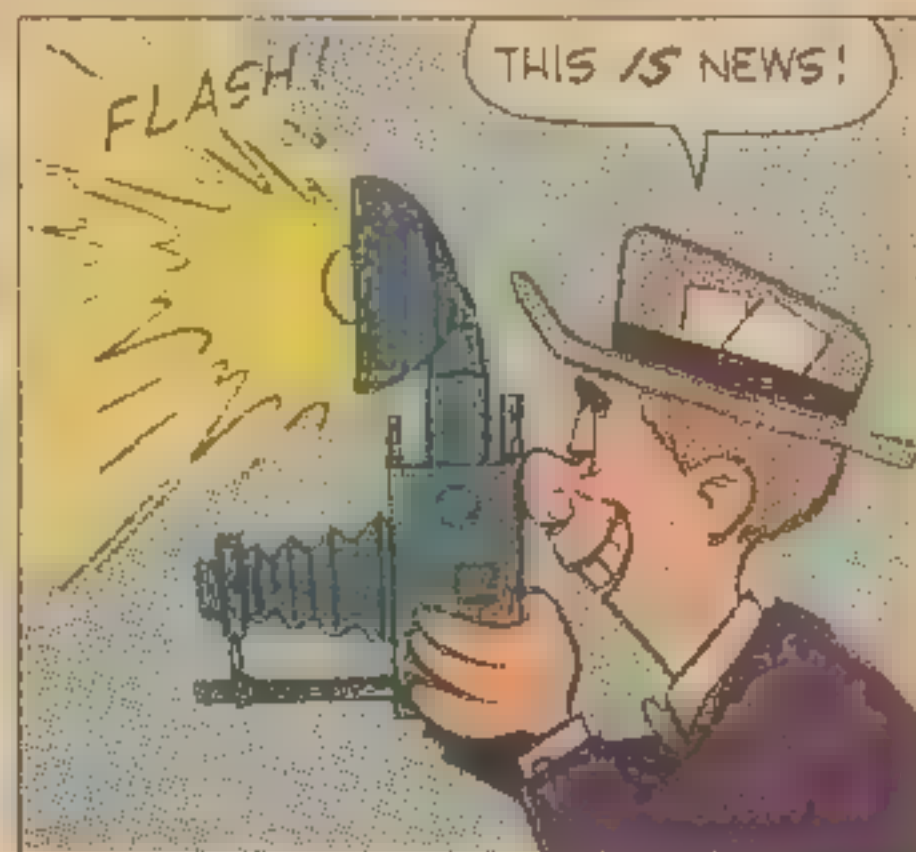
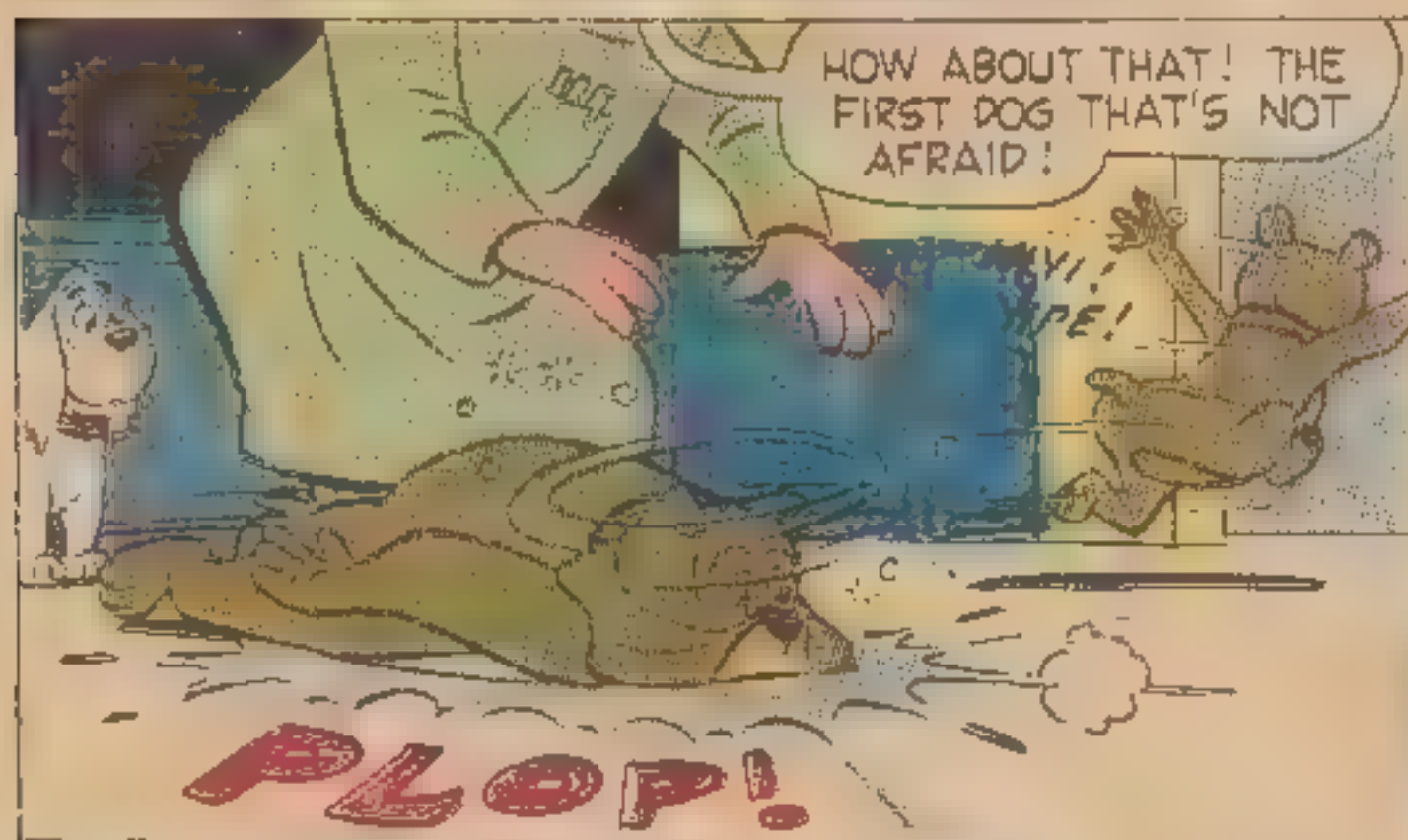
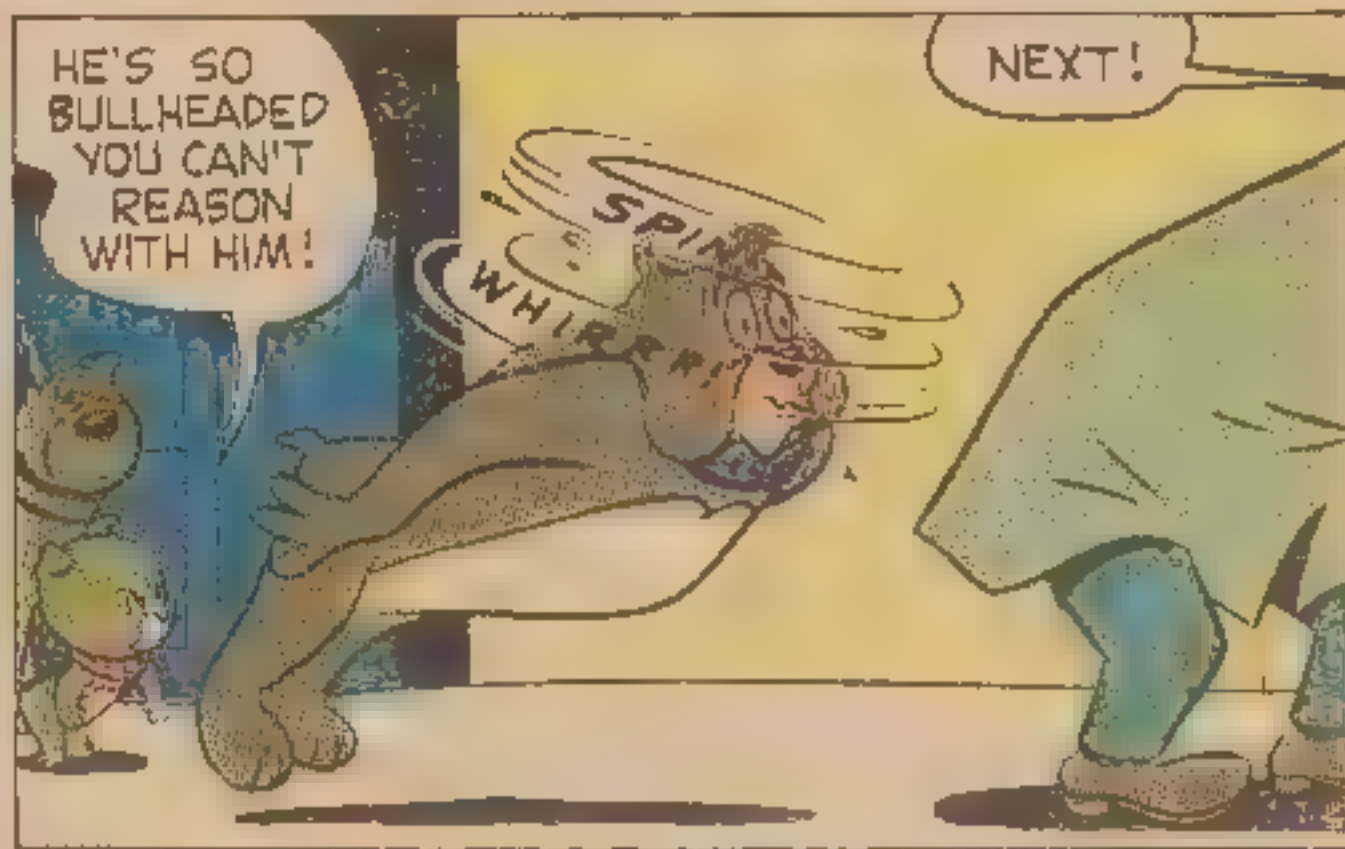
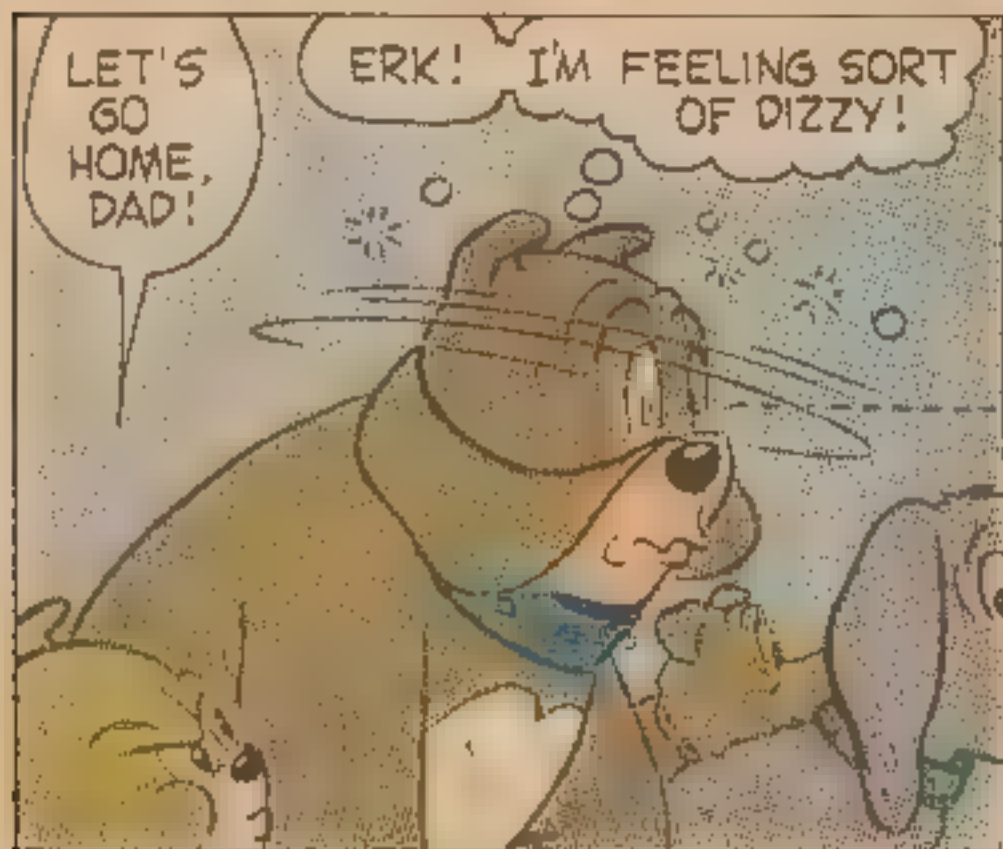
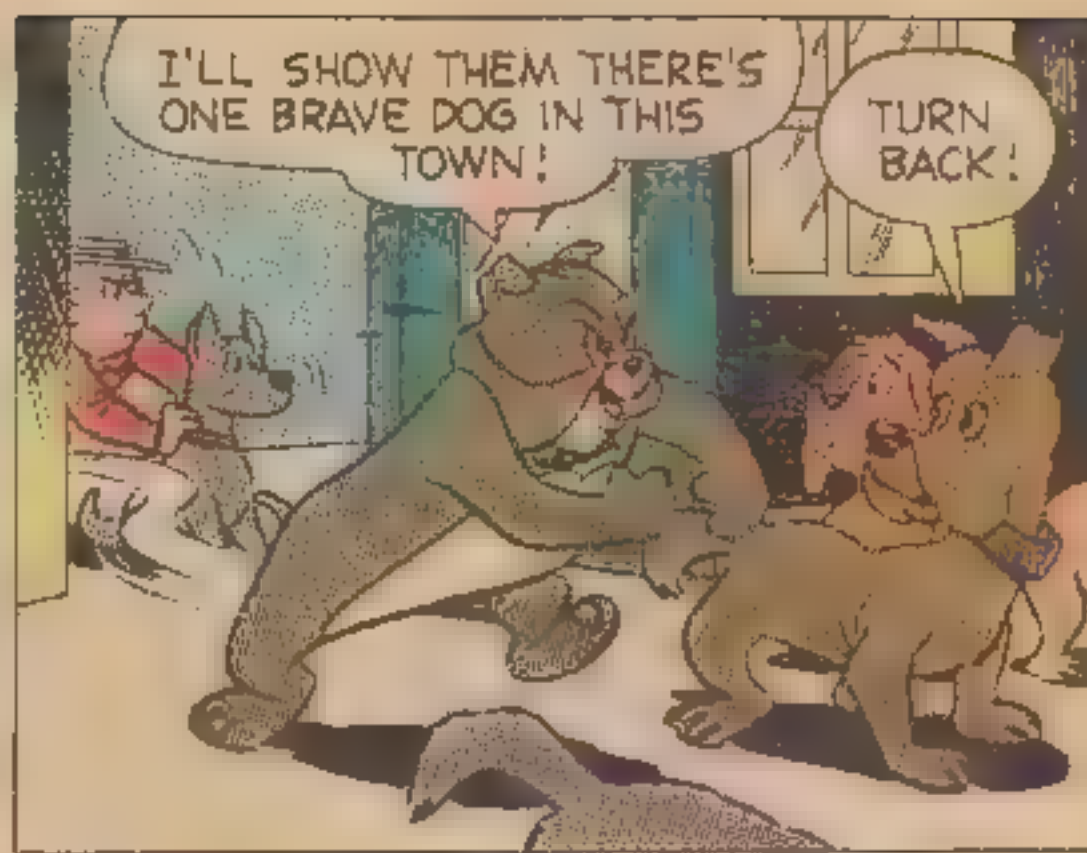
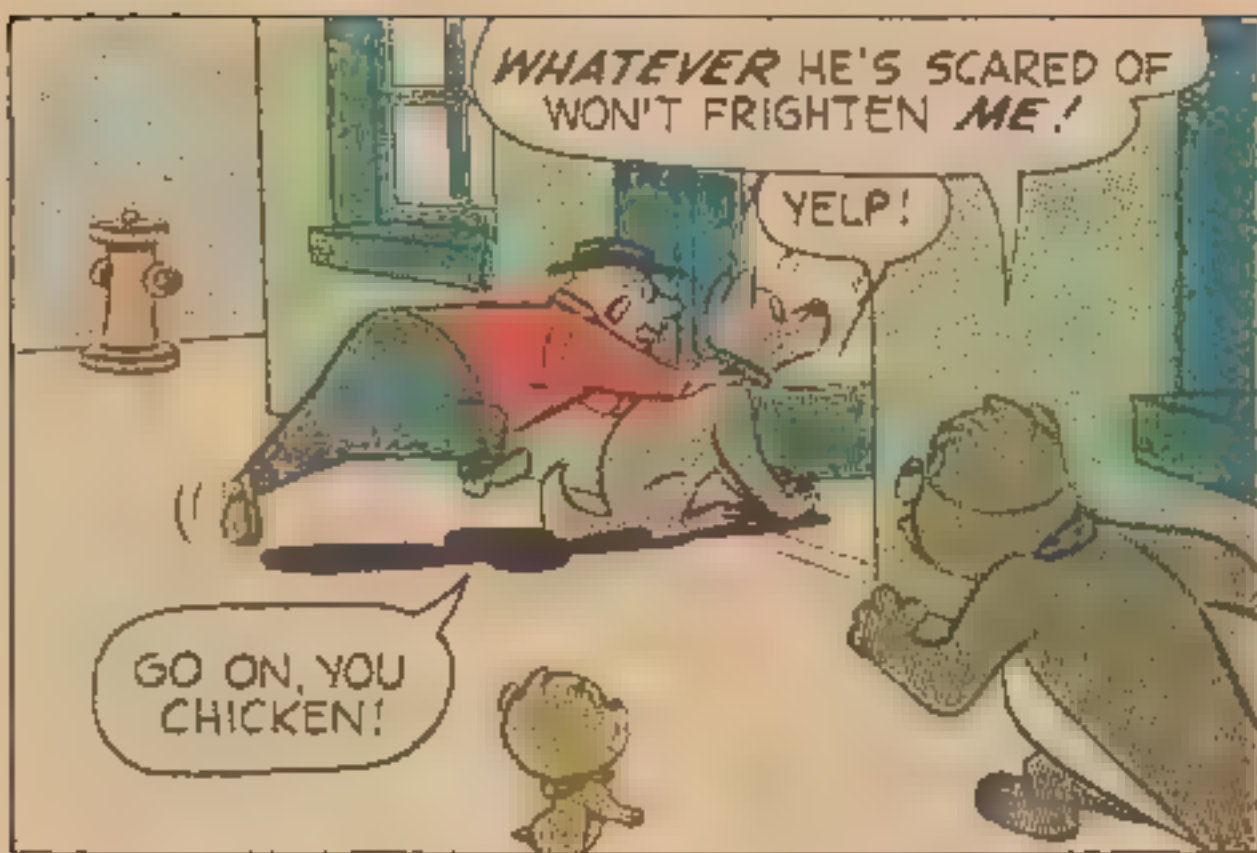
POP'S BIG MOMENT



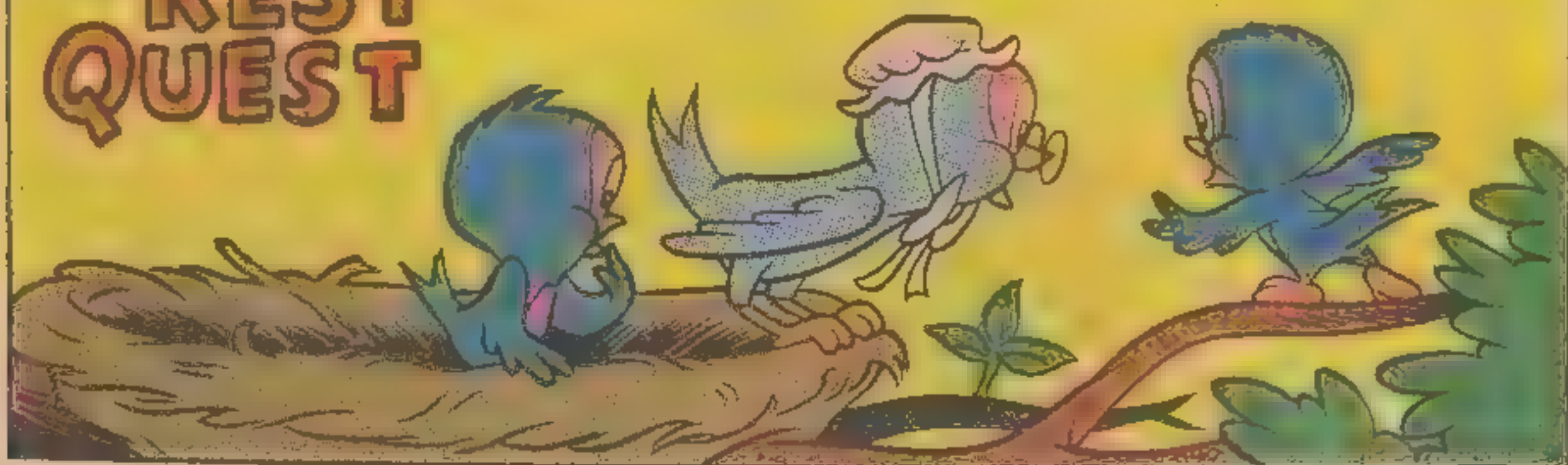








THE REST QUEST



"Now remember, children," Mother Bird cautioned Bertie Bird and Brother Billie as they perched on the tree branch that held their nest-home in Apple Tree Lane. "Grandma Bird needs to rest, so you take care of her while I go look for some lunch." Mother Bird spread her wings and soared up into the air.

"Is she gone?" a little voice crackled as Grandma Bird poked her head out of the nest. "I've been waiting all day to go on one of your adventures."

"Oh Grandma," Bertie chirped happily. "You are so much fun."

"You should rest," Billie reminded her.

"Fiddle-de-de," Grandma snorted. "I can rest later. Now, what shall we do?"

"Well," Bertie twittered excitedly, "they're digging up the road down the way, and they have all kinds of big machines we can ride on."

Grandma's eyes sparkled. "Let's go," she cried, flying off the branch.

Bertie Bird and Brother Billie sailed after her. "This way, Grandma," Bertie called, catching up with her. "See, over where those men are working."

"Wait for me," Billie panted. "And watch out! Those machines look dangerous."

But Grandma was already perched on the edge of the bucket of a giant steam shovel, Bertie Bird beside her. "Wheel!" Bertie laughed as the bucket rose upward. "Don't get in the dirt, Grandma. Fly off before it dumps."

Grandma Bird lifted her happy face to the wind. "I will," she promised. "Don't worry about me."

Billie circled around them anxiously. "Please be careful," he pleaded.

The big bucket rose higher and higher.

Just as it was about to dump the heavy load of dirt and rocks, Bertie cried, "Now, Grandma! Off!" And he scooted.

Very reluctantly, Grandma Bird left her perch. Very determinedly, she tore to the ground and waited for the new load to start upward. "Come on, children," she called gaily. "One more ride."

"That's so dangerous," Billie protested. "And it's not restful at all."

"Oh, one more ride won't hurt," Bertie pleaded. "Come on, Billie. It's fun."

Gingerly, Billie joined Grandma and Bertie Bird on the edge of the big bucket. As they began to rise, Bertie twittered, "Whee! Here we go!"

"When do we fly off?" Billie asked nervously.

"NOW!" Bertie cried, and the two little brothers sailed off into the air. Then they saw Grandma Bird still clinging to the bucket as it was about to dump. "Look out, Grandma!" Bertie shouted. "Fly off!"

There was a terrific crash as dirt and rocks spilled from the giant steam shovel. "Oh," Billie gasped, "I'm afraid to look!"

"It's all right," Bertie cried in relief. "She's still holding to the edge."

Grandma's eyes were merry as the bucket descended. But she didn't see the stray dirt clod that knocked her to the ground. She just lay quietly with her eyes closed.

Bertie and Billie tore to her side. "Fan her," Billie shouted. The two little birds spread their wings and fanned with all their might.

Before long, Grandma opened her eyes. "Oh, my," she grinned. "That was quite an experience. But at least we can tell your mother that I did indeed get a nice rest."

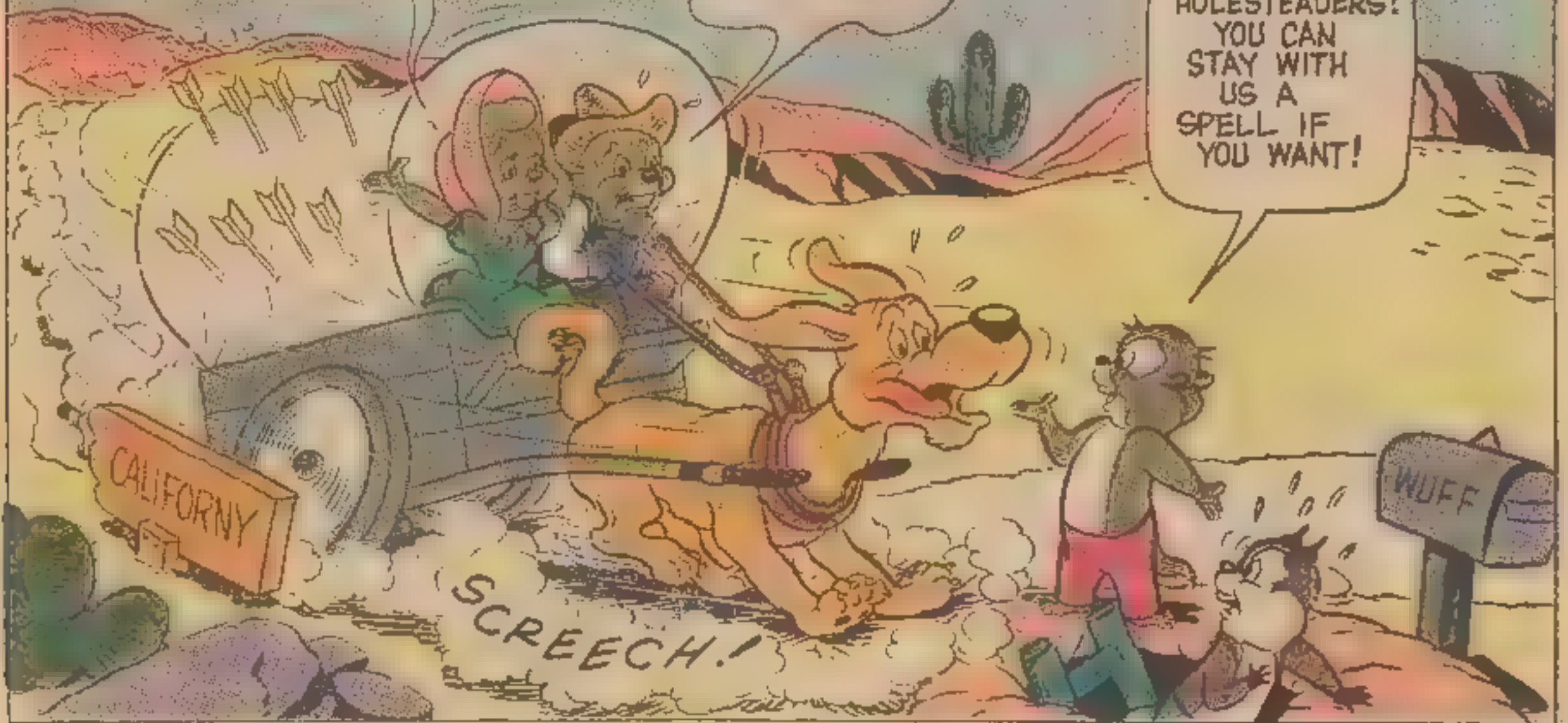
WUFF the prairie dog

THE TRIBE TAMERS

EEK! WE WERE AMBUSHED
BY A TERRIBLE TRIBE!

WE CAN'T GET
THROUGH TO
CALIFORNIA!

YOU POOR
HOLESTEADERS!
YOU CAN
STAY WITH
US A
SPELL IF
YOU WANT!



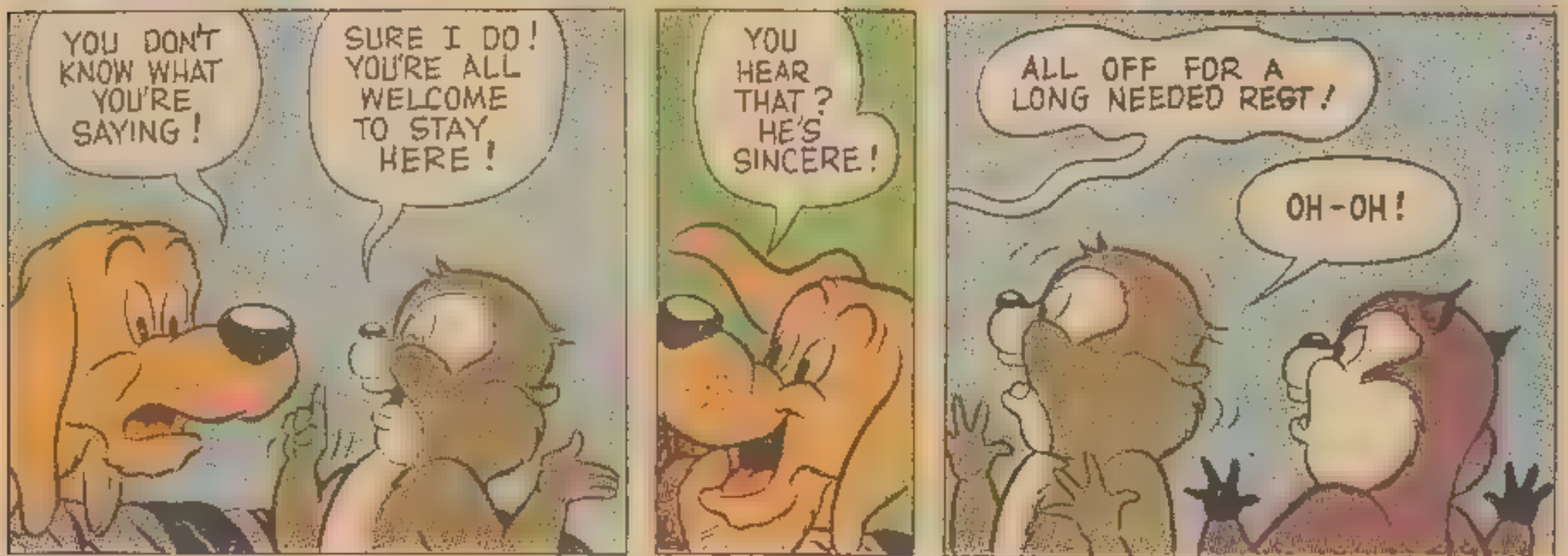
YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE
SAYING!

SURE I DO!
YOU'RE ALL
WELCOME
TO STAY
HERE!

YOU
HEAR
THAT?
HE'S
SINCERE!

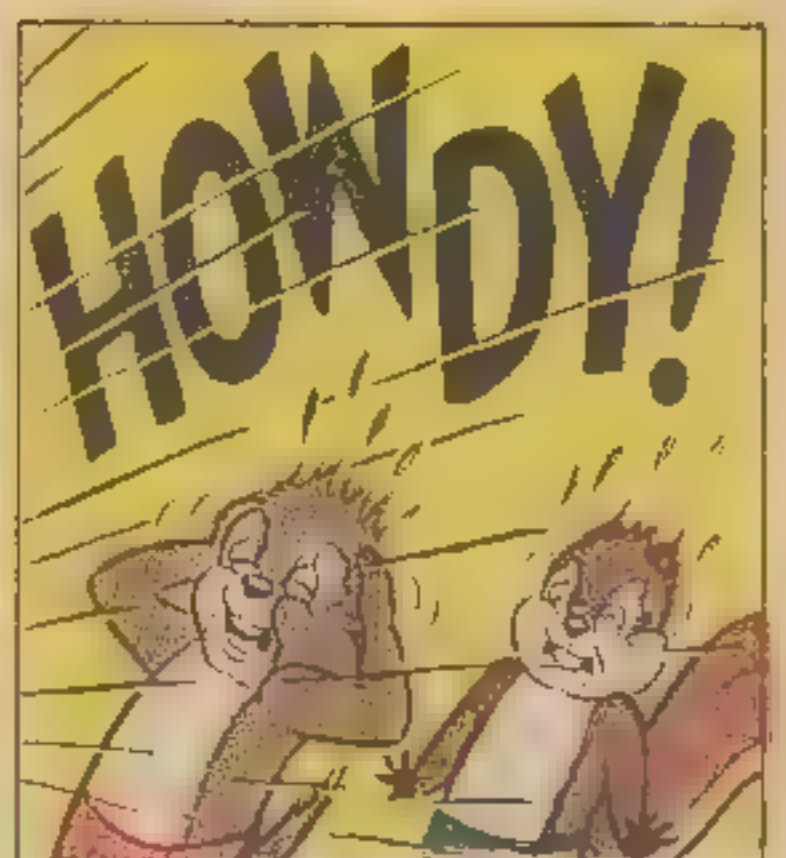
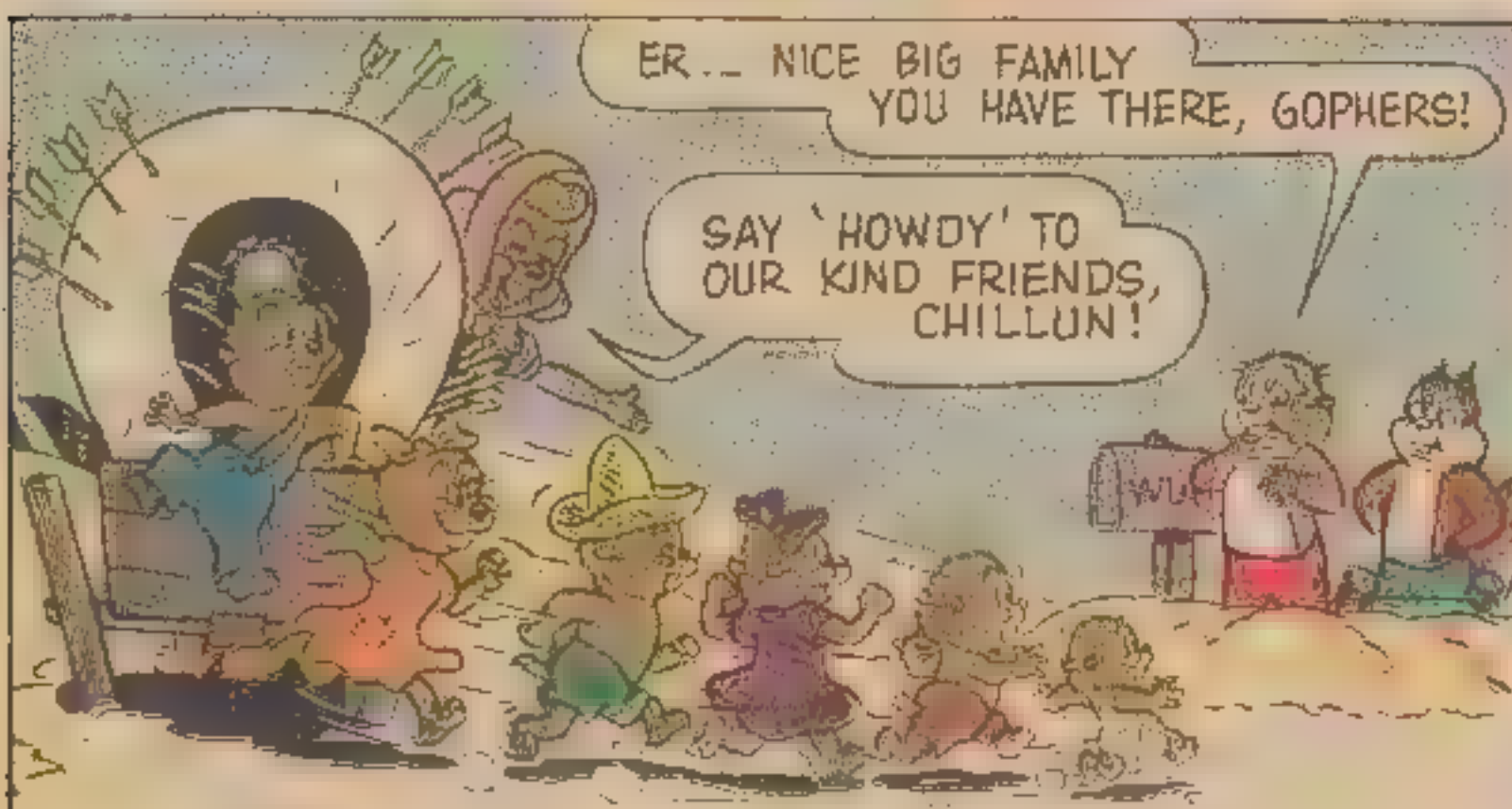
ALL OFF FOR A
LONG NEEDED REST!

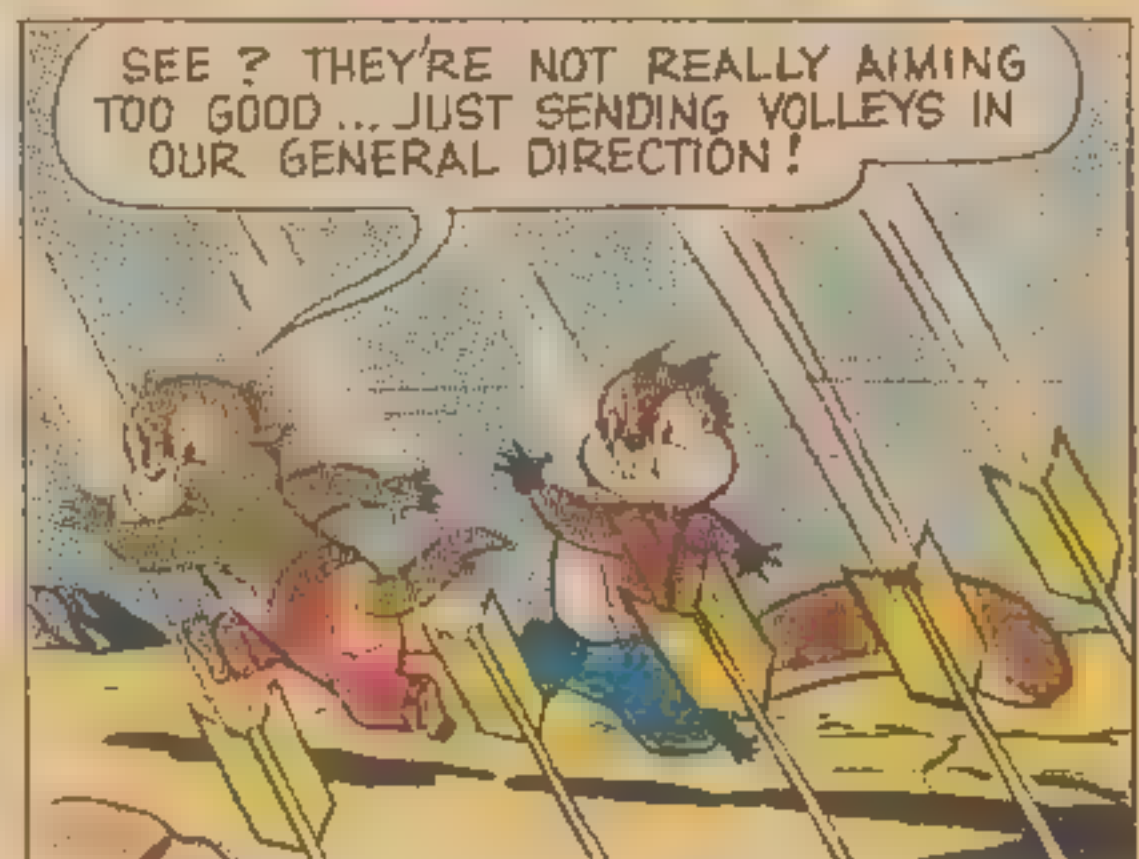
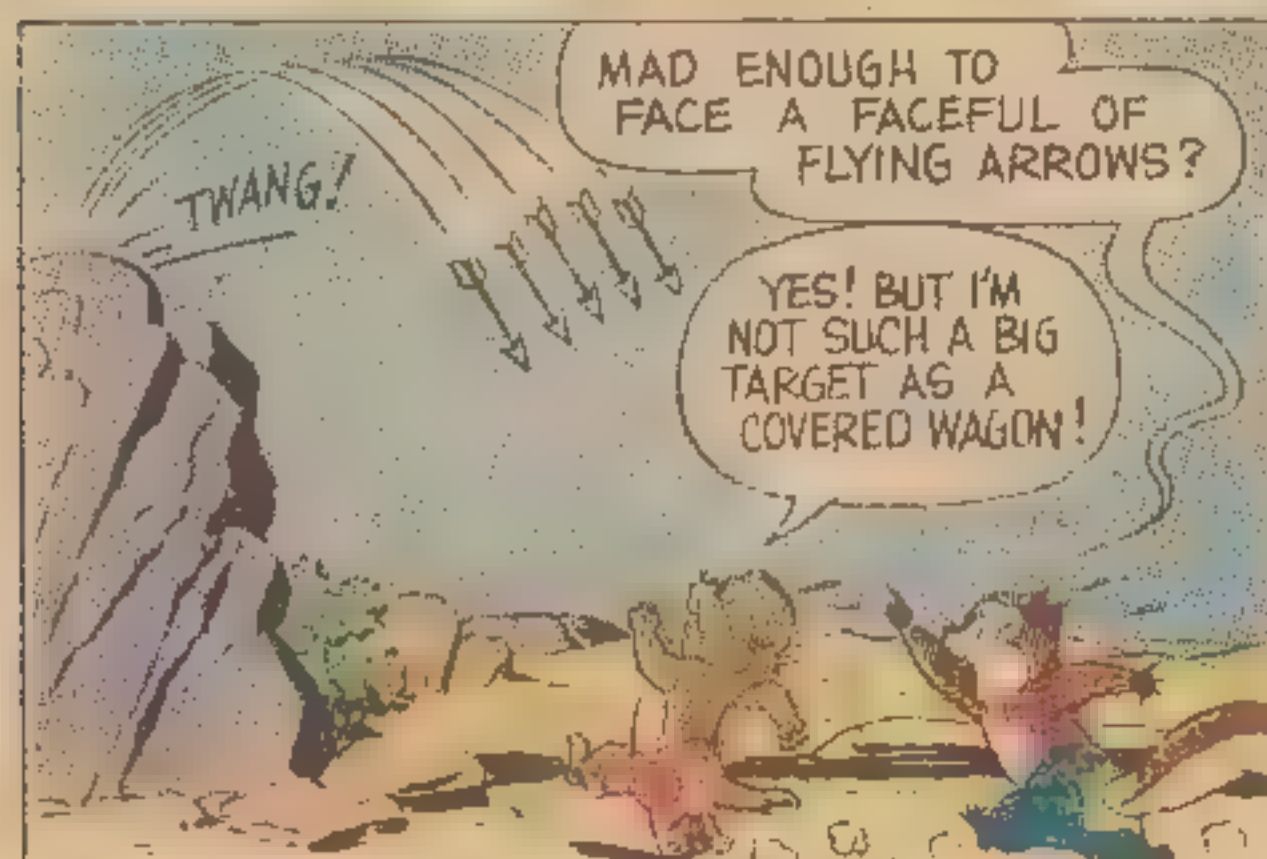
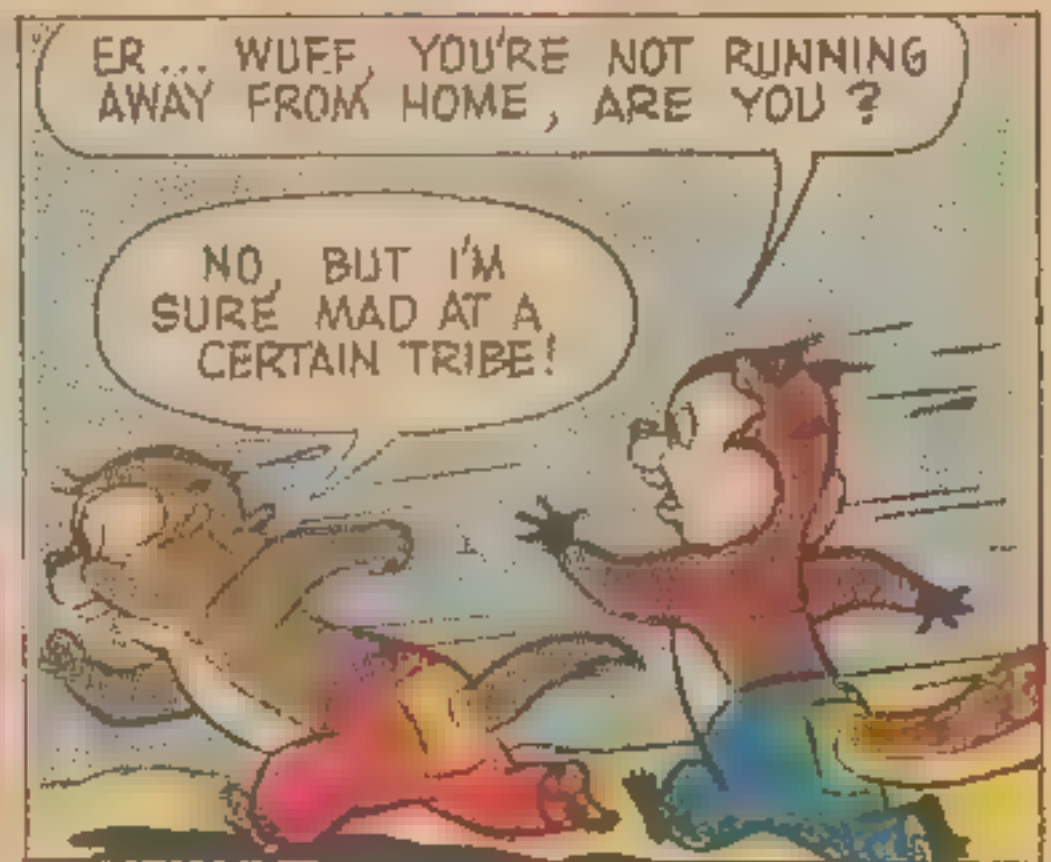
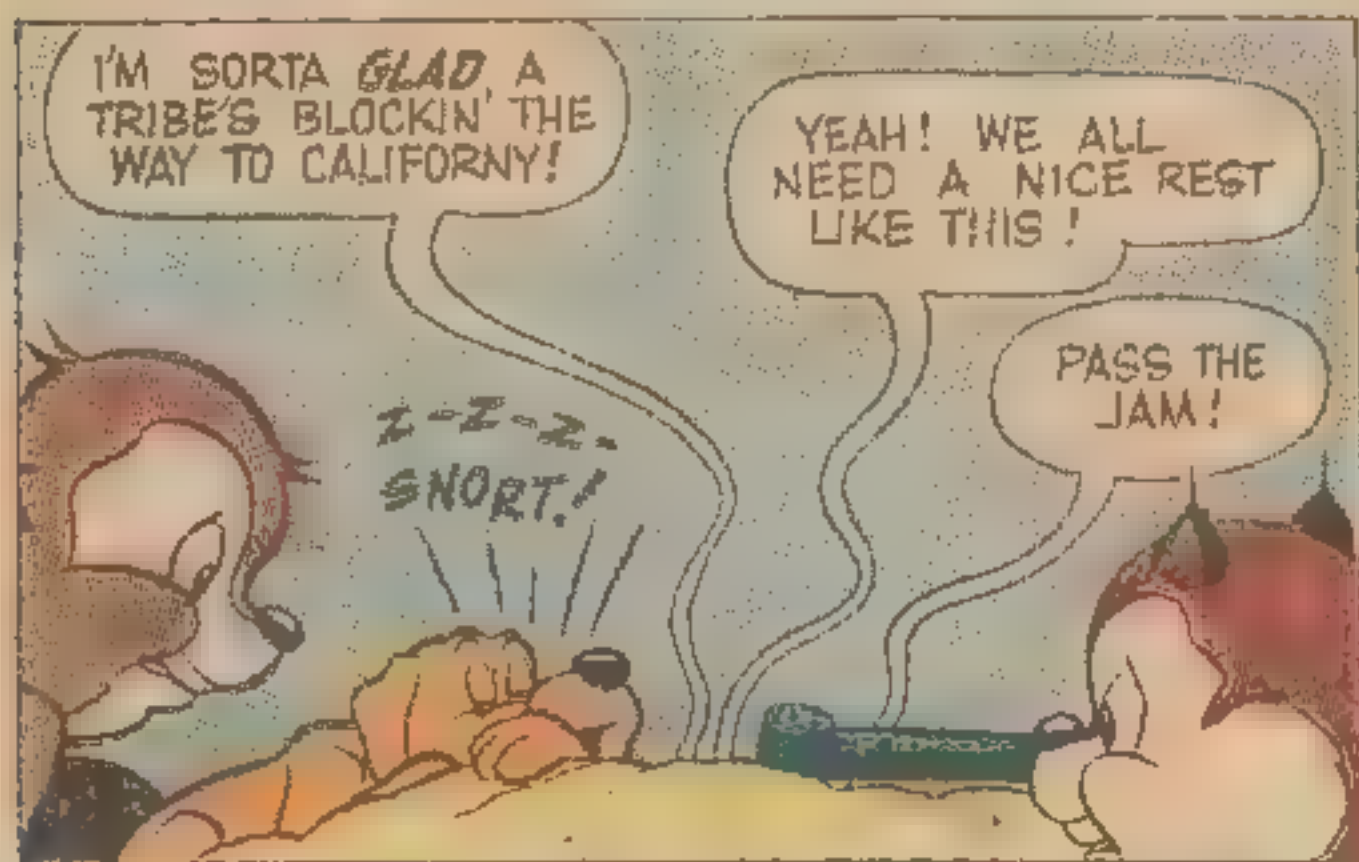
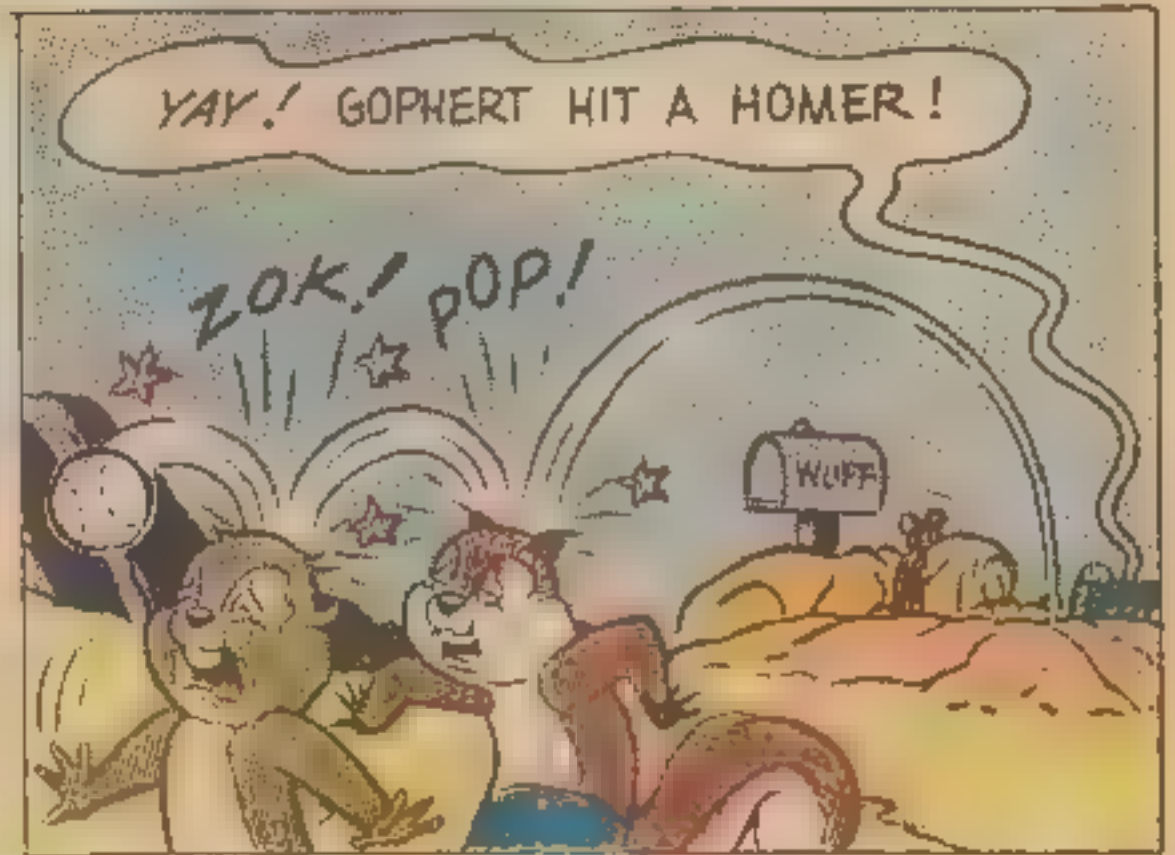
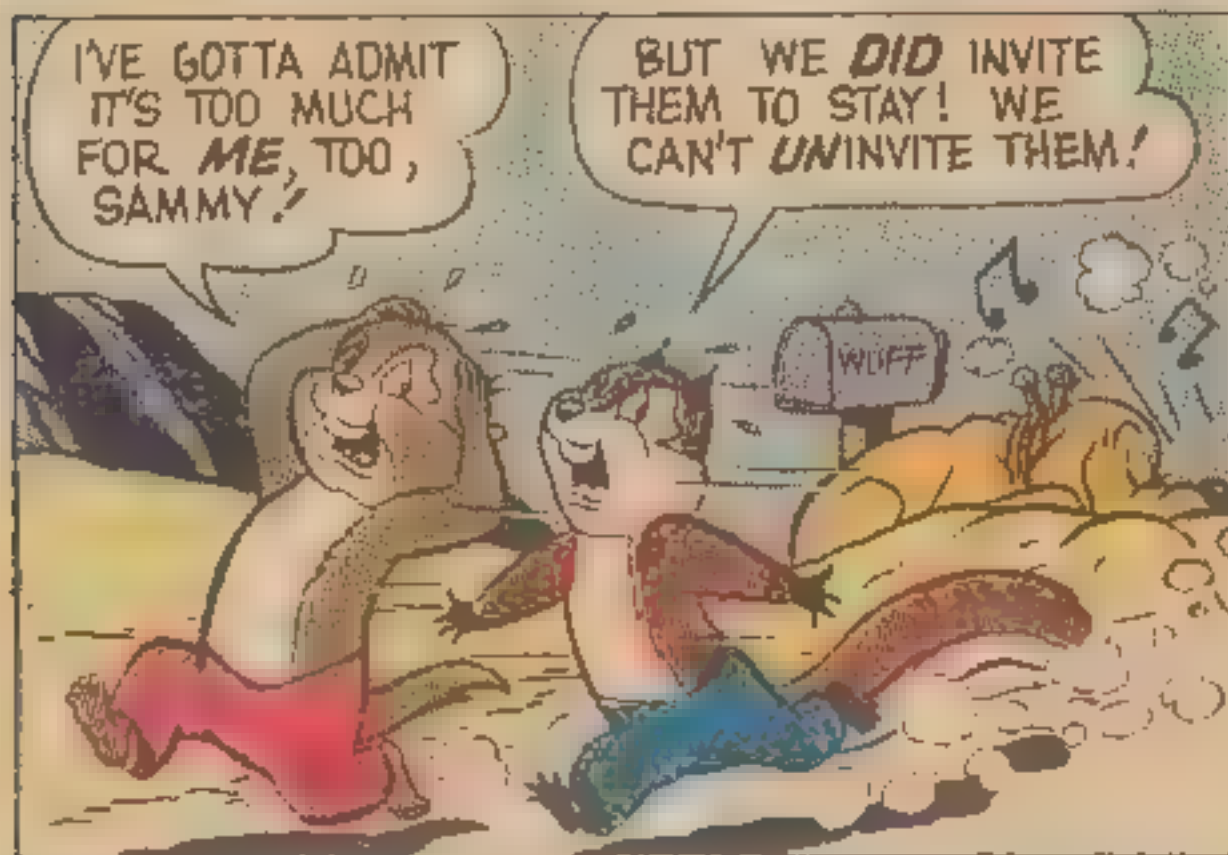
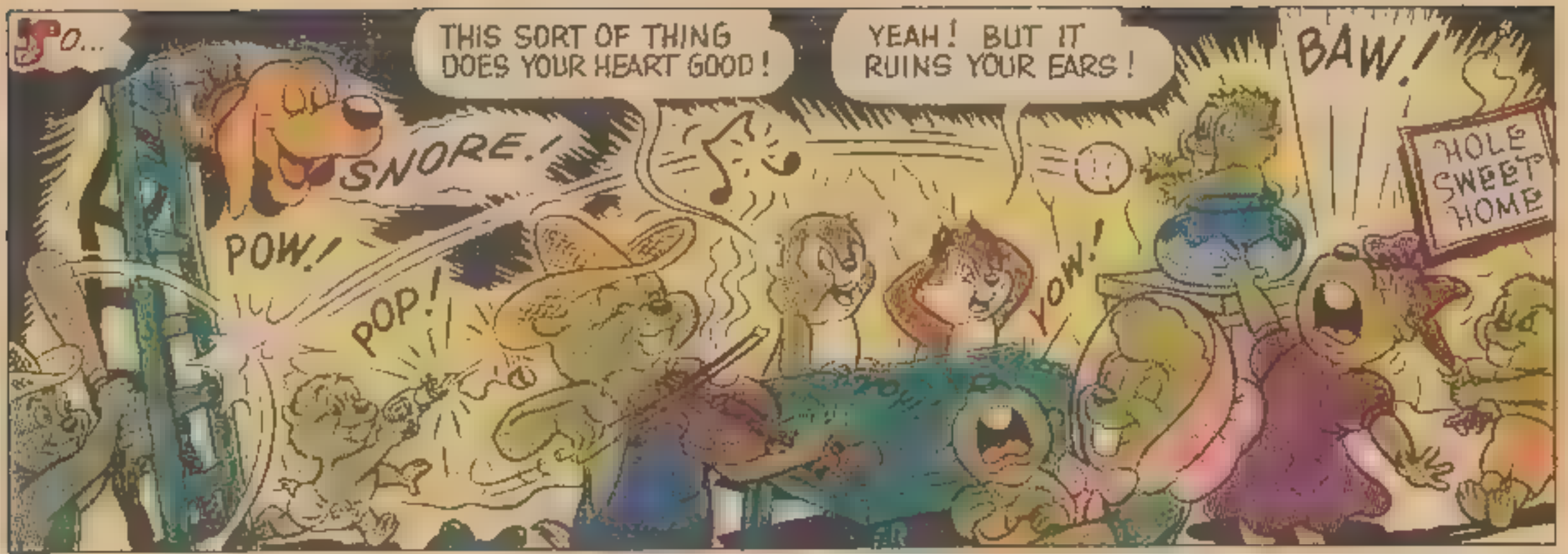
OH-OH!

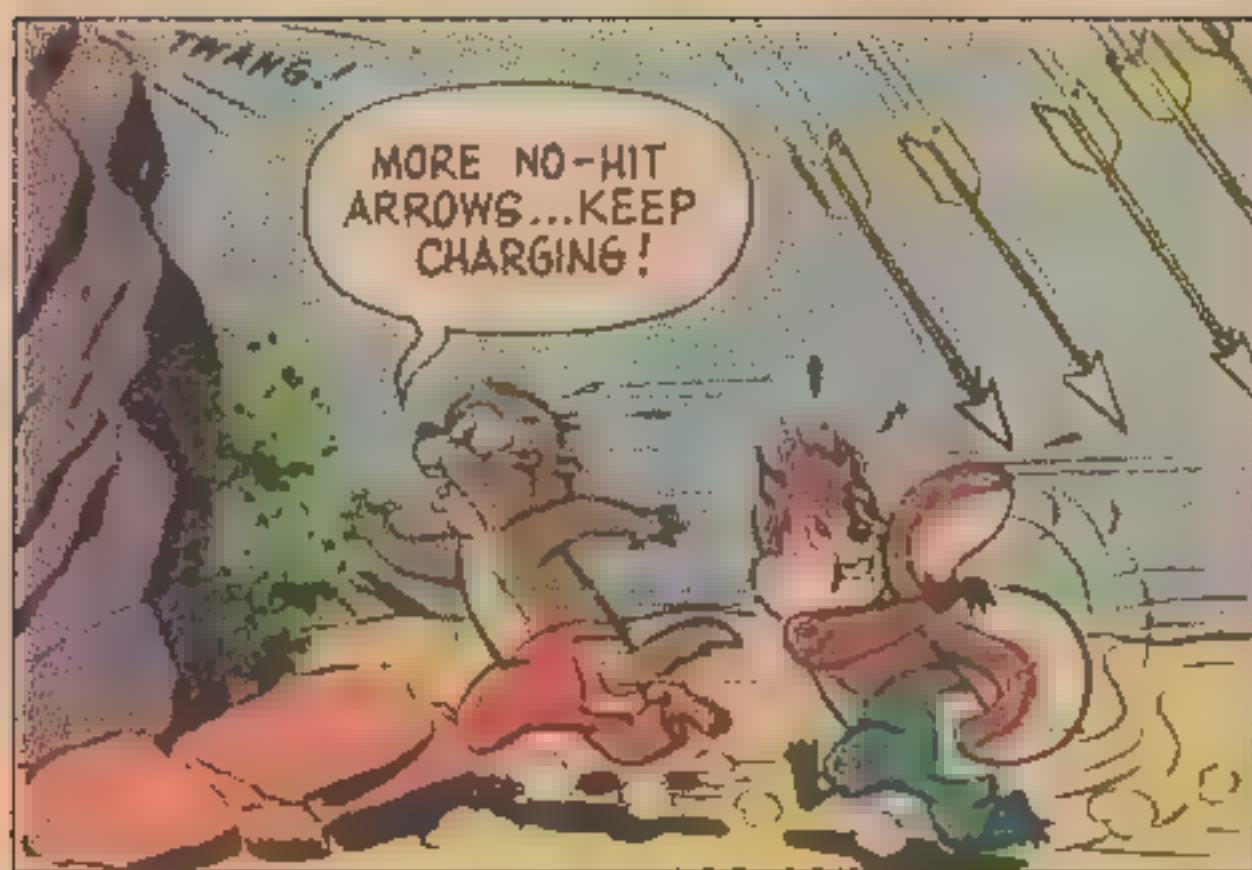


ER... NICE BIG FAMILY
YOU HAVE THERE, GOPHERS!

SAY 'HOWDY'
TO
OUR KIND FRIENDS,
CHILLUN!

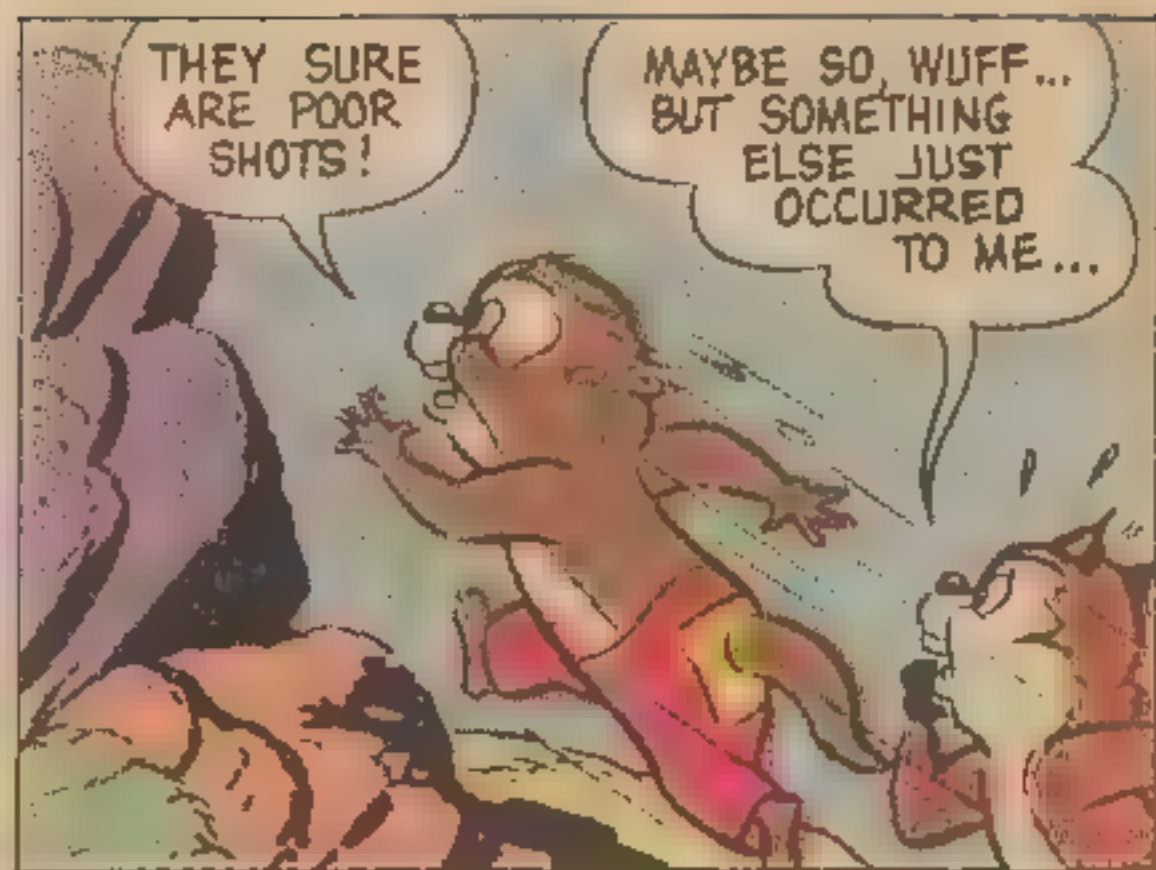






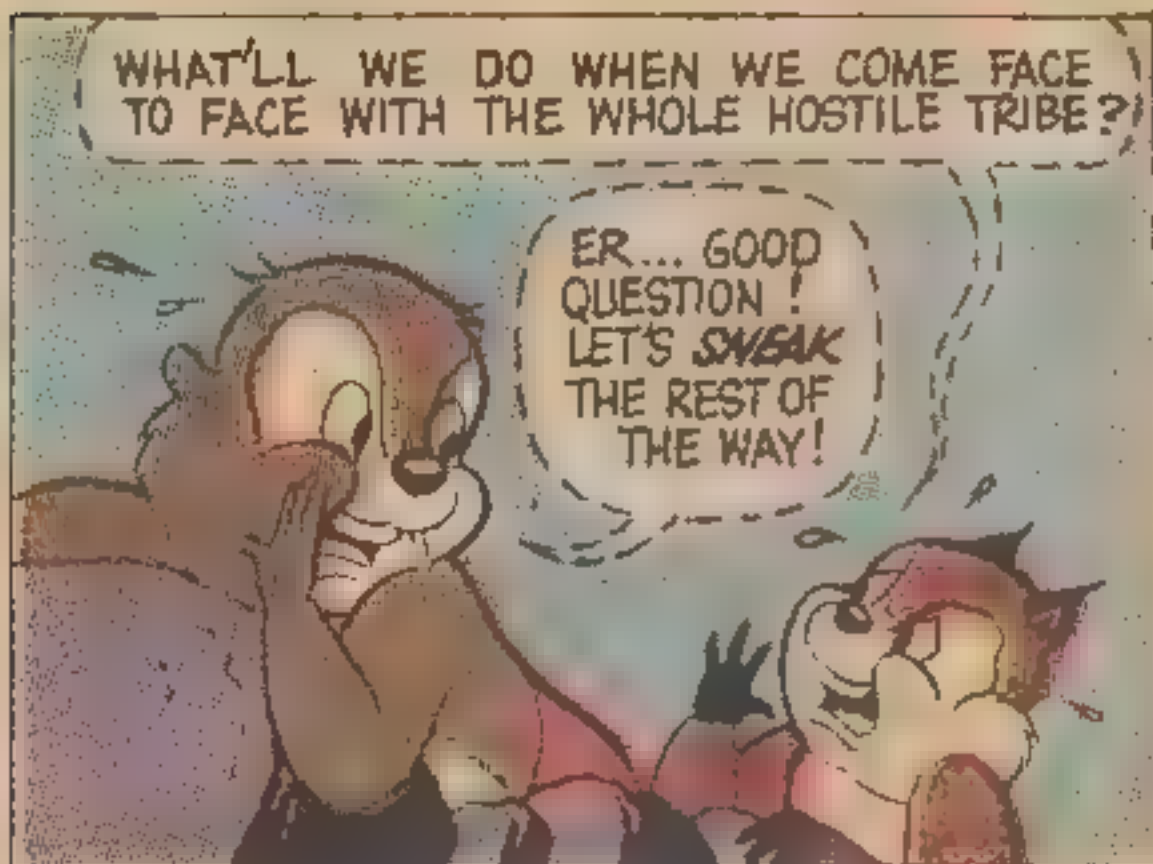
THWANG!

MORE NO-HIT
ARROWS...KEEP
CHARGING!



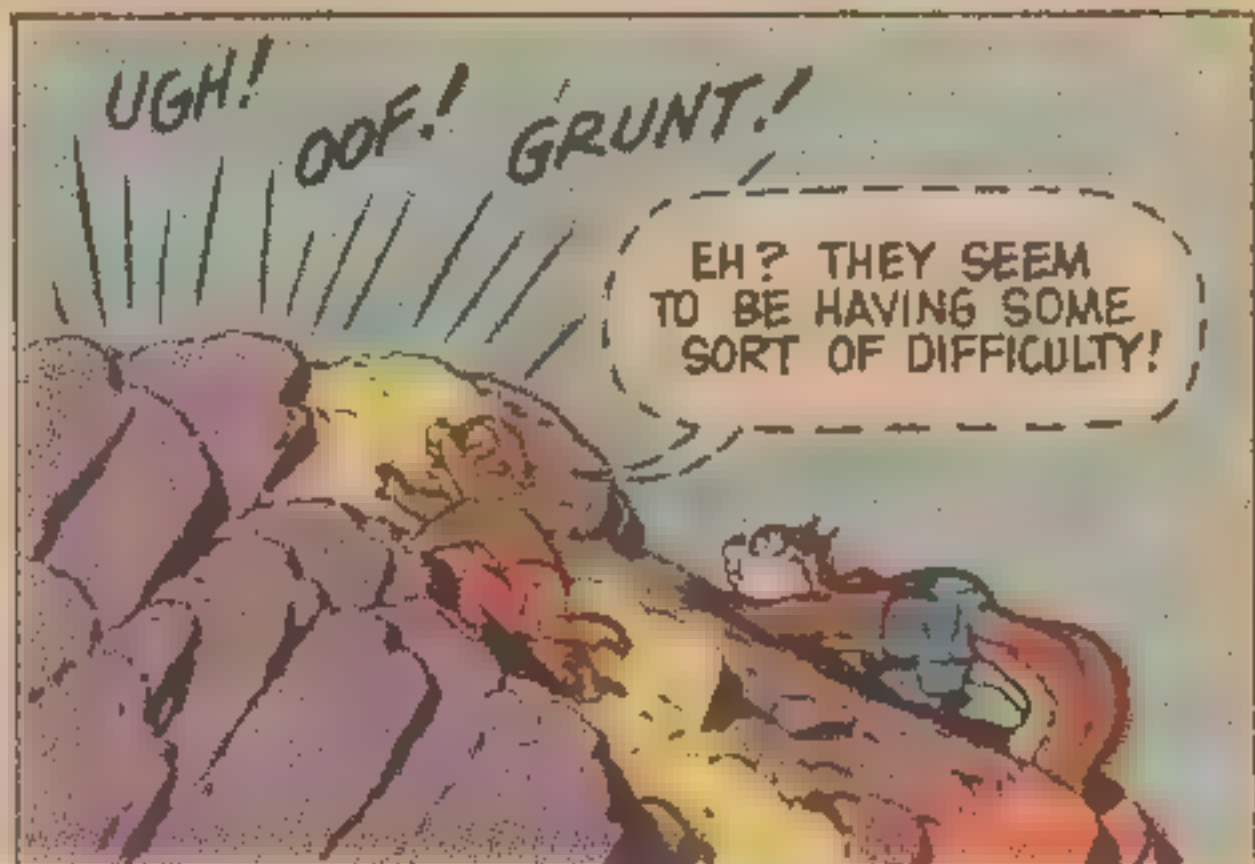
THEY SURE
ARE POOR
SHOTS!

MAYBE SO, WUFF...
BUT SOMETHING
ELSE JUST
OCCURRED
TO ME...



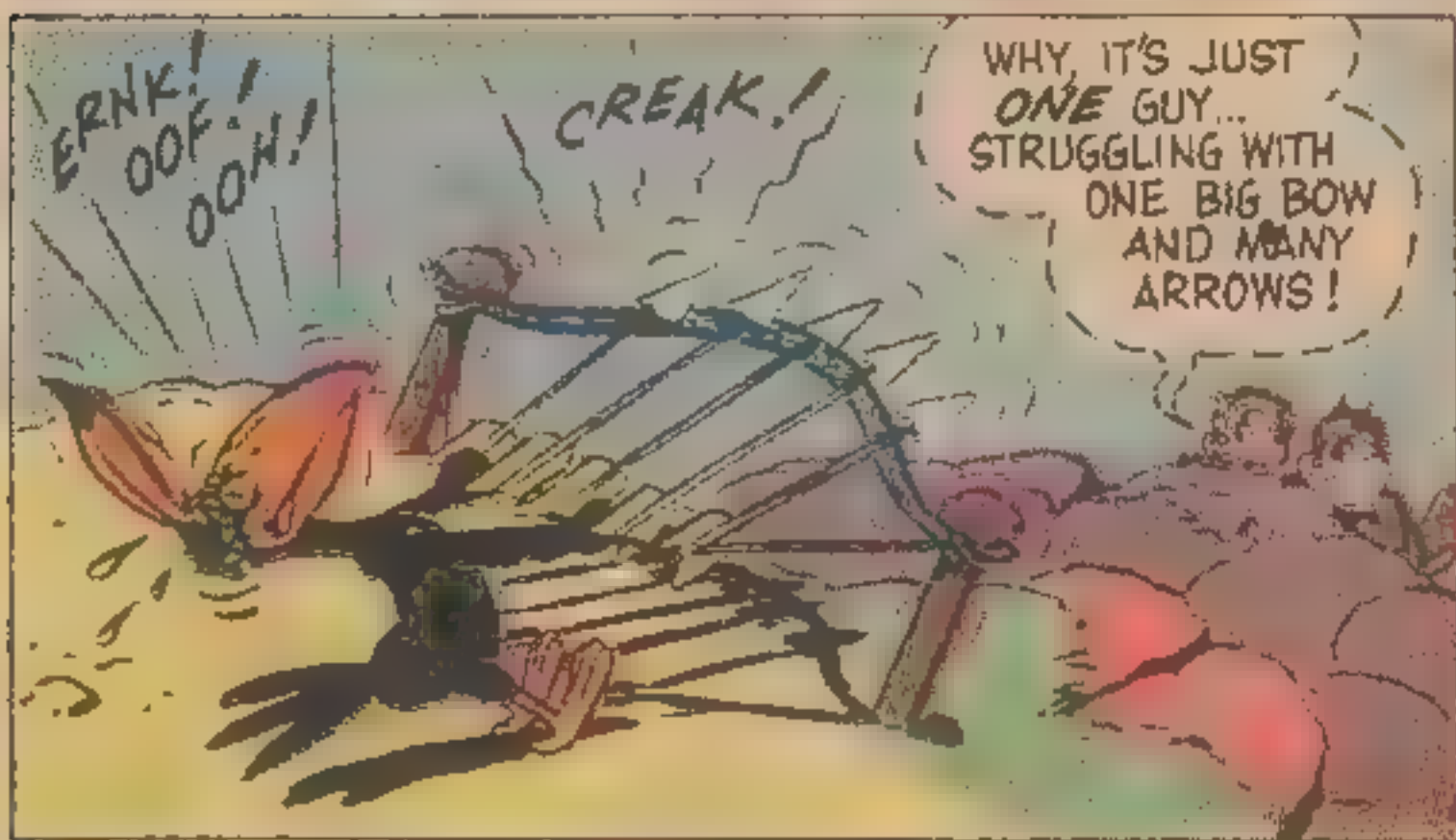
WHAT'LL WE DO WHEN WE COME FACE
TO FACE WITH THE WHOLE HOSTILE TRIBE?

ER... GOOD
QUESTION!
LET'S ~~SWAK~~
THE REST OF
THE WAY!



UGH! OOF! GRUNT!

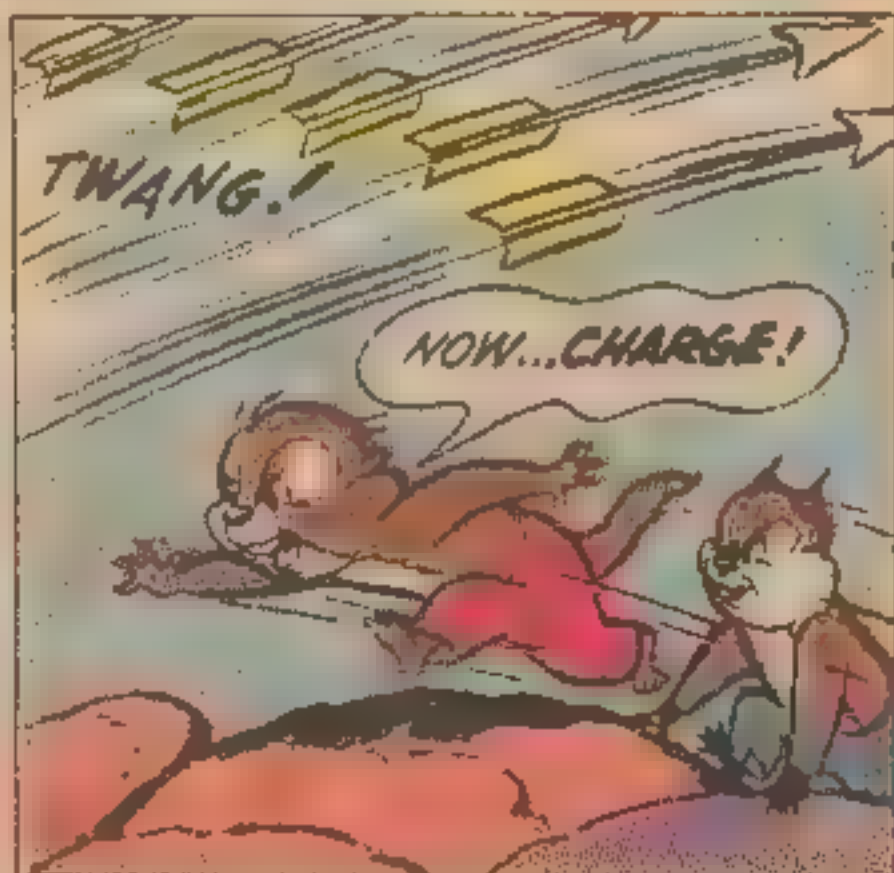
EH? THEY SEEM
TO BE HAVING SOME
SORT OF DIFFICULTY!



ERNK!
OOF!
OOH!

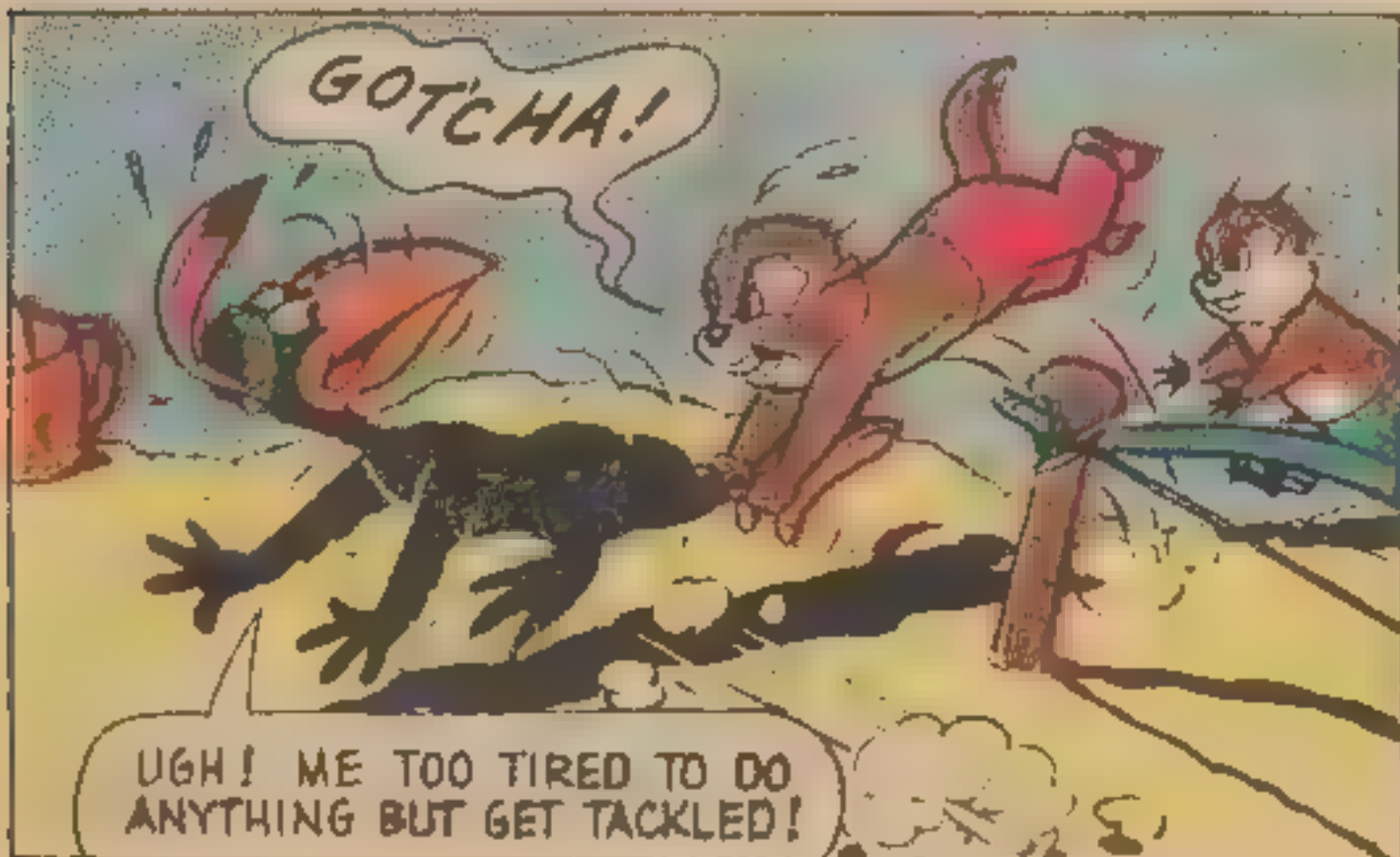
CREAK!

WHY, IT'S JUST
ONE GUY...
STRUGGLING WITH
ONE BIG BOW
AND MANY
ARROWS!



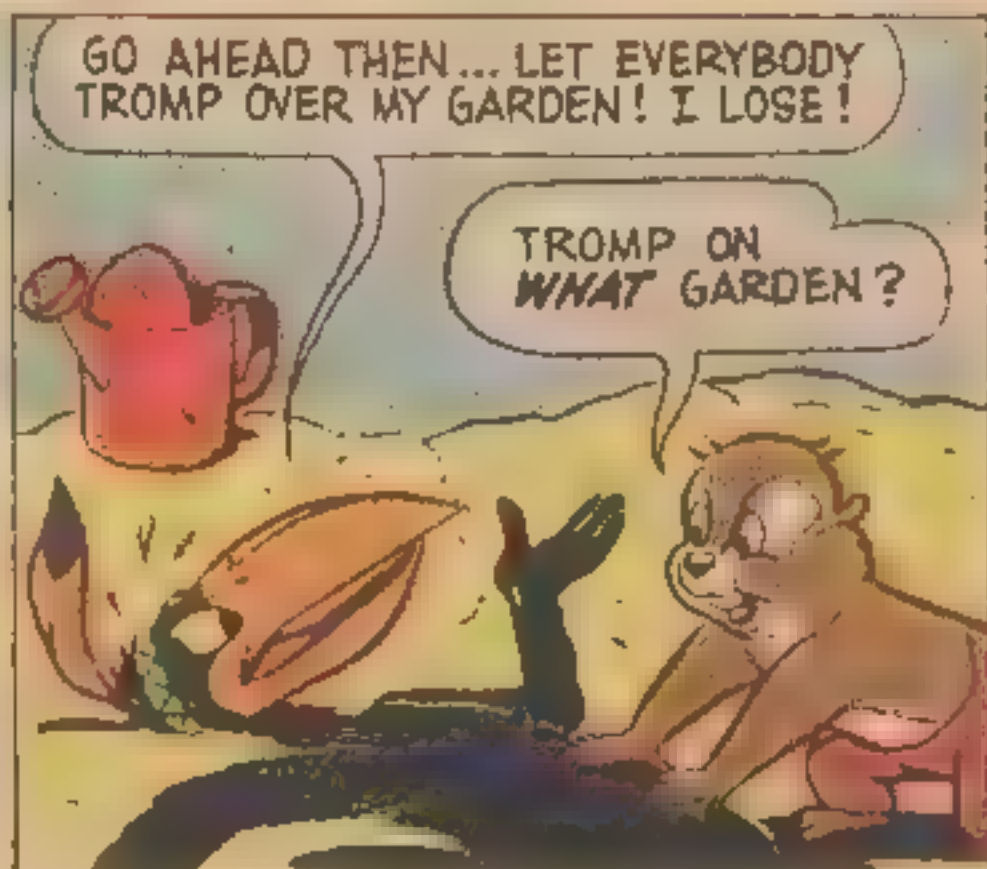
THWANG!

NOW...CHARGE!



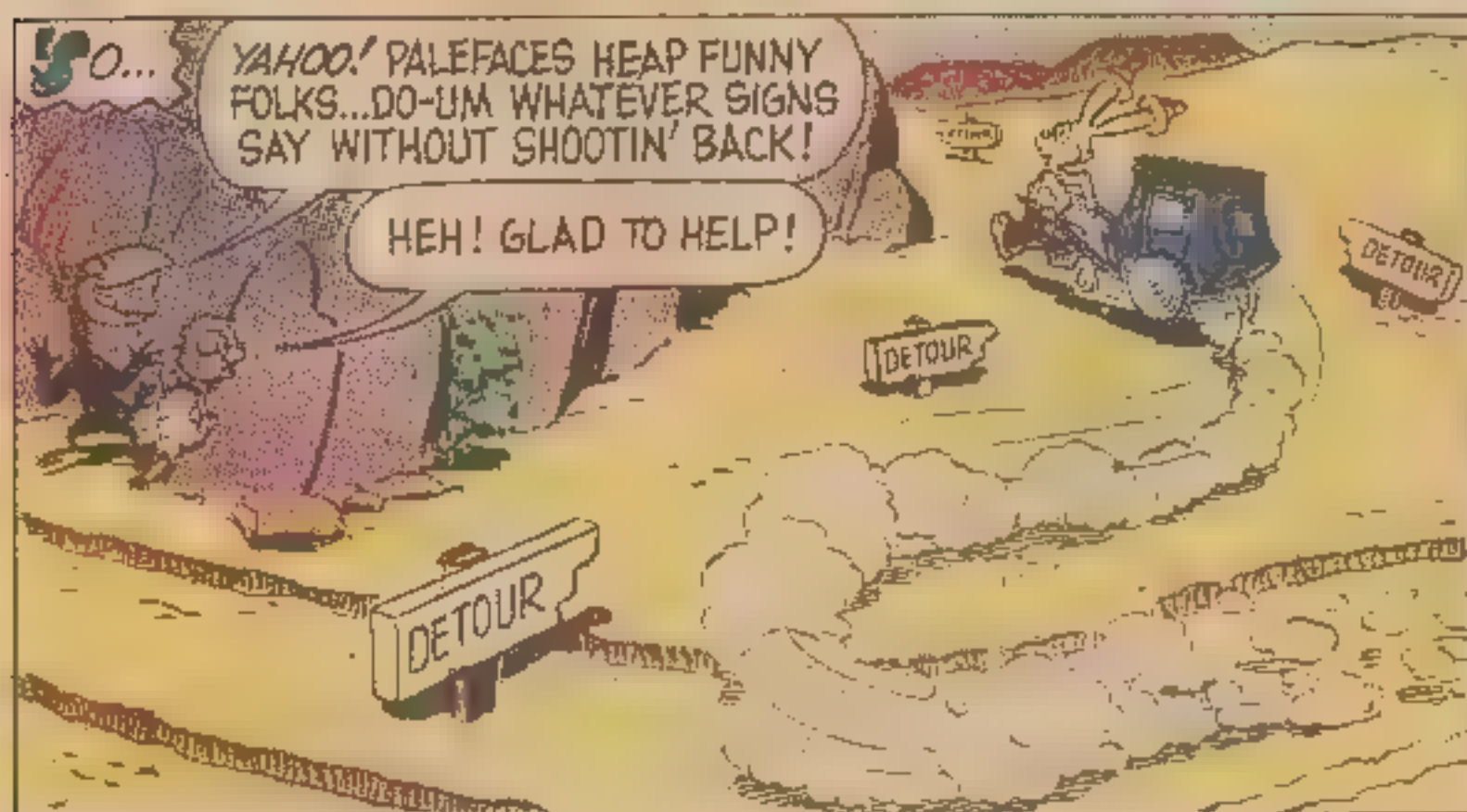
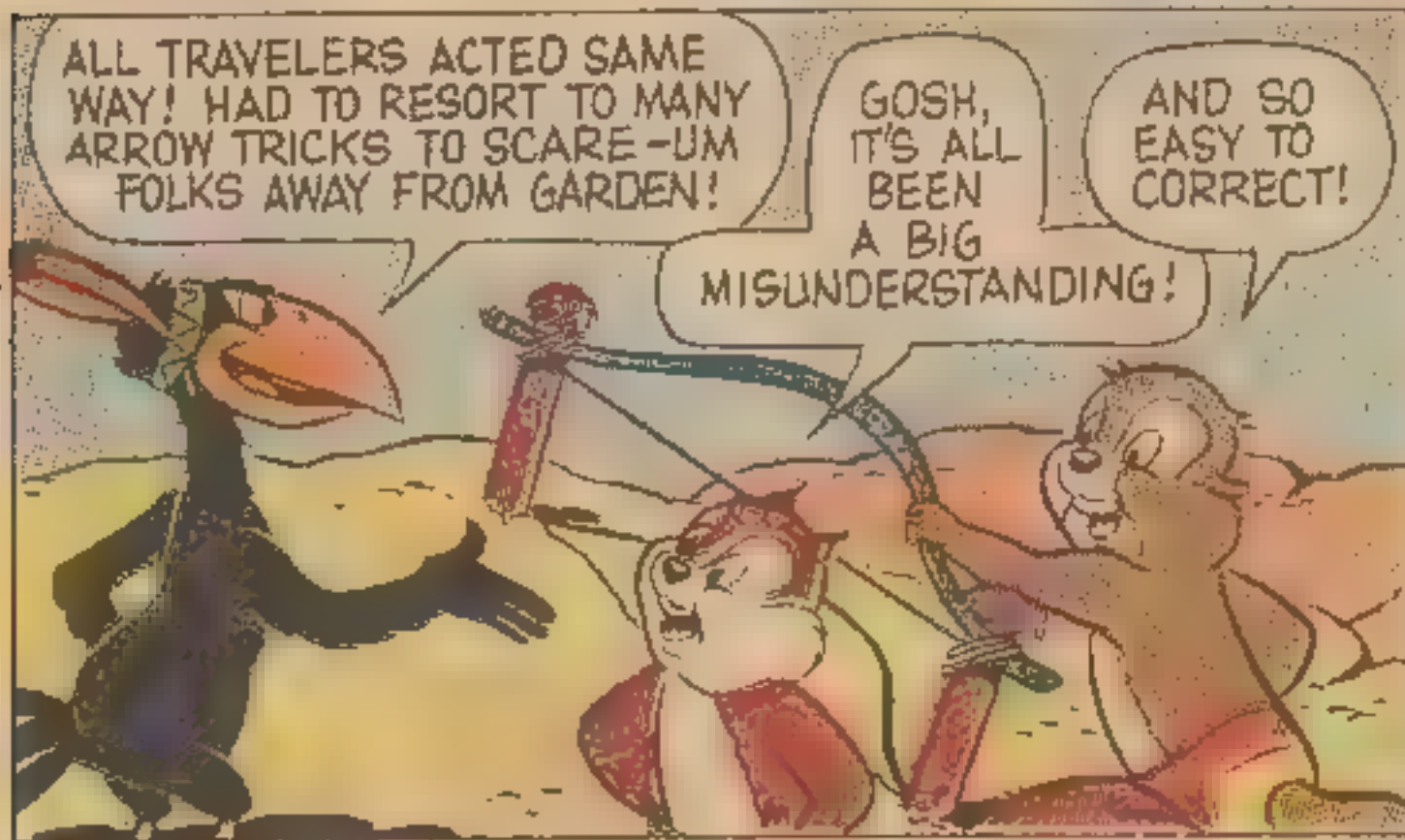
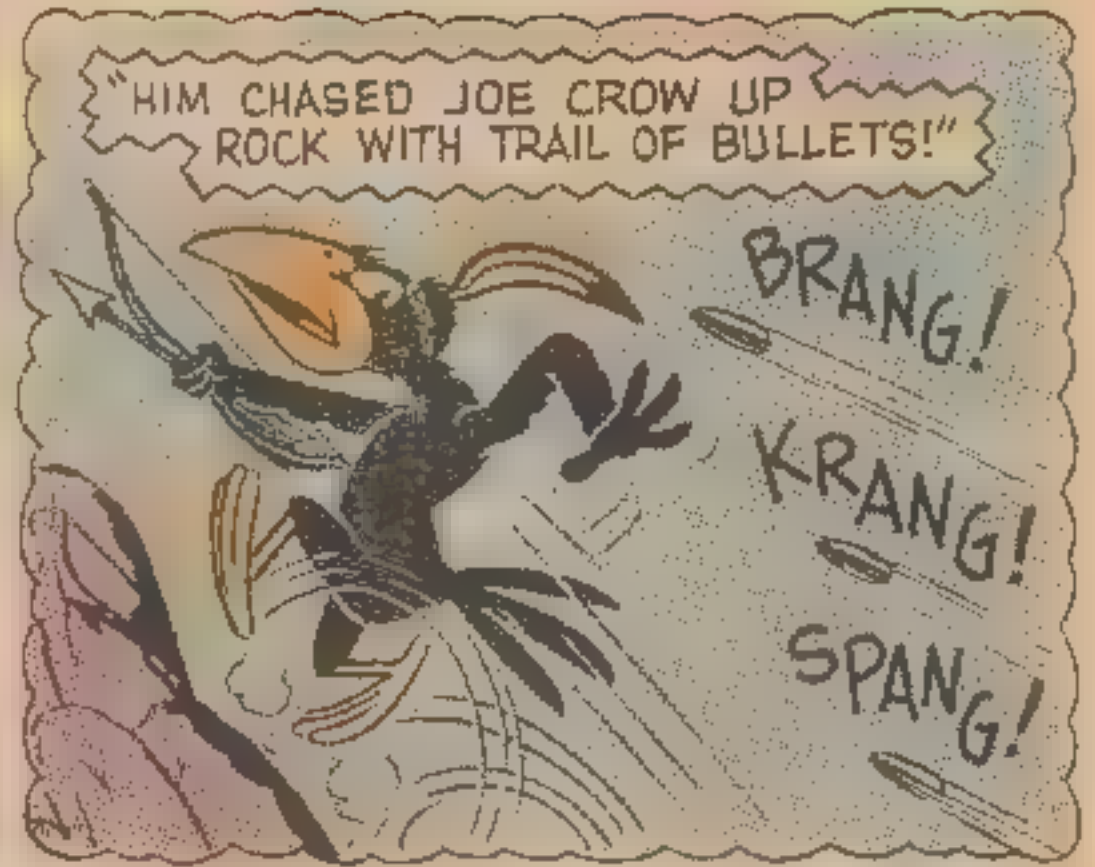
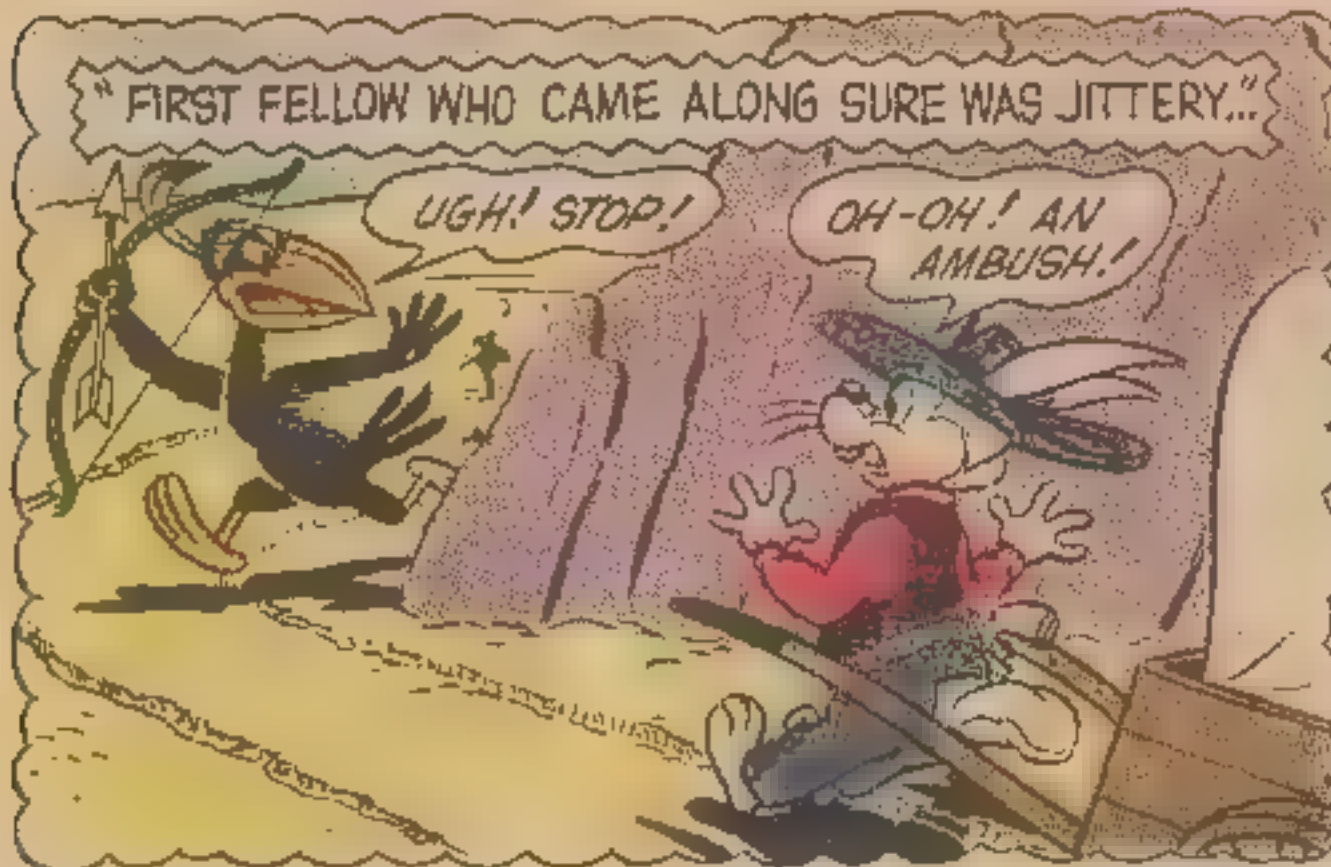
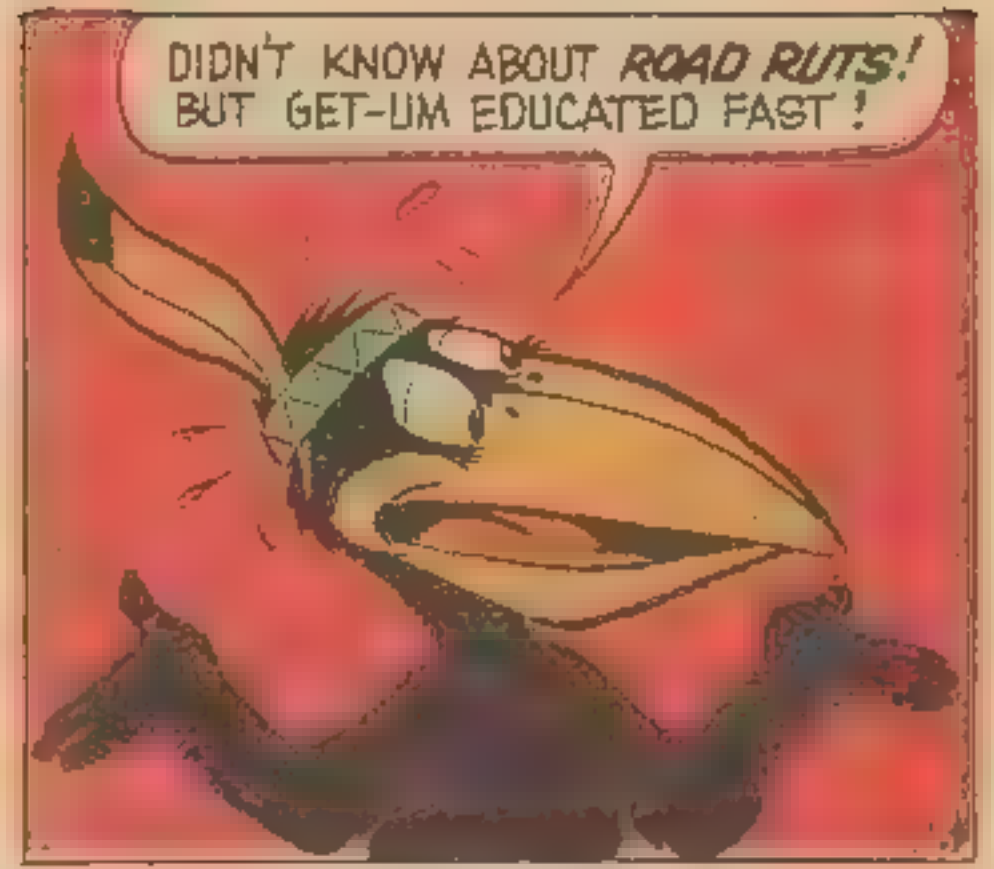
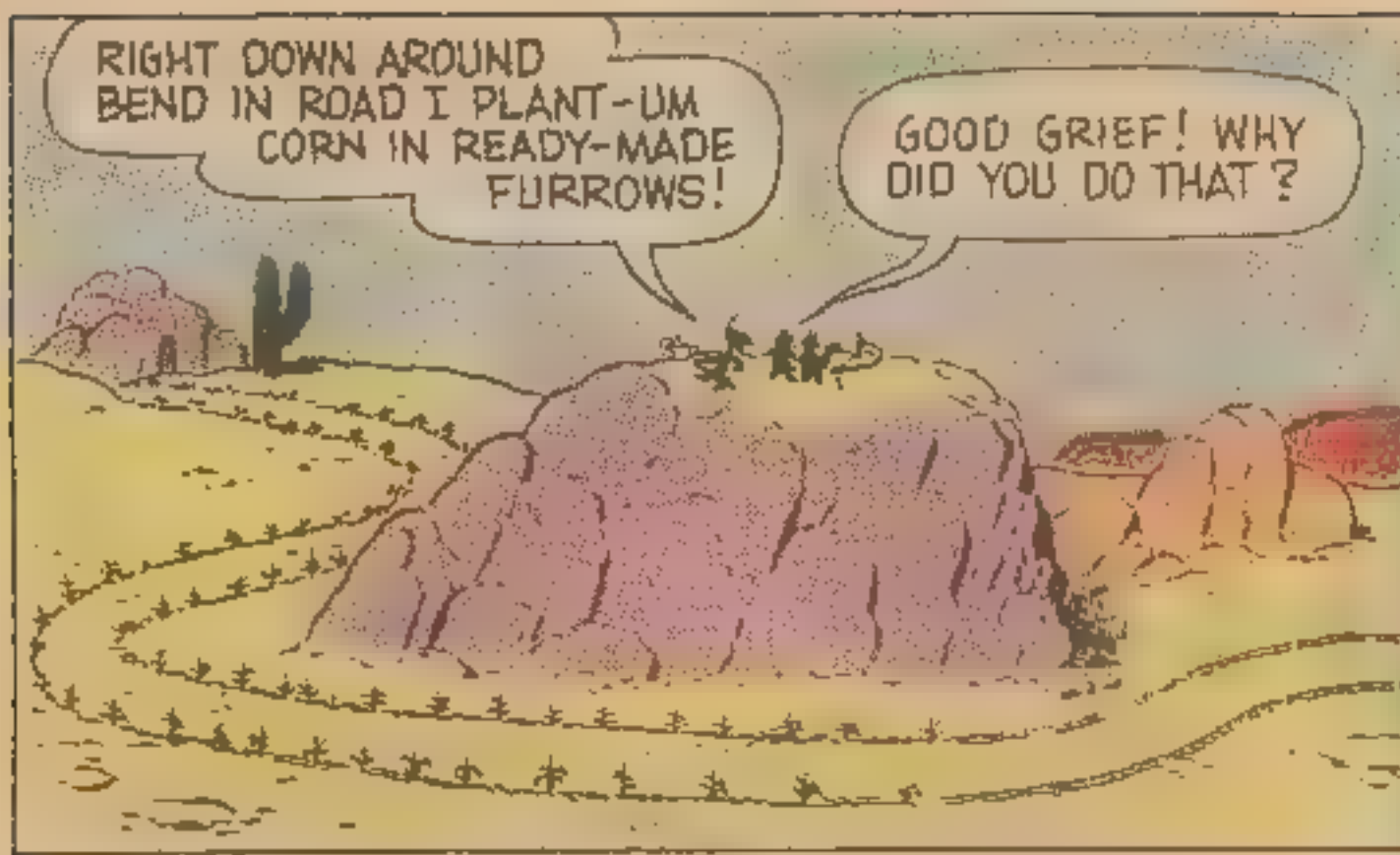
GOTCHA!

UGH! ME TOO TIRED TO DO
ANYTHING BUT GET TACKLED!



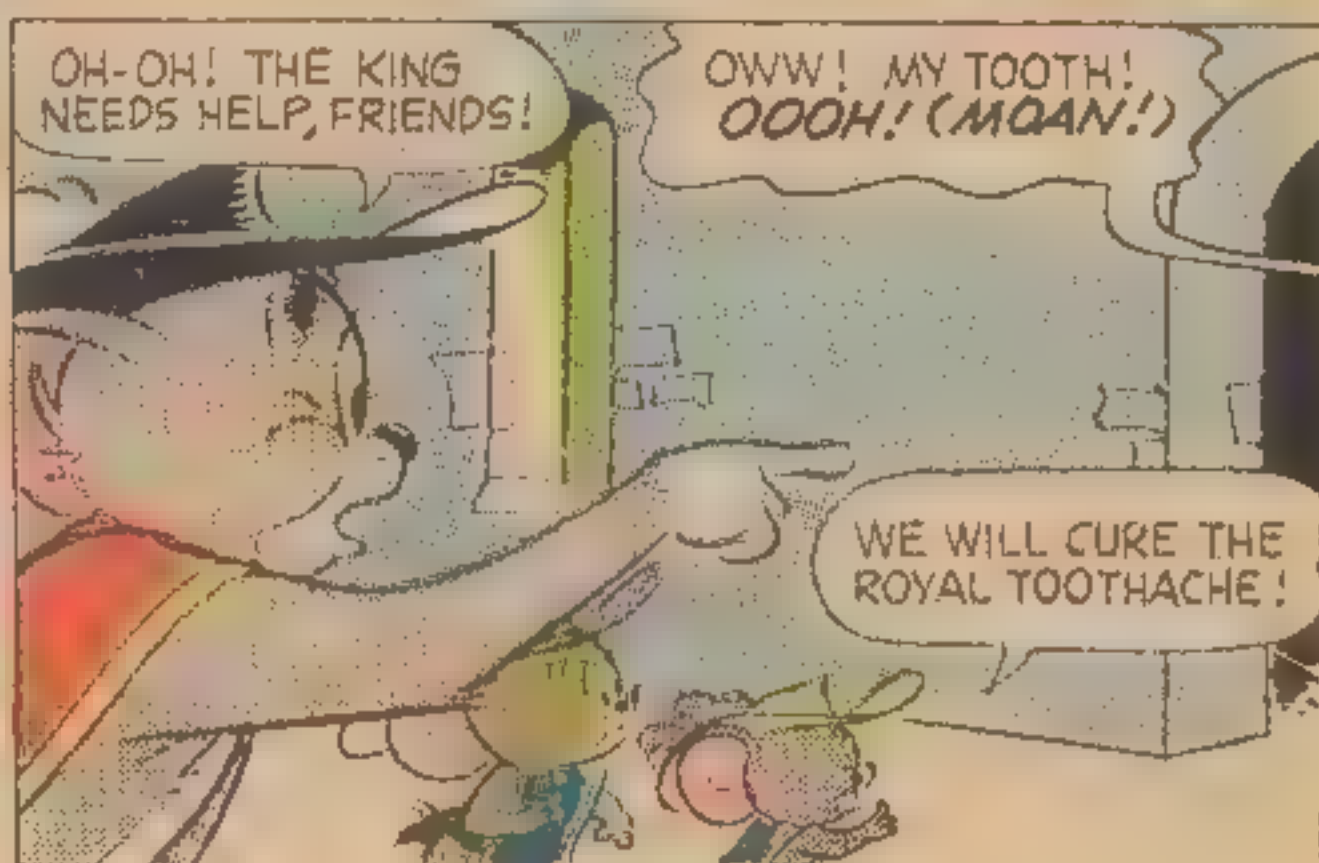
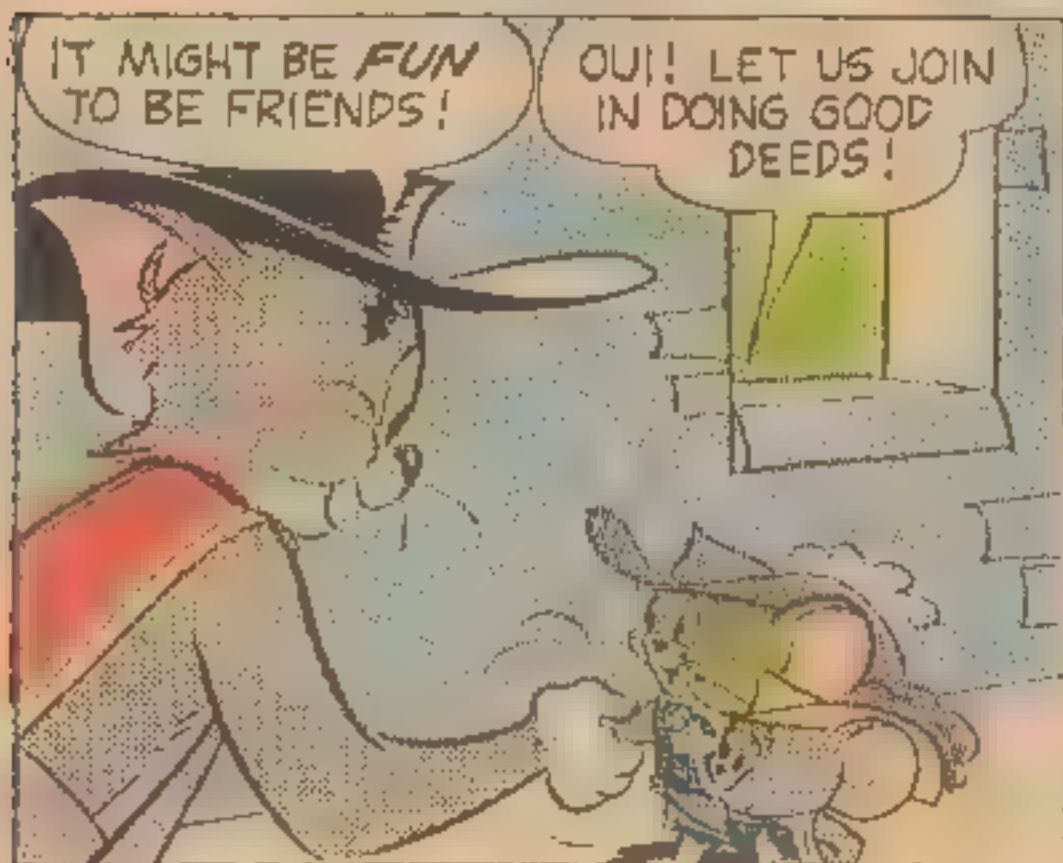
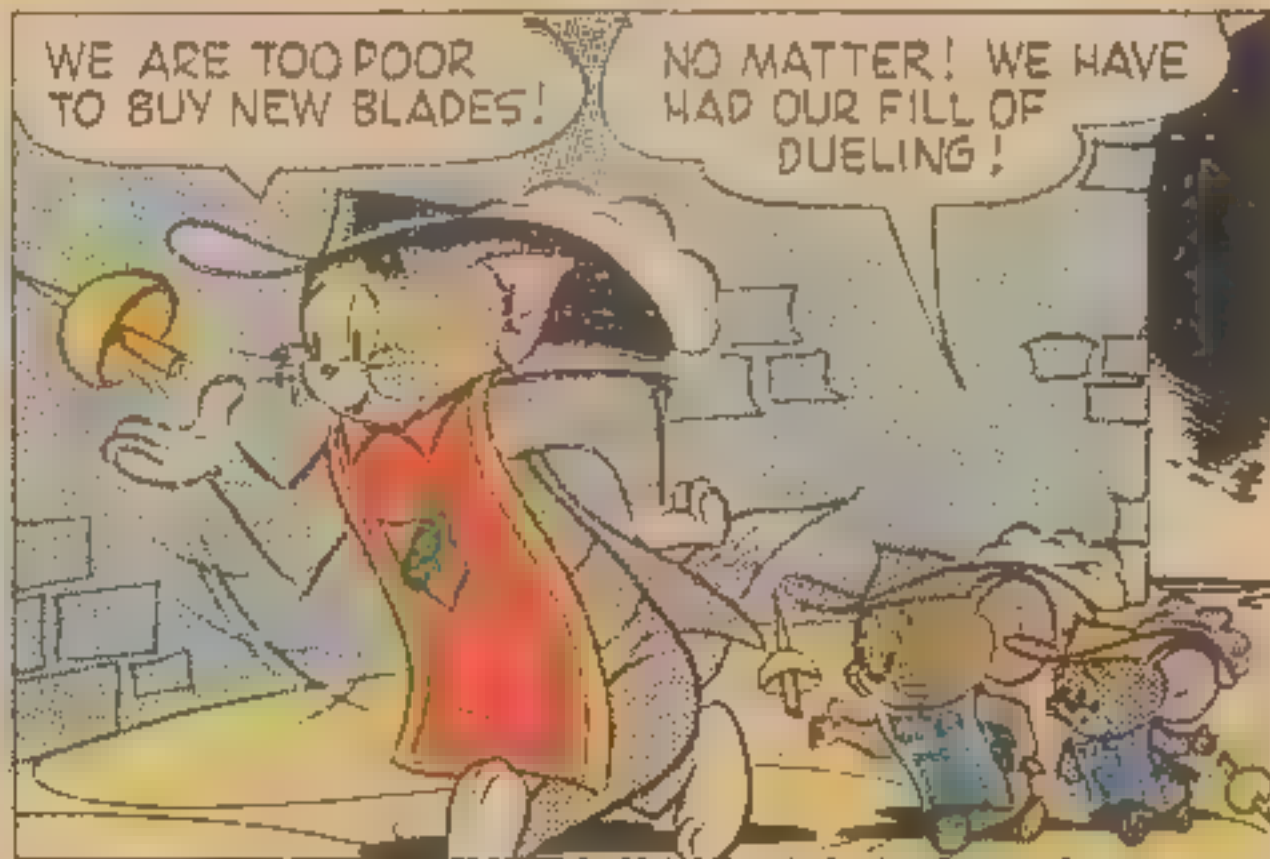
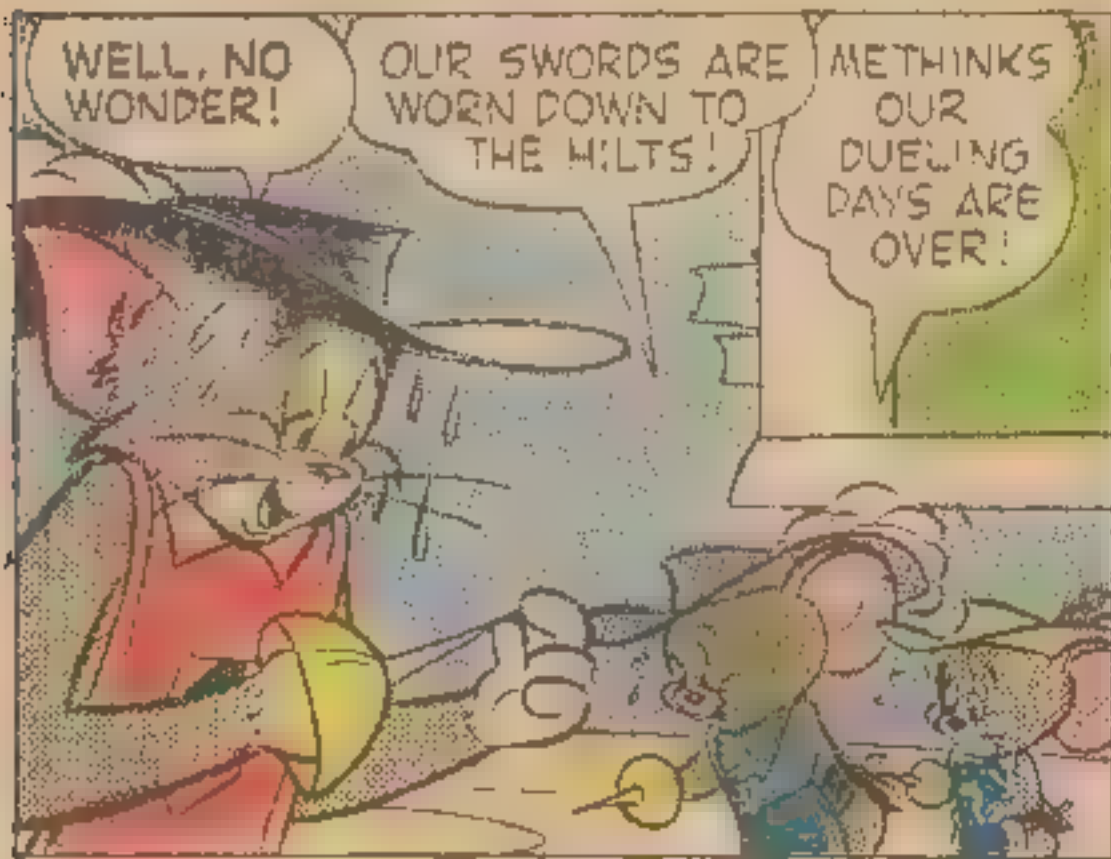
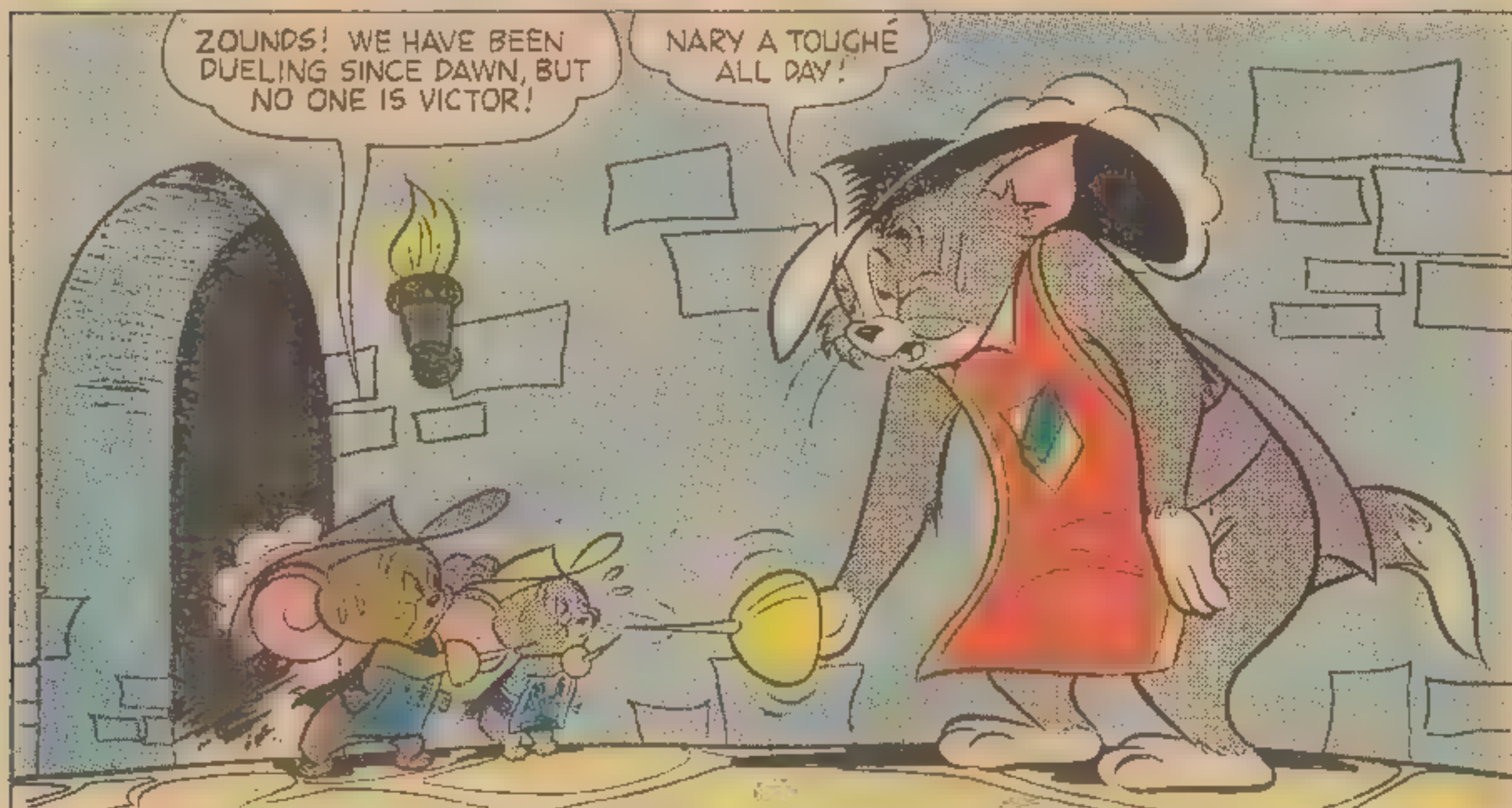
GO AHEAD THEN... LET EVERYBODY
TROMP OVER MY GARDEN! I LOSE!

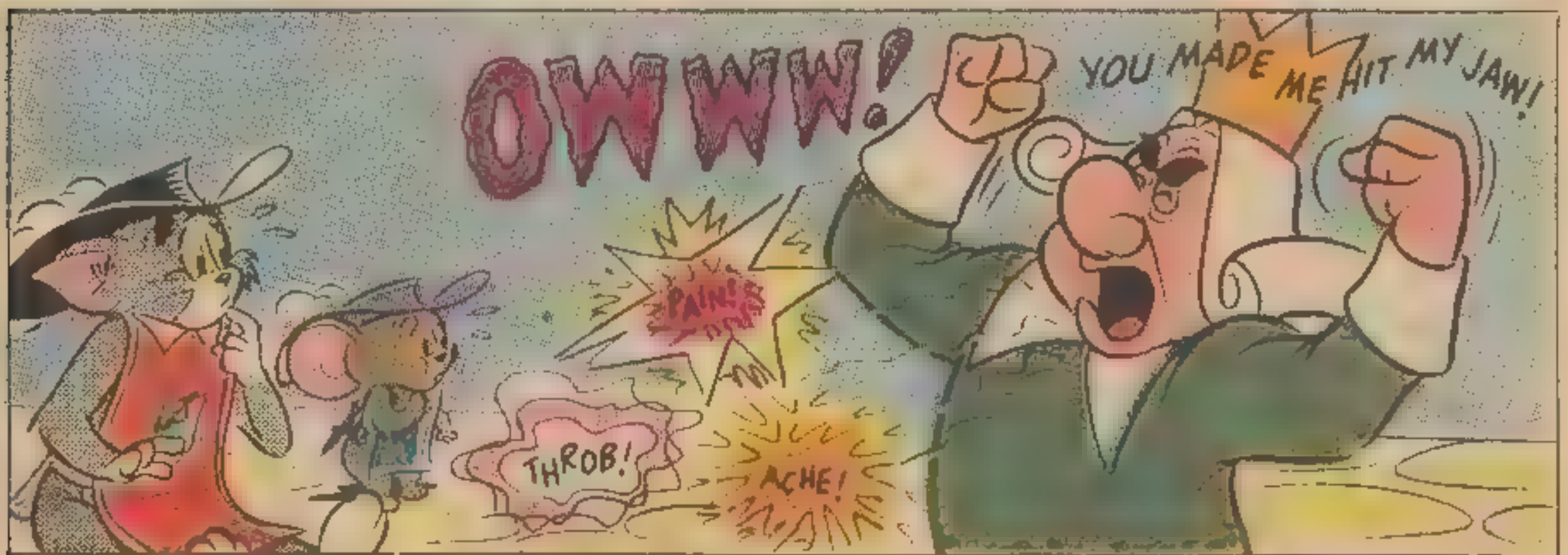
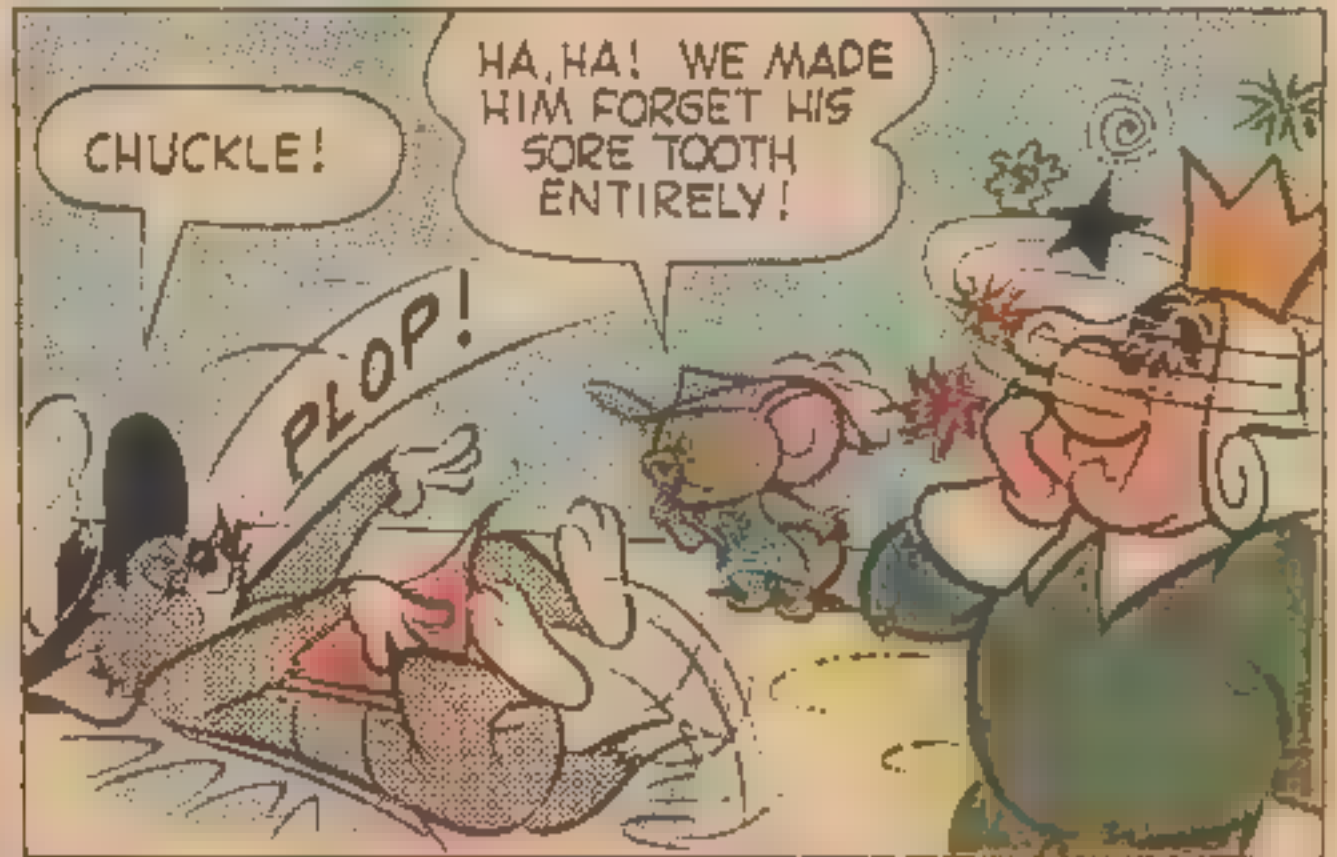
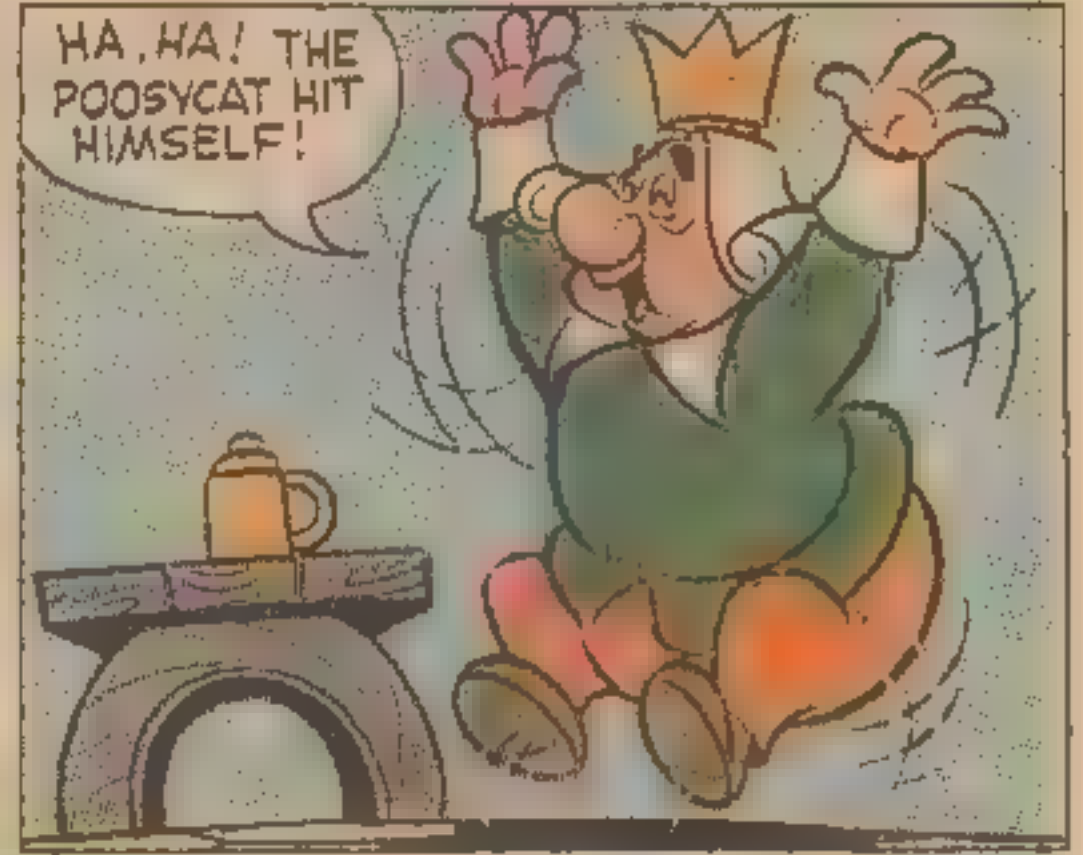
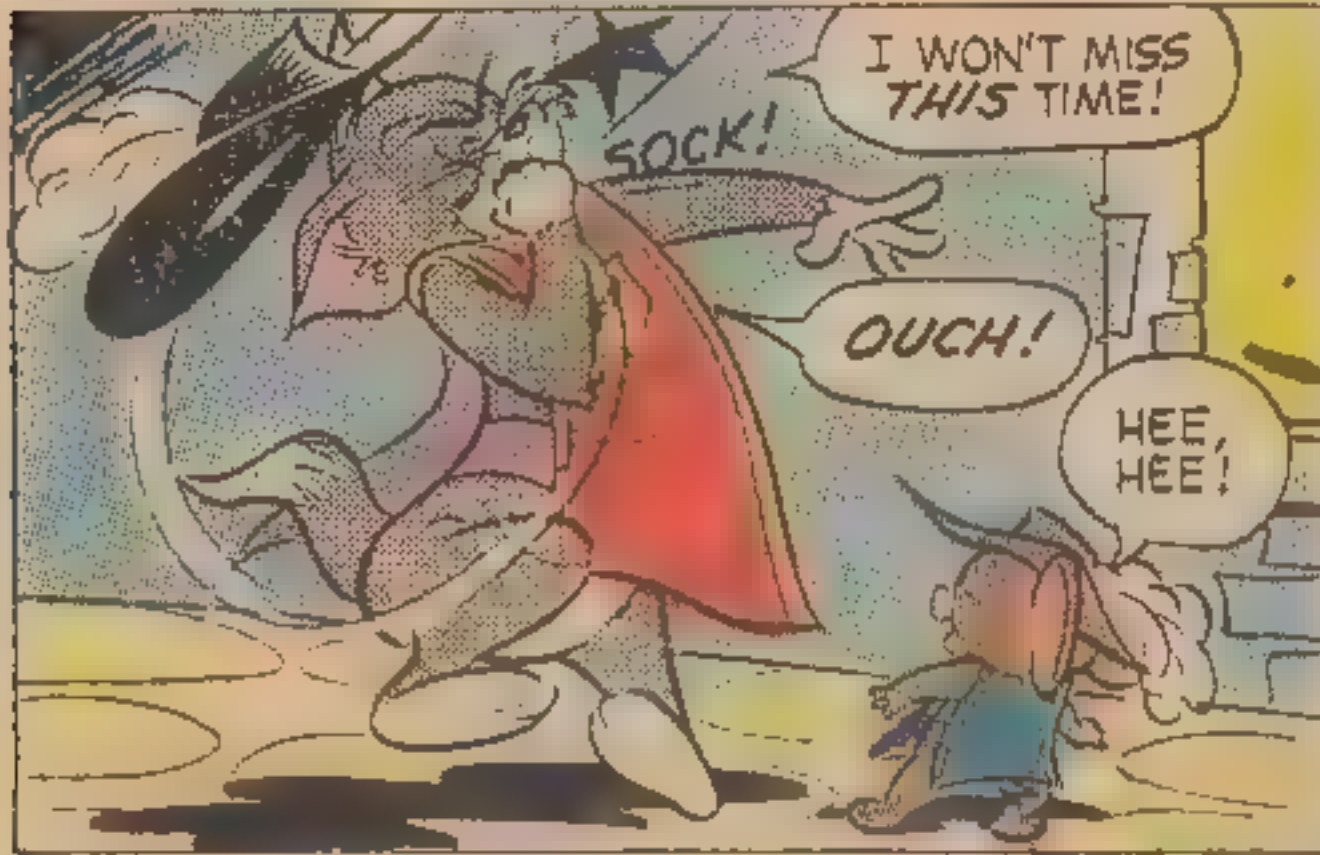
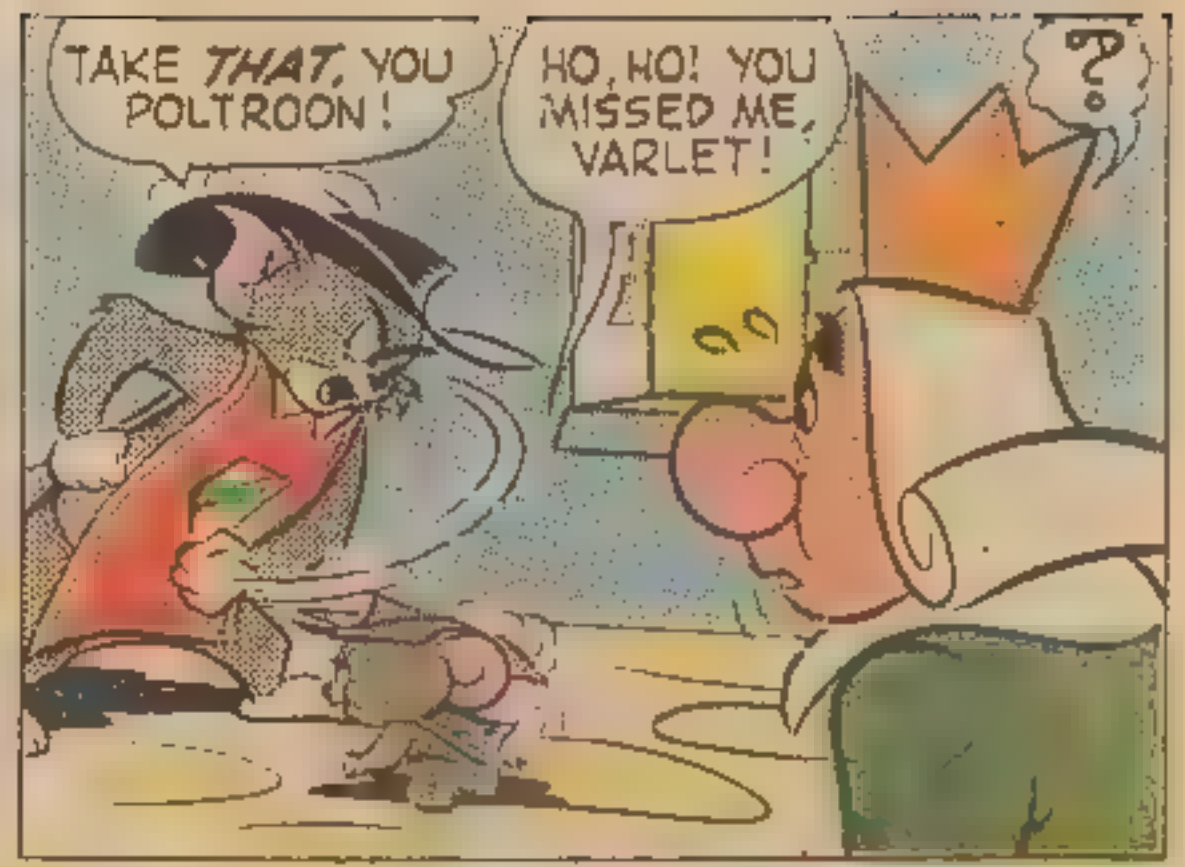
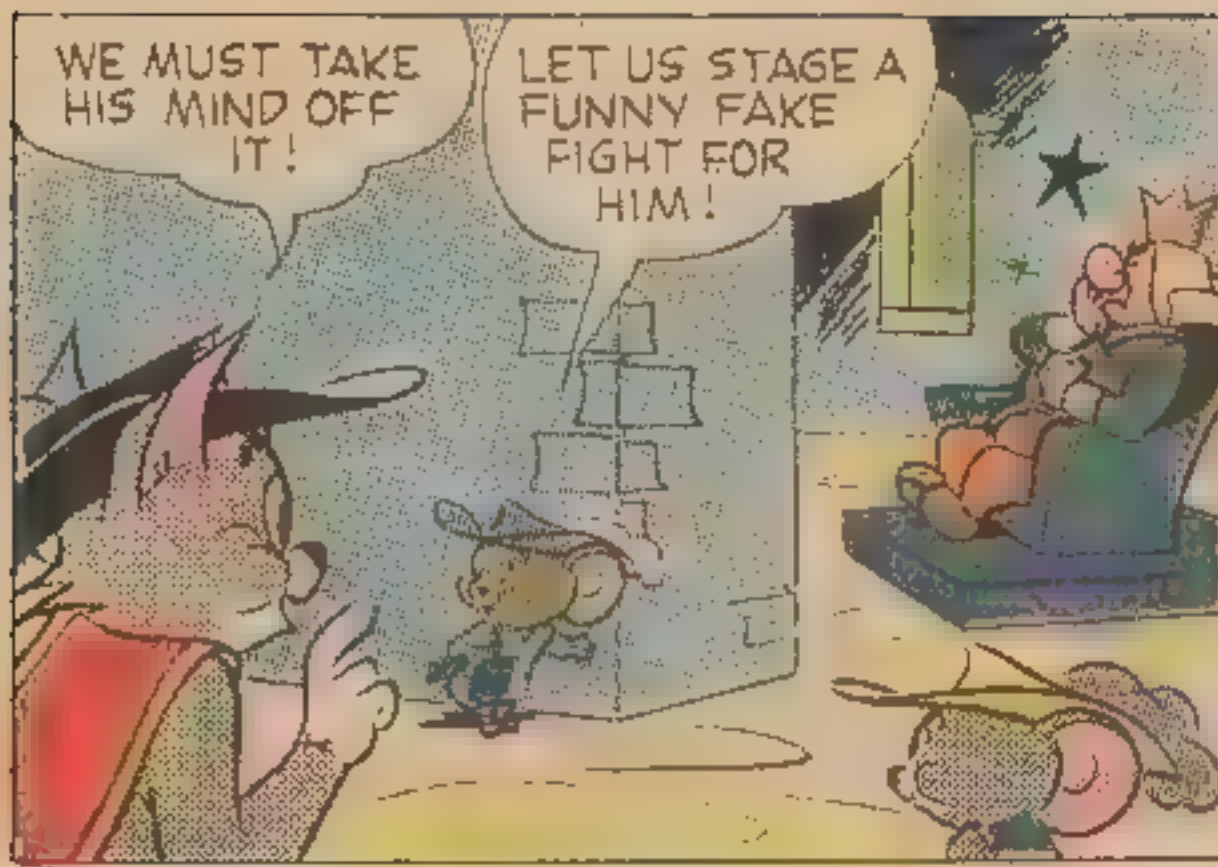
TROMP ON
WHAT GARDEN?

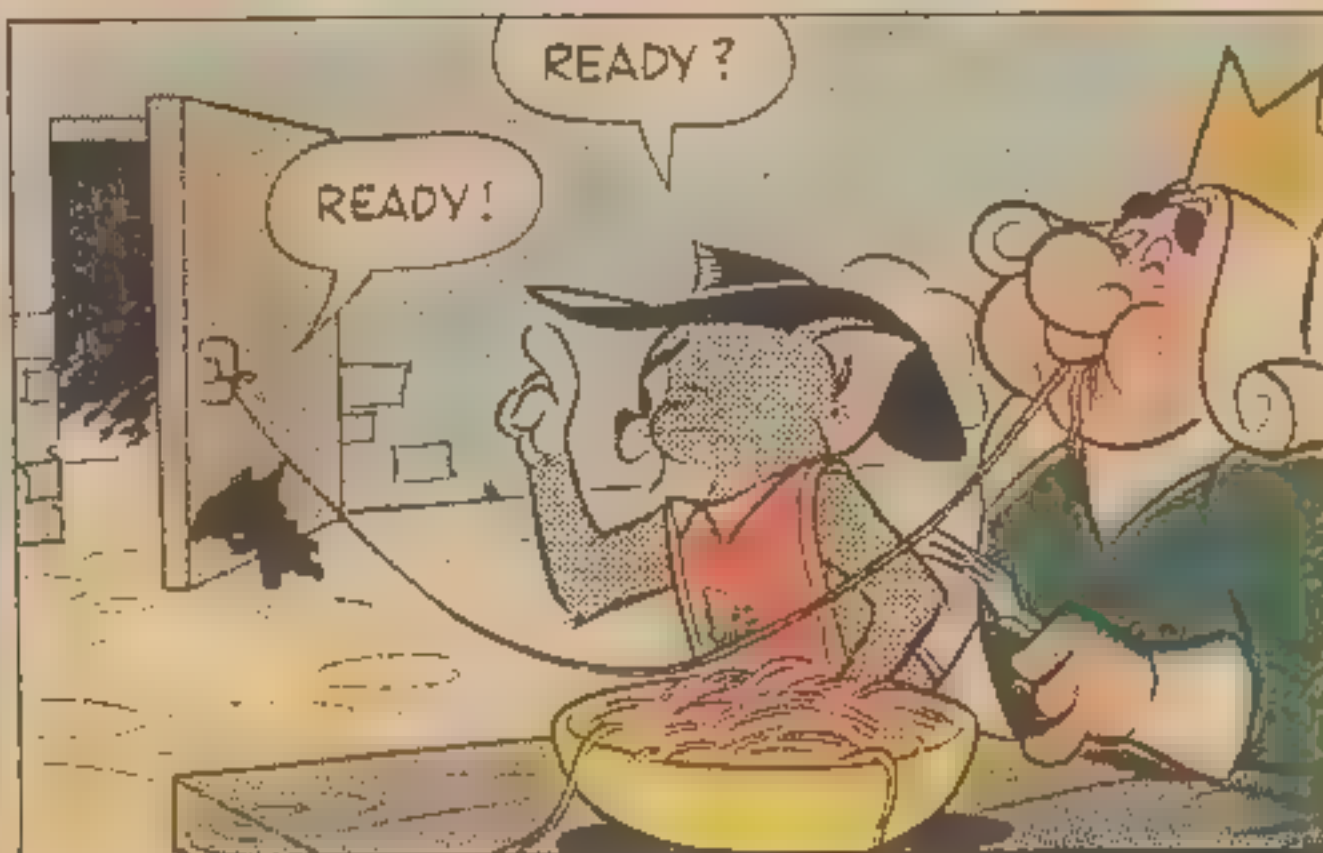
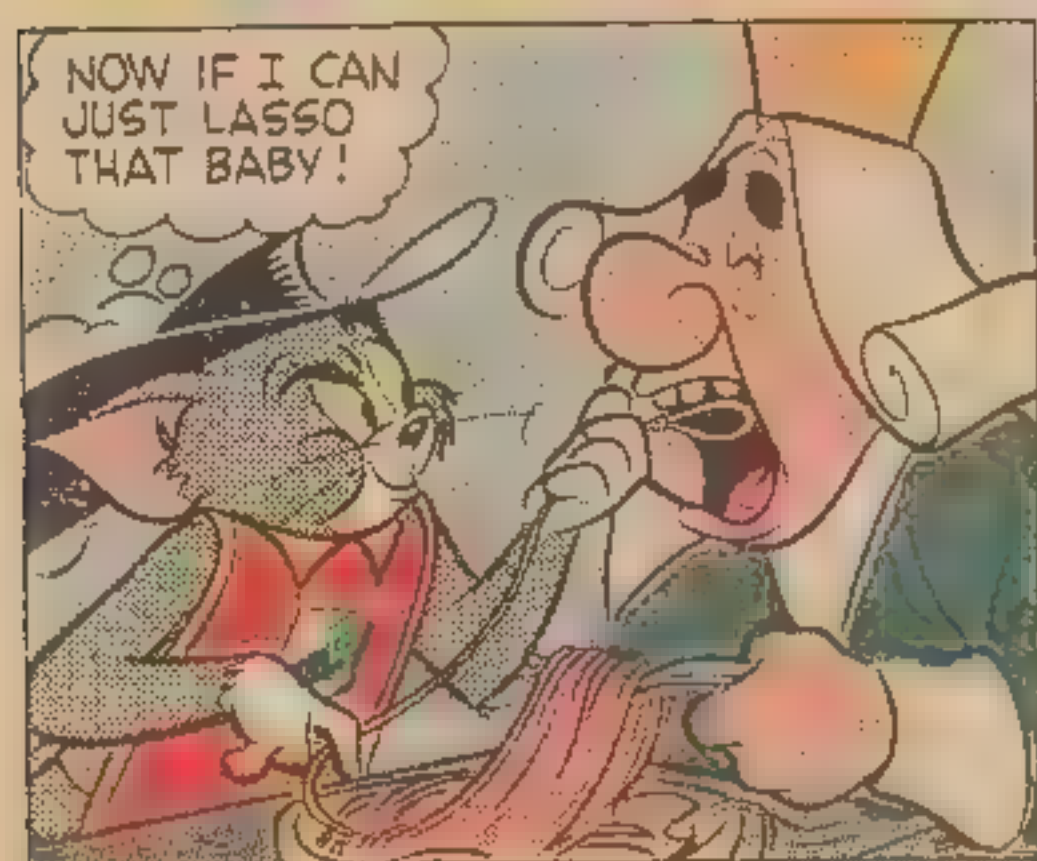
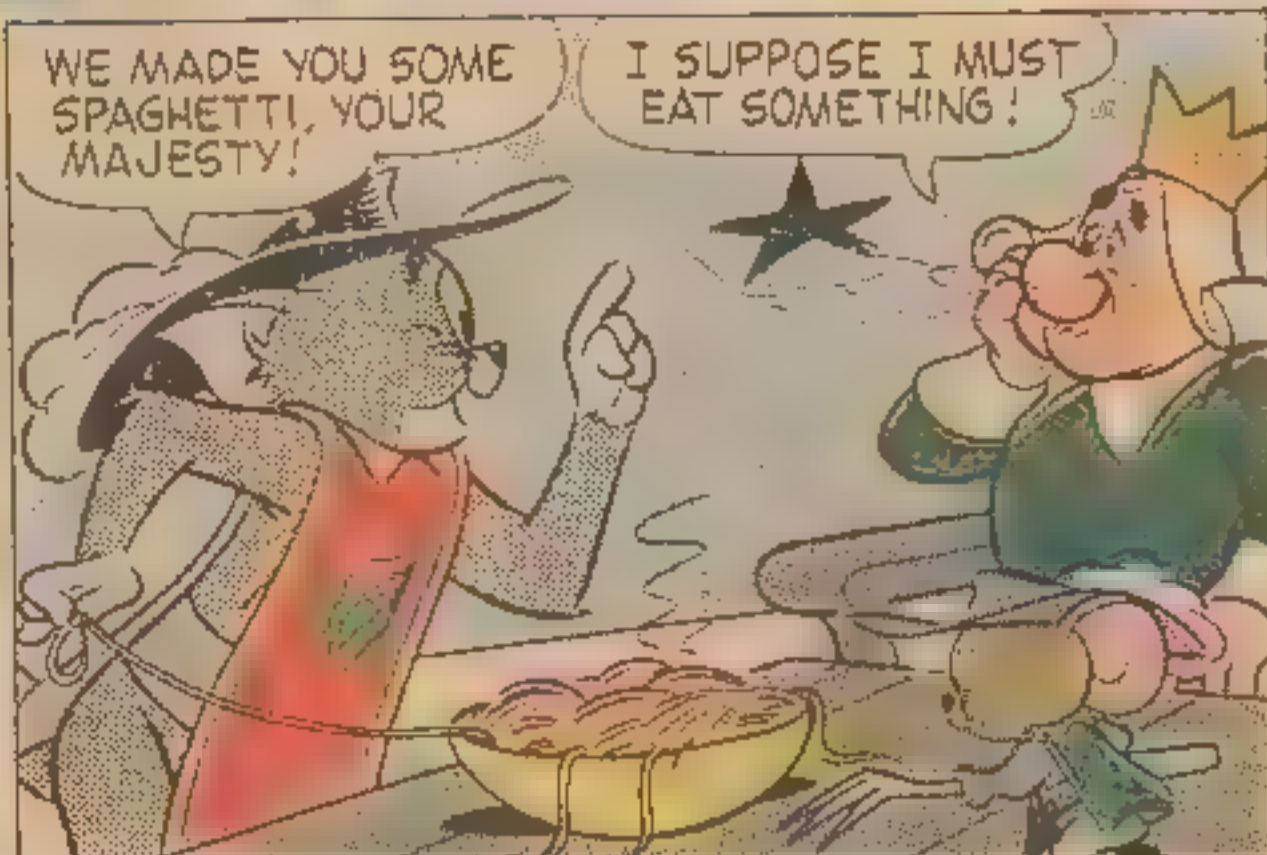
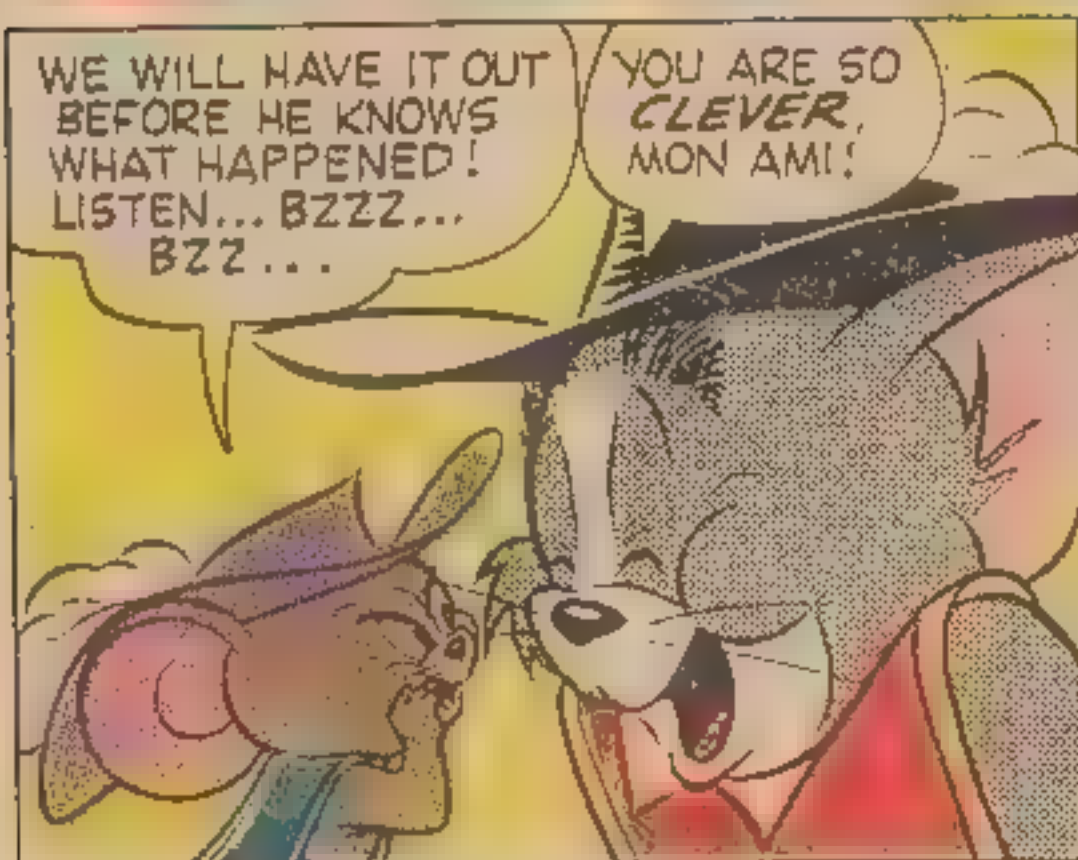
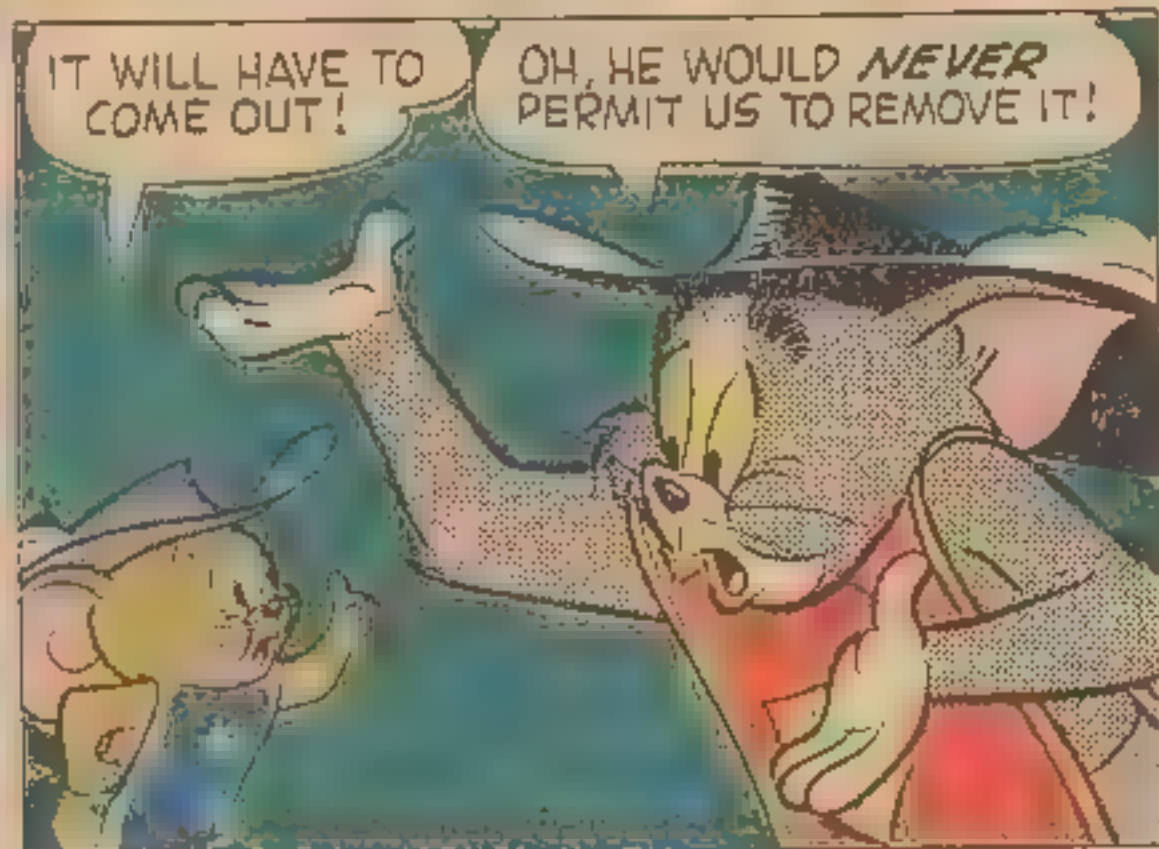
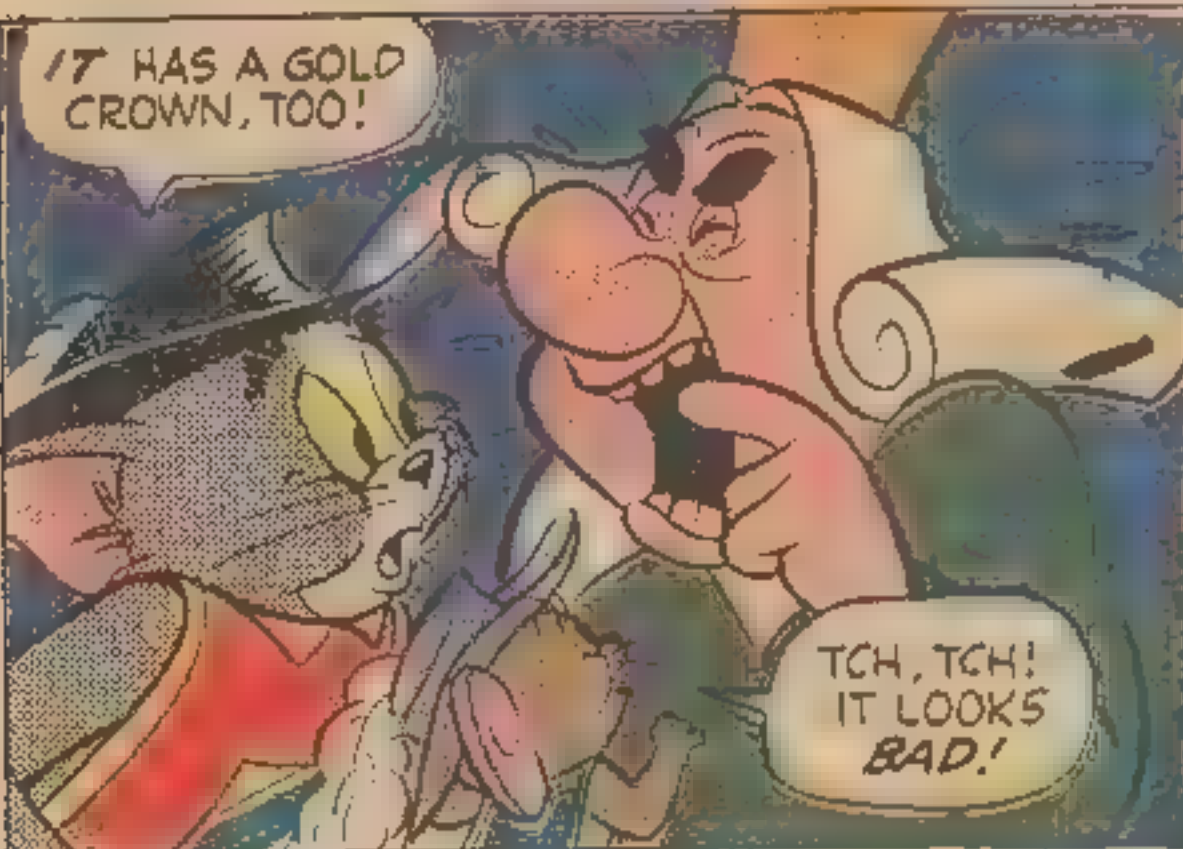
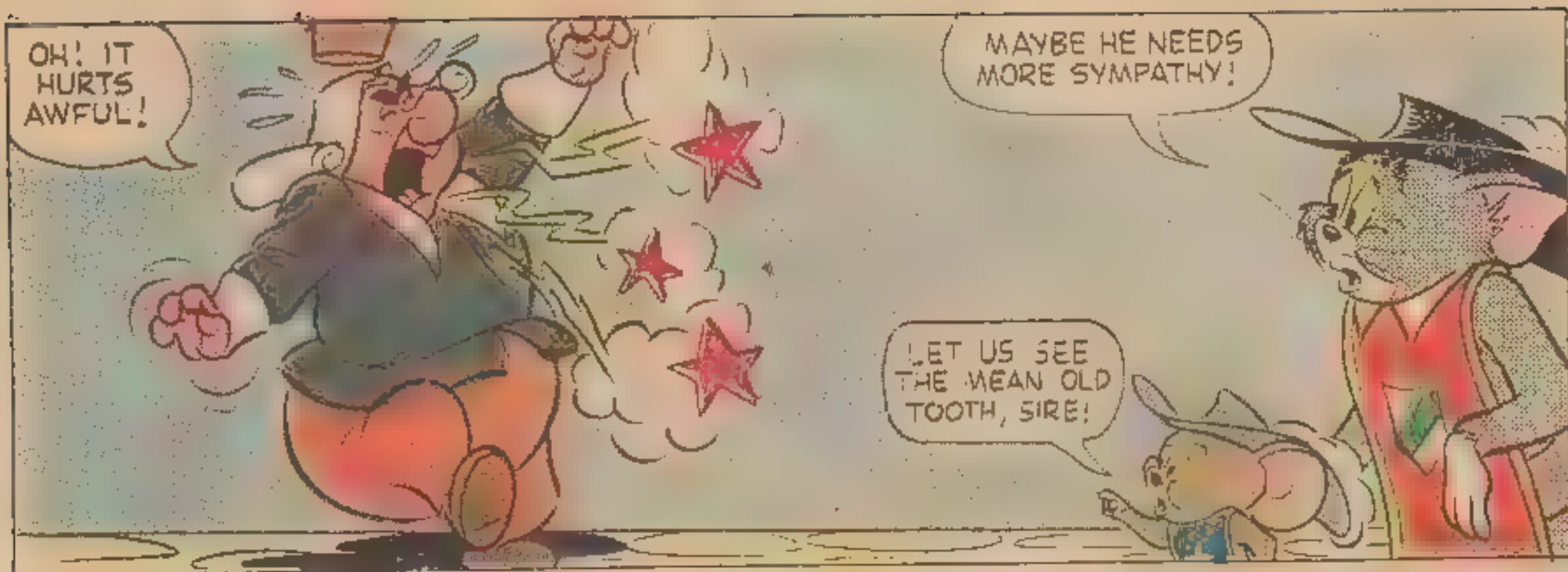


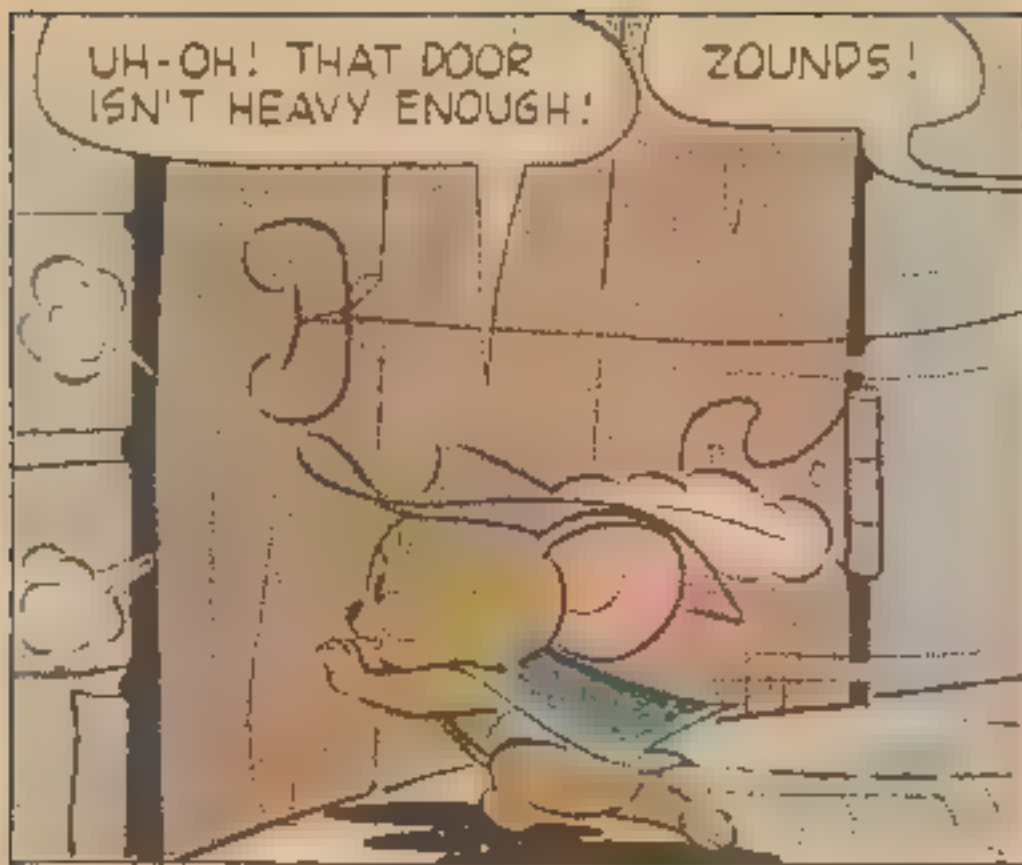
MOUSE MUSKETEERS

THE TOOTH WILL OUT



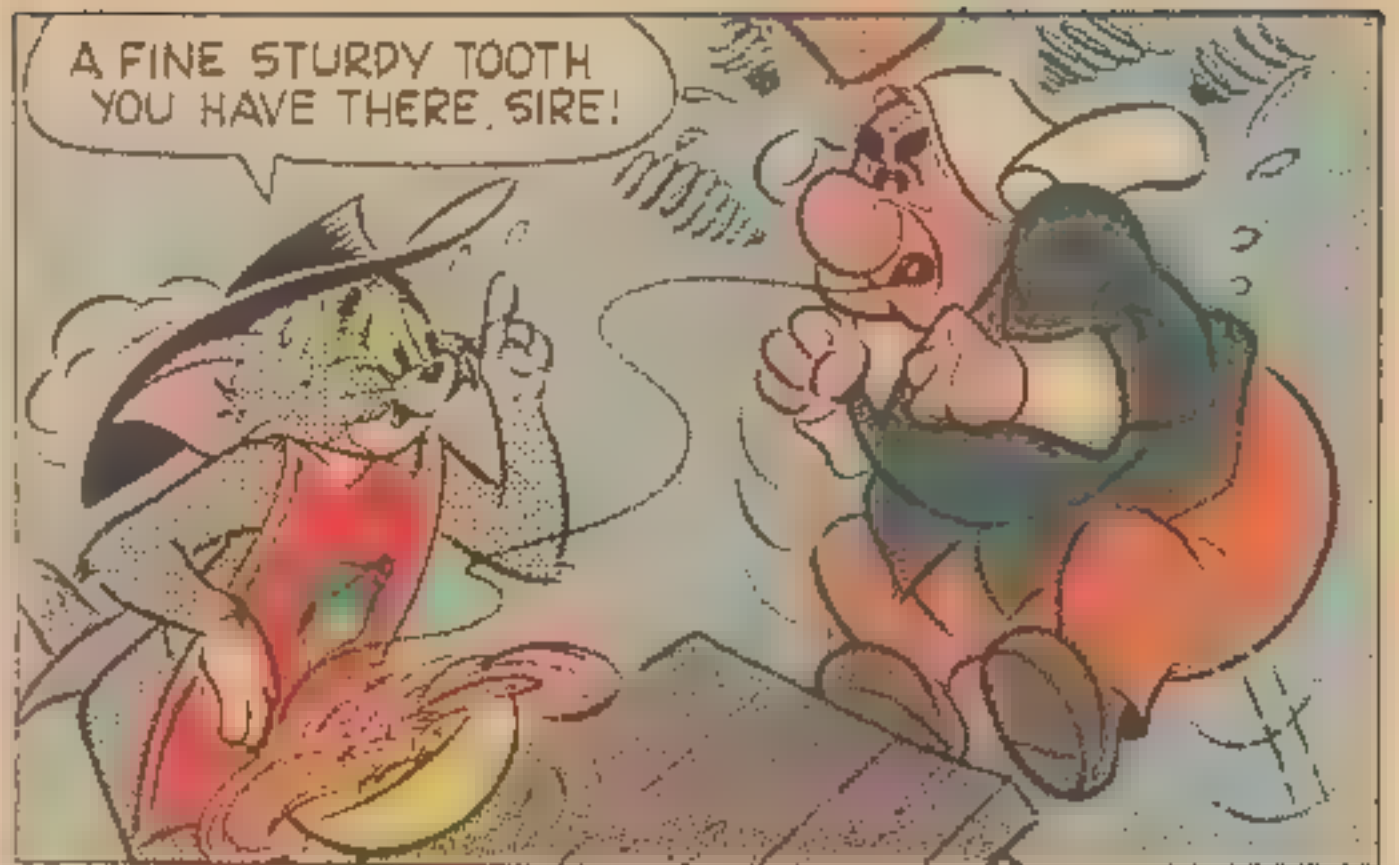




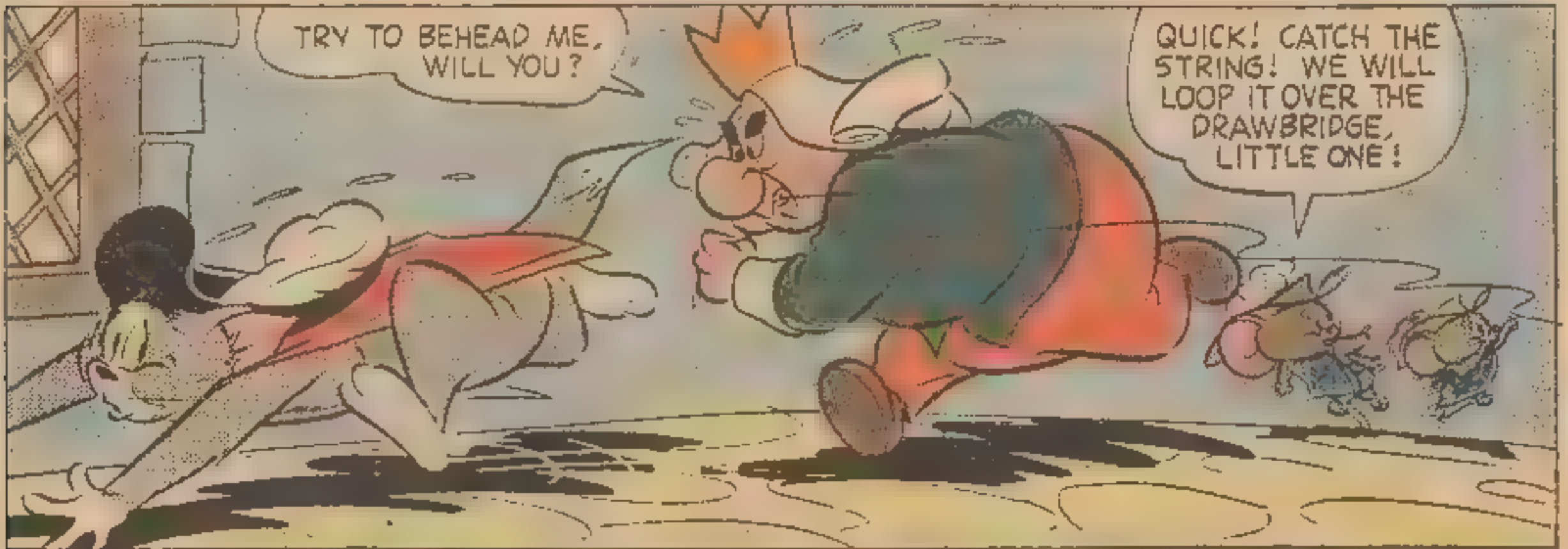


UH-OH! THAT DOOR
ISN'T HEAVY ENOUGH!

ZOUNDS!

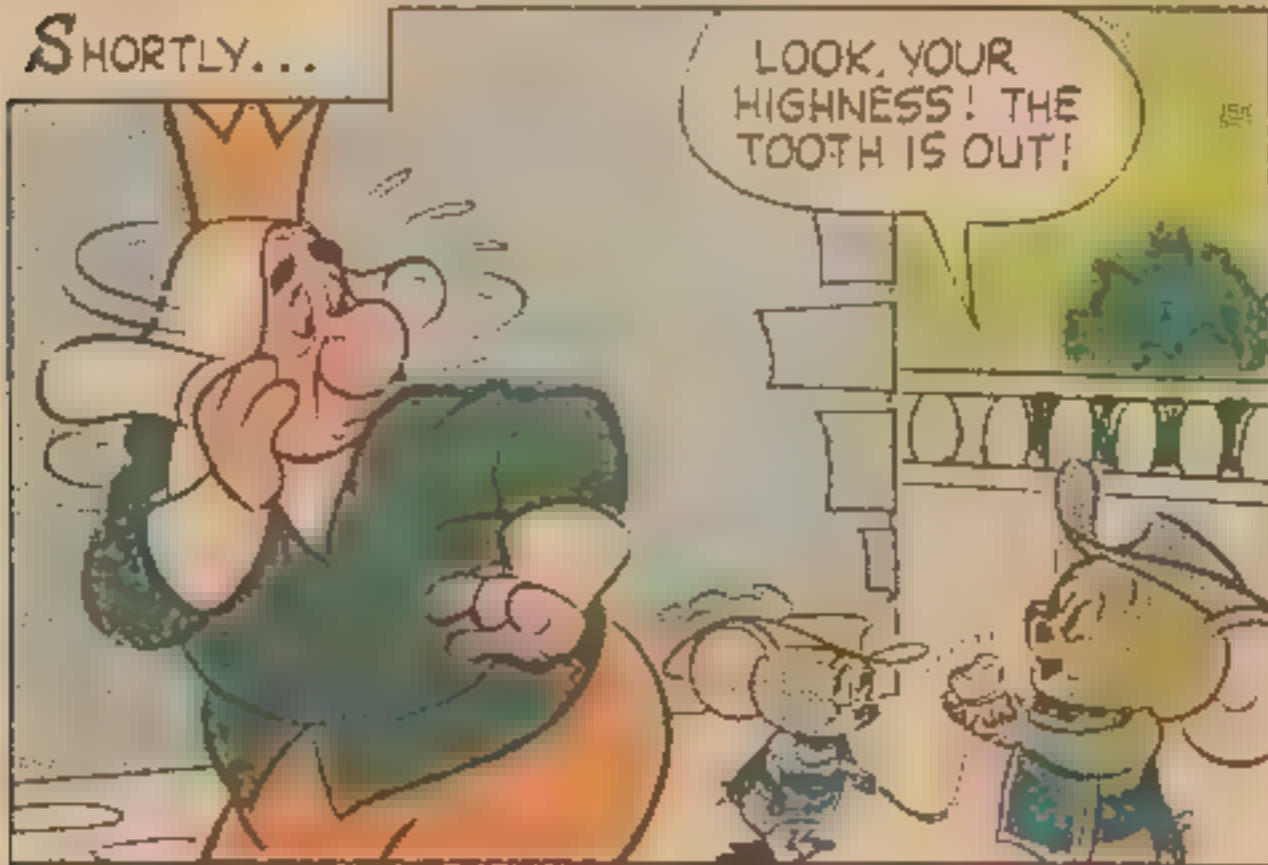


A FINE STURDY TOOTH
YOU HAVE THERE, SIRE!



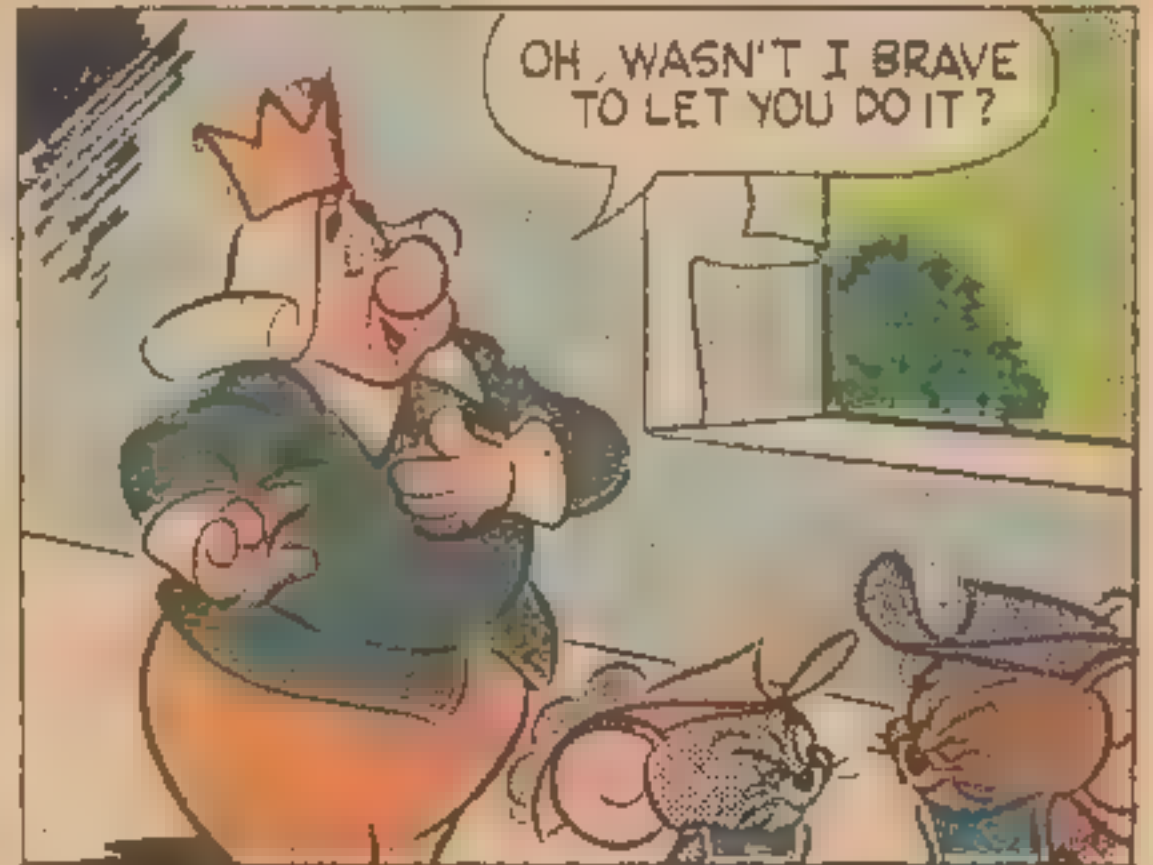
TRY TO BEHEAD ME,
WILL YOU?

QUICK! CATCH THE
STRING! WE WILL
LOOP IT OVER THE
DRAWBRIDGE,
LITTLE ONE!

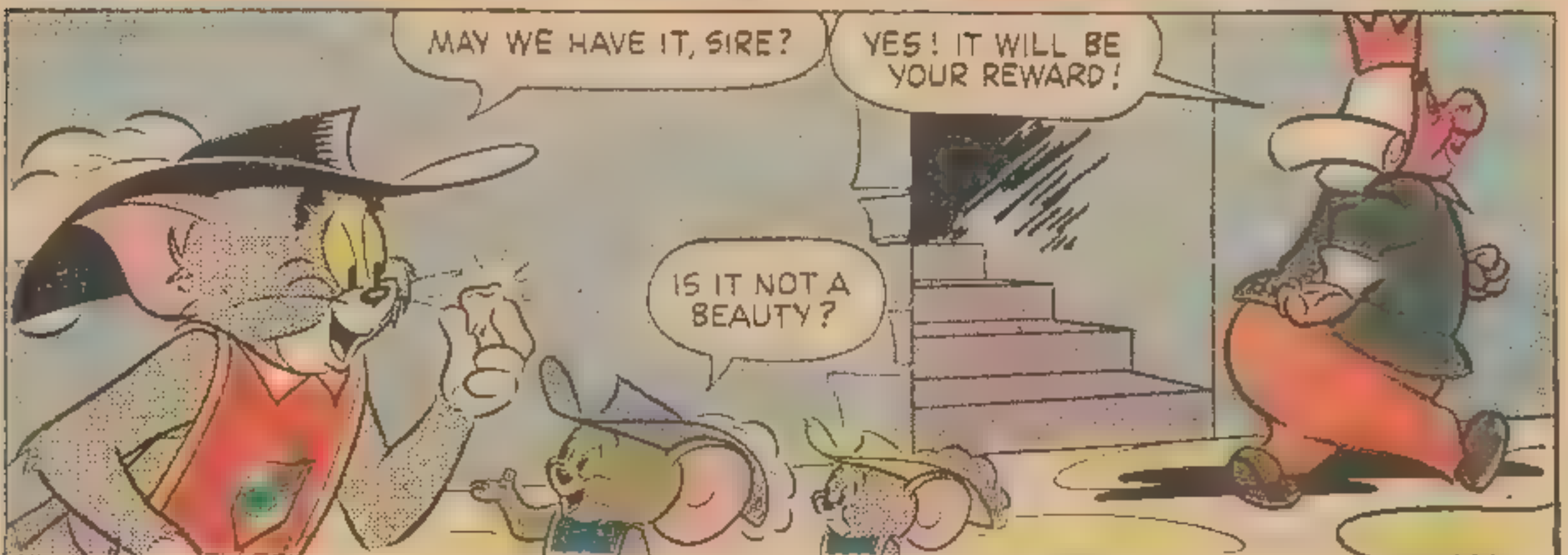


SHORTLY...

LOOK, YOUR
HIGHNESS! THE
TOOTH IS OUT!



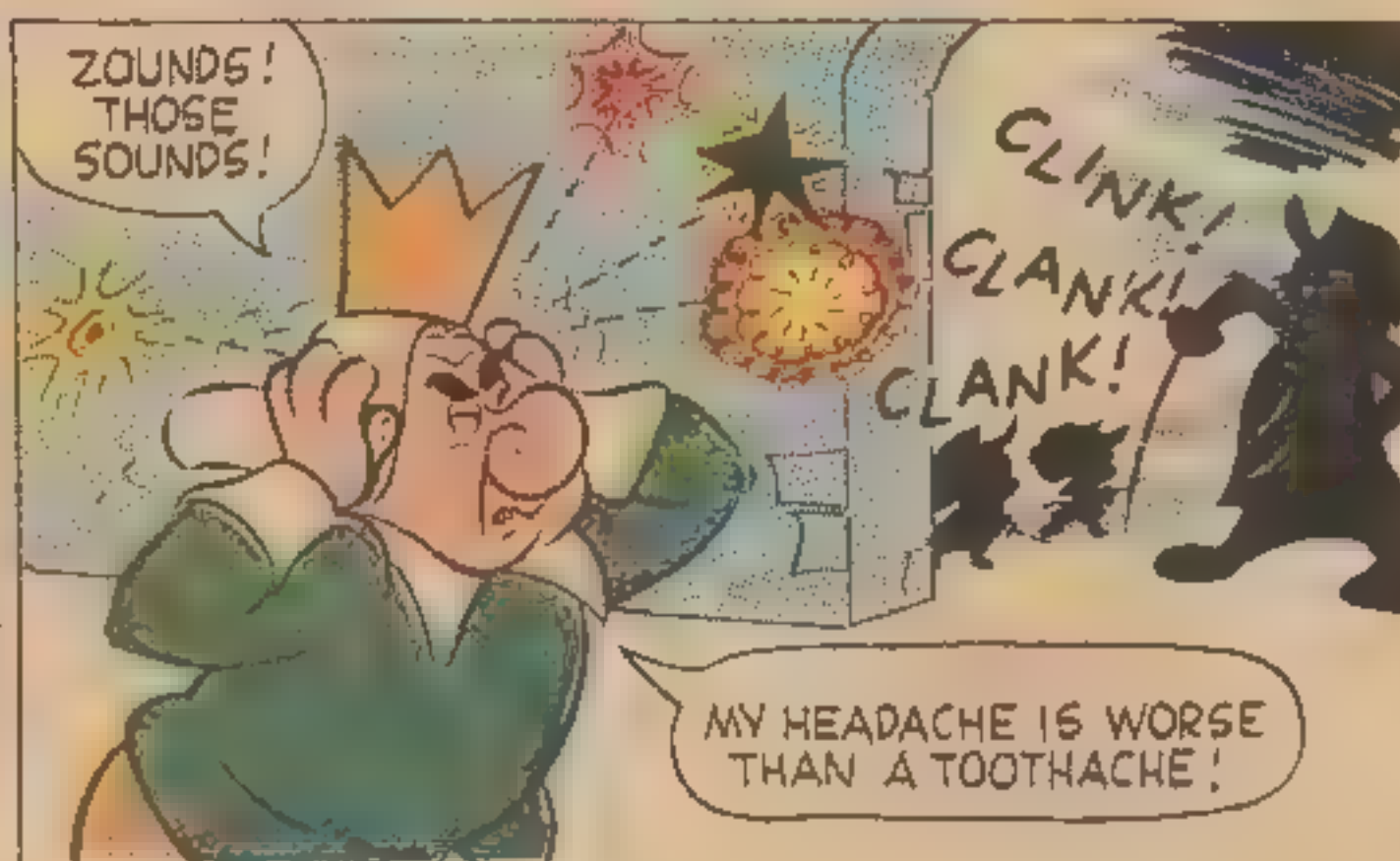
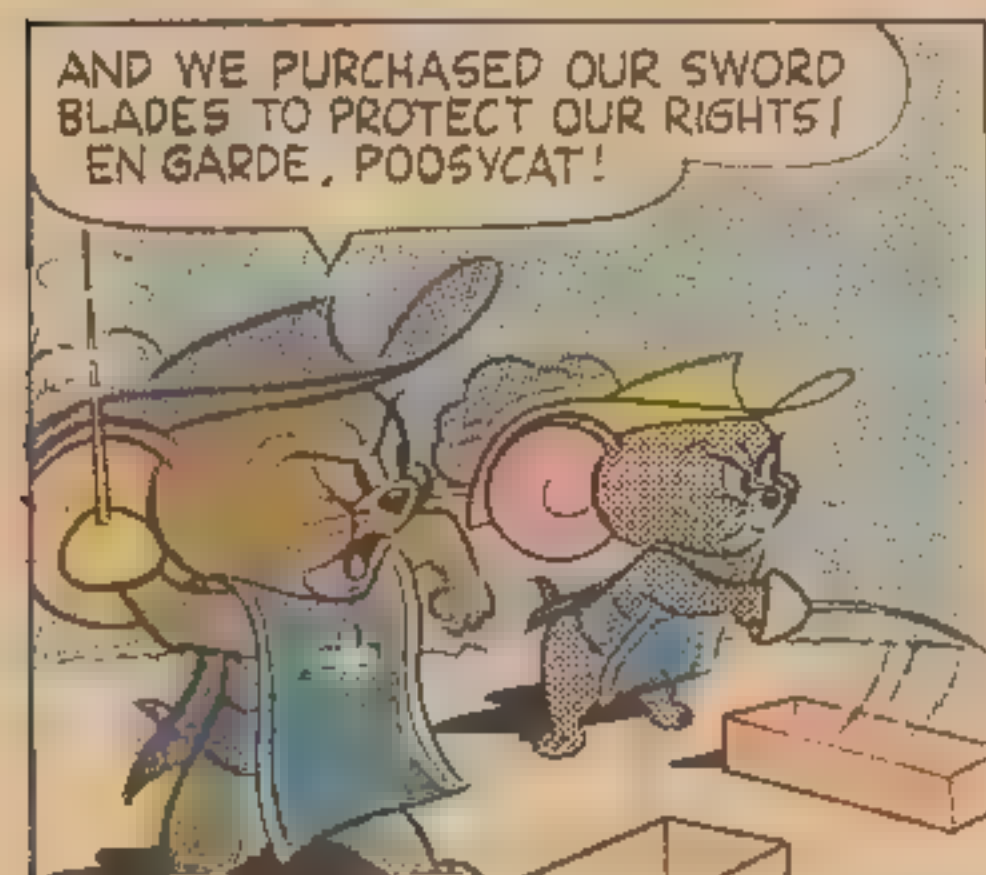
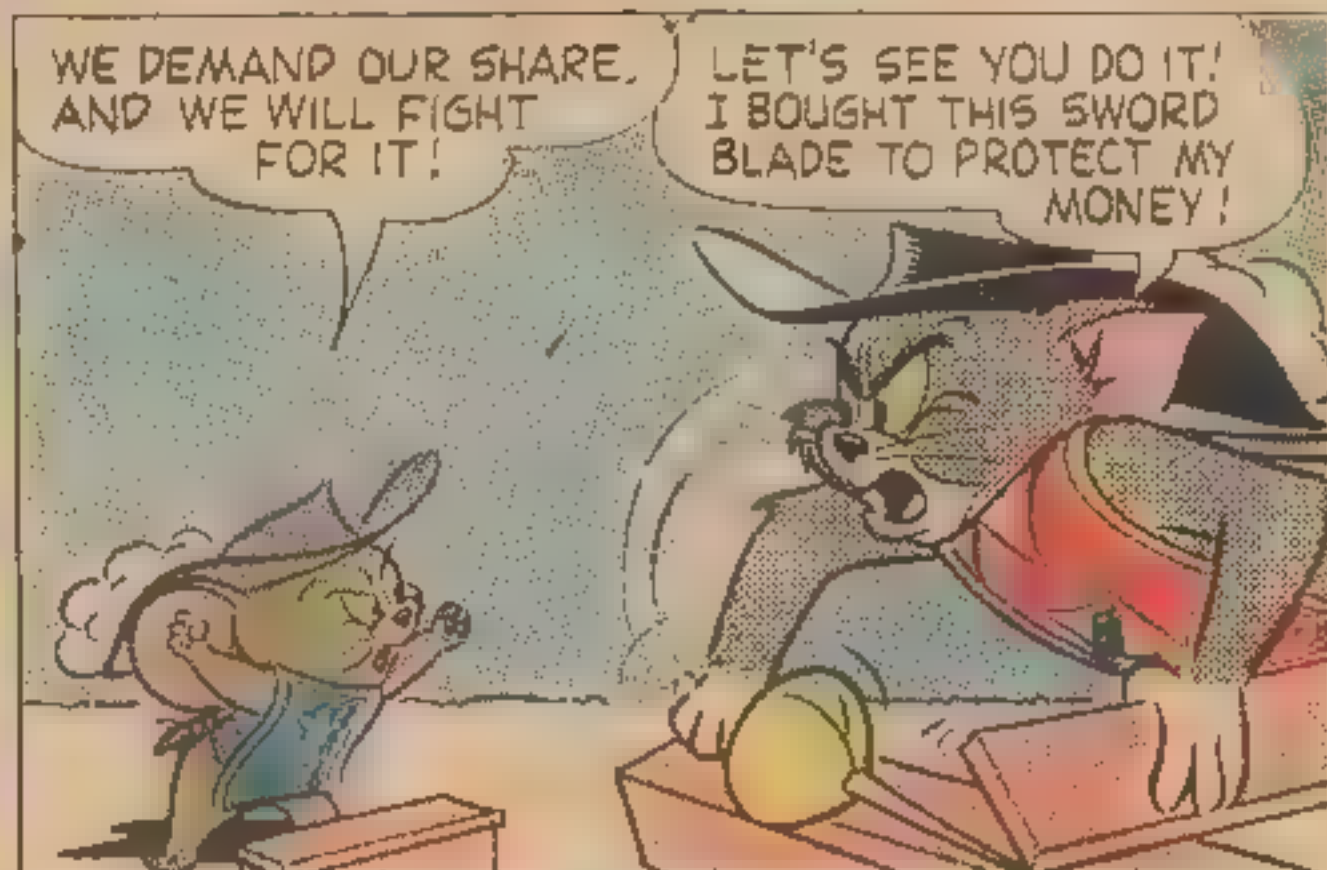
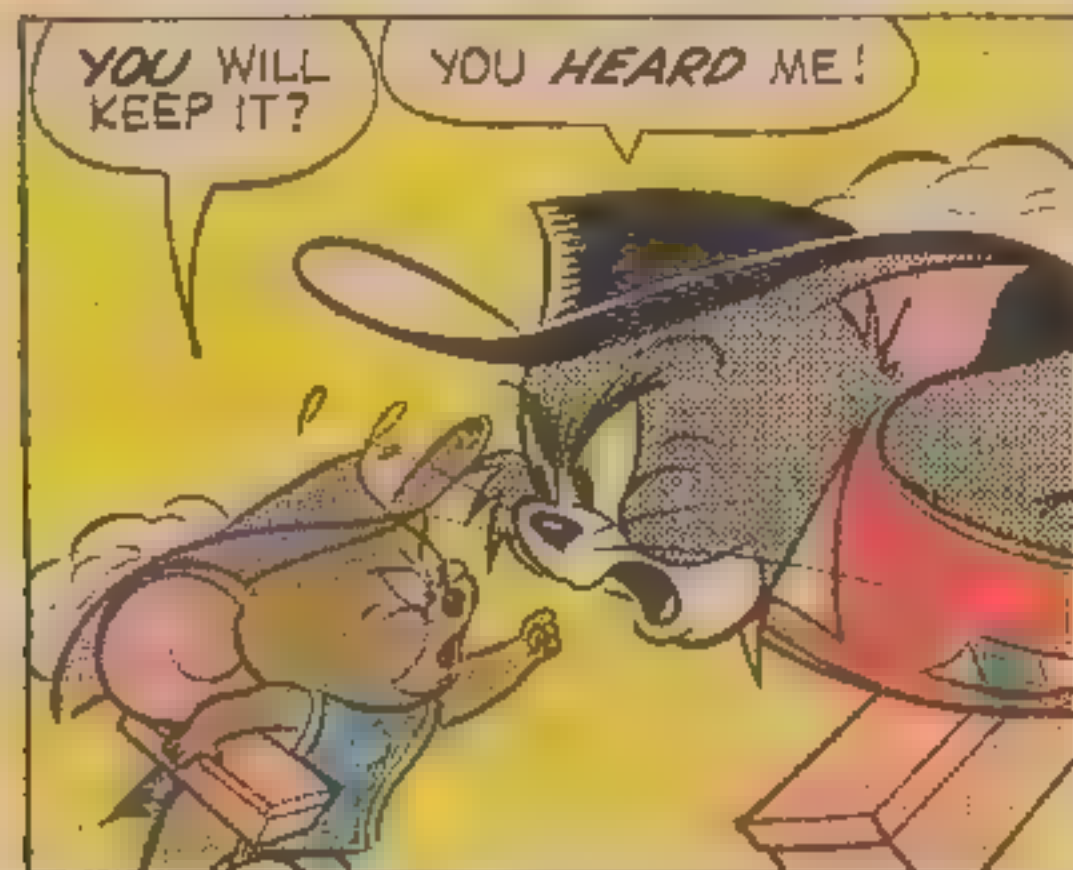
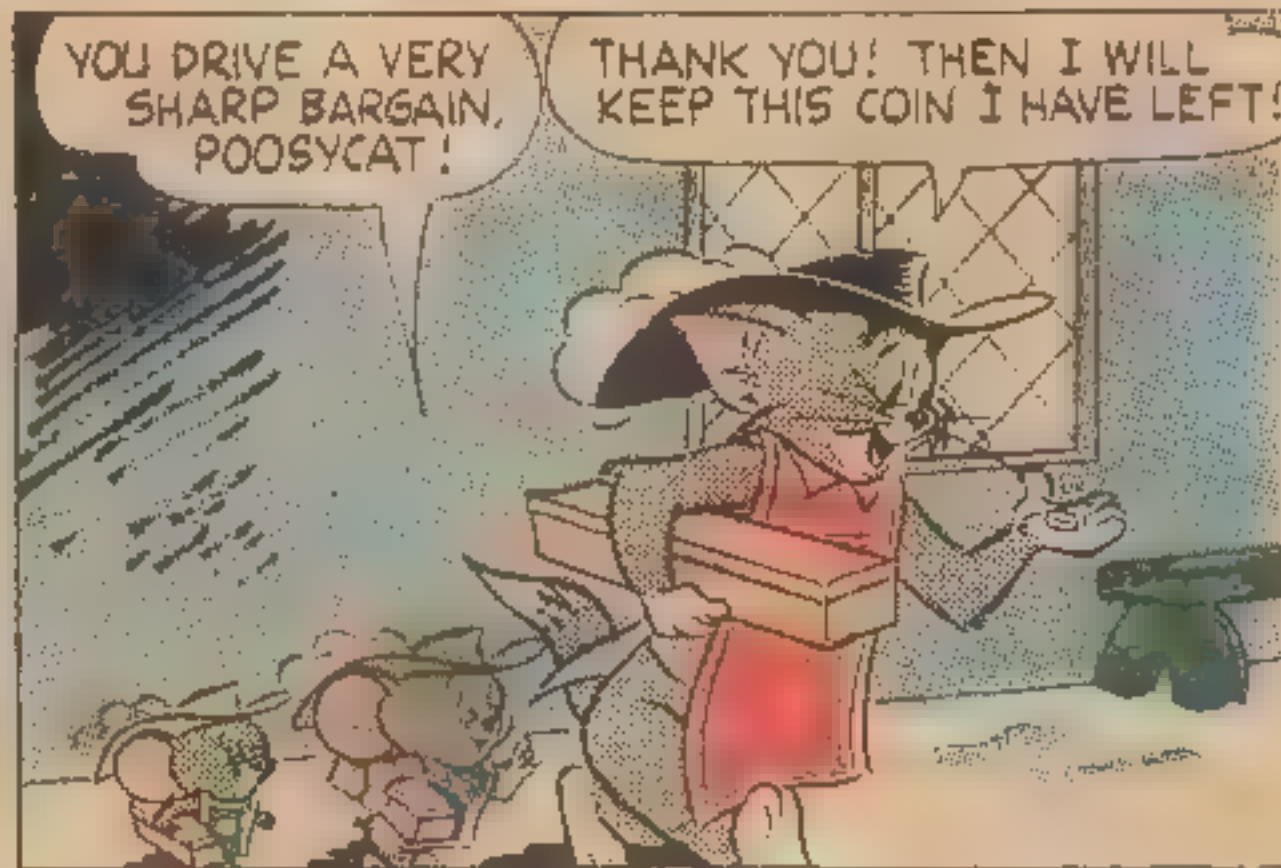
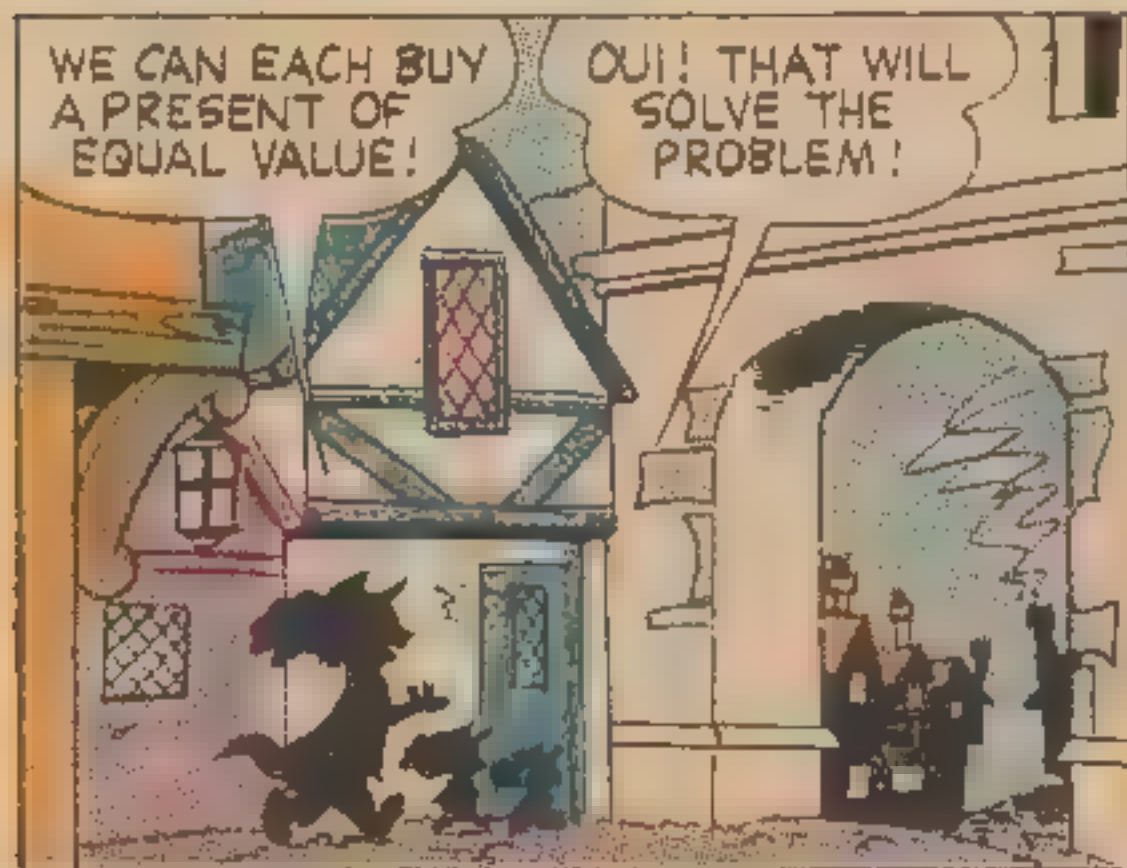
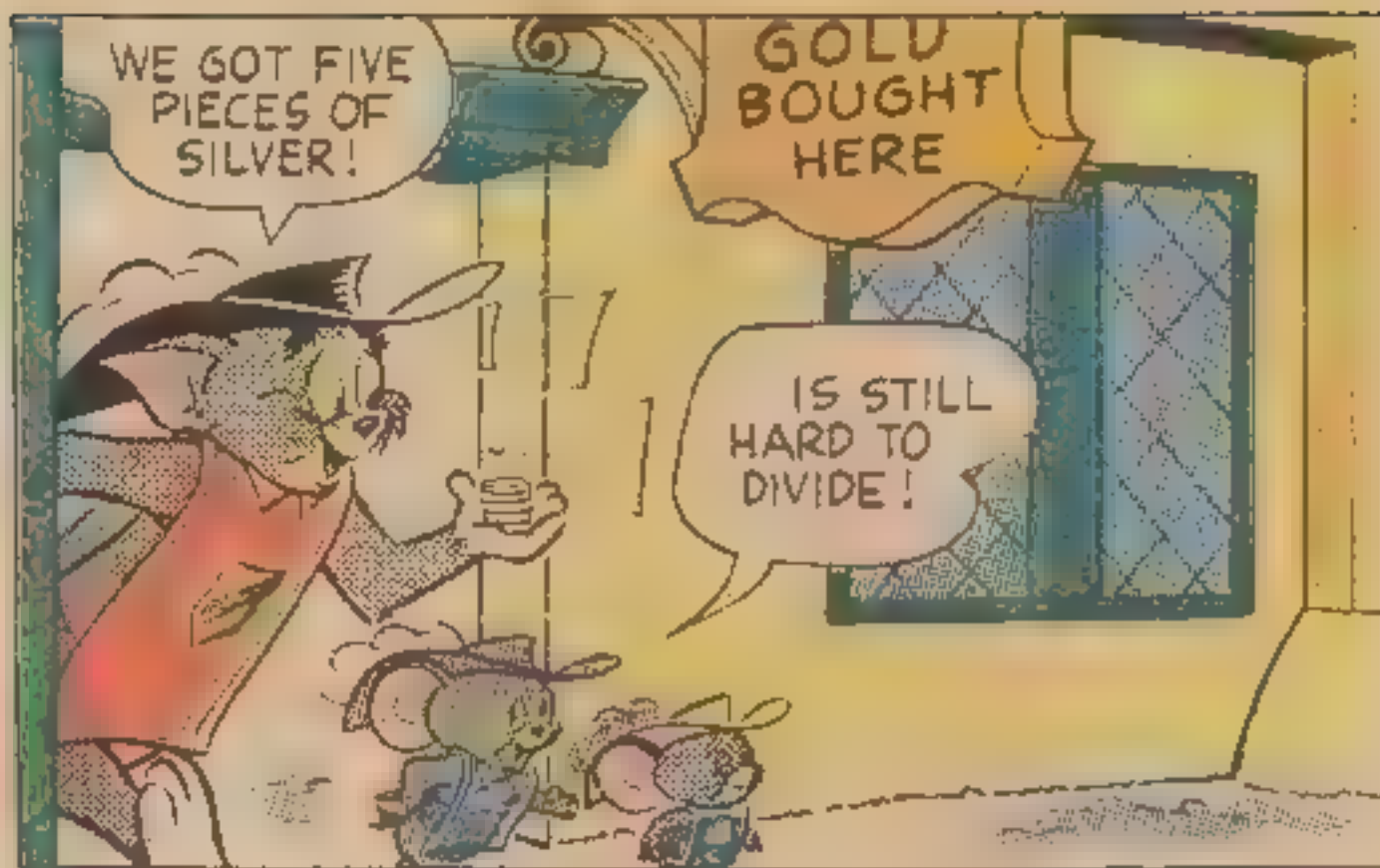
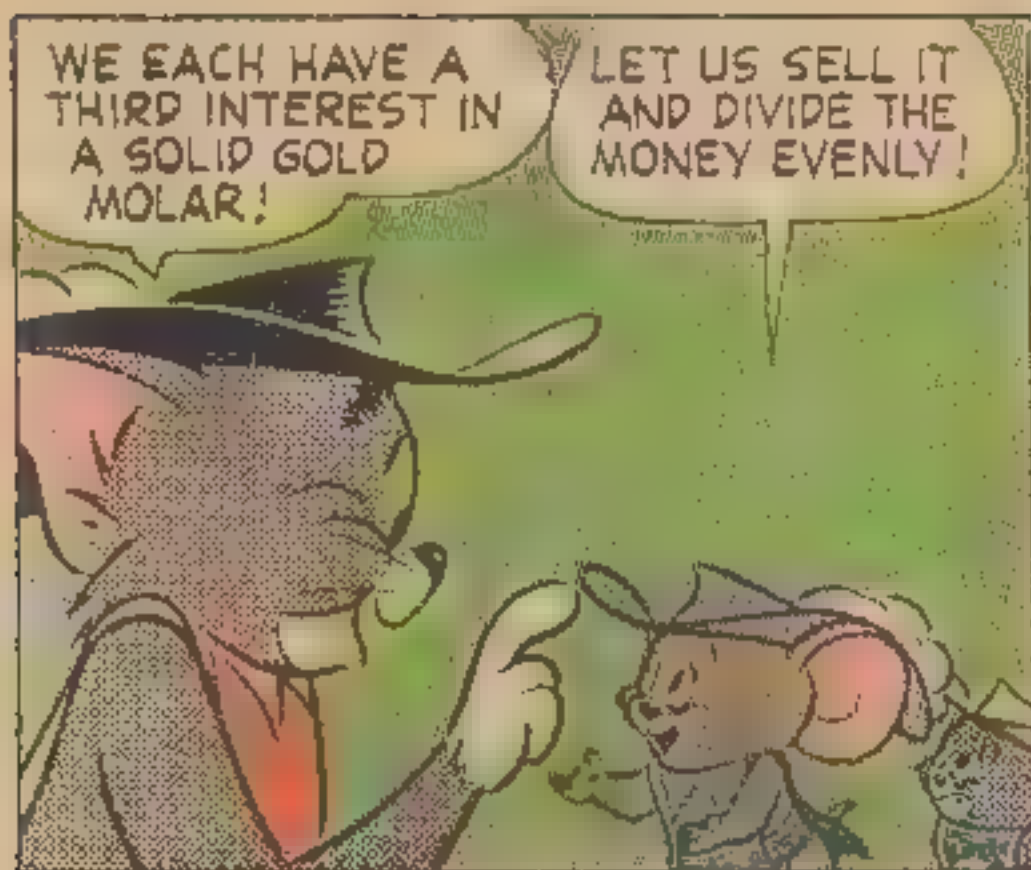
OH, WASN'T I BRAVE
TO LET YOU DO IT?



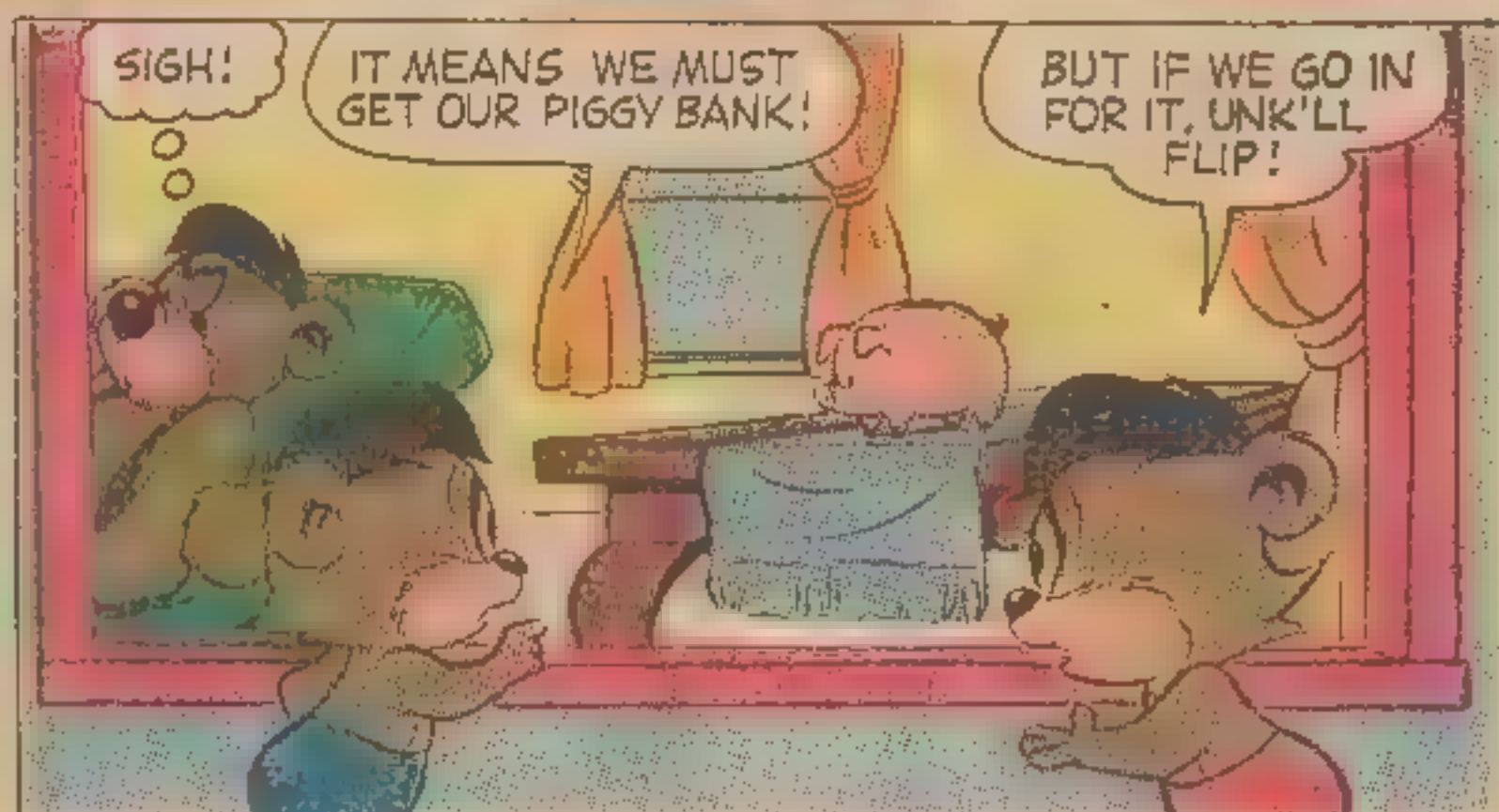
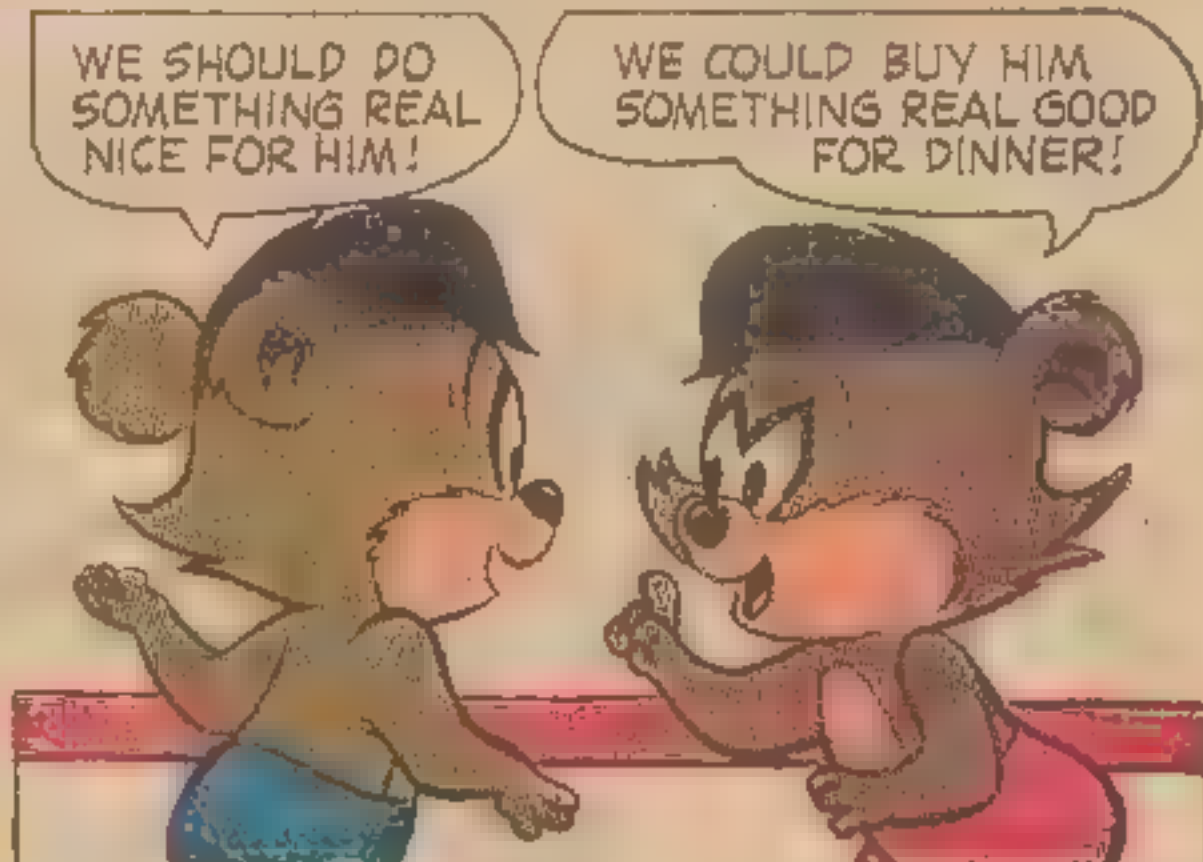
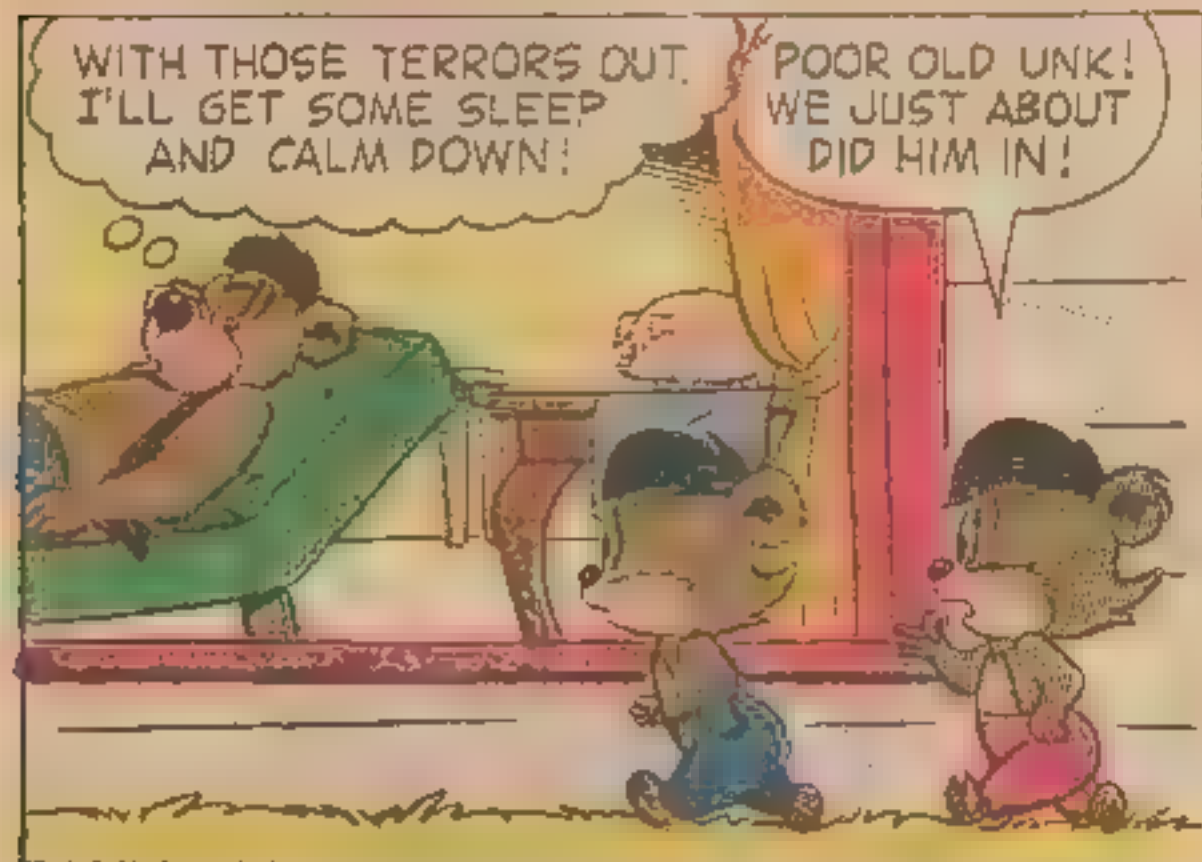
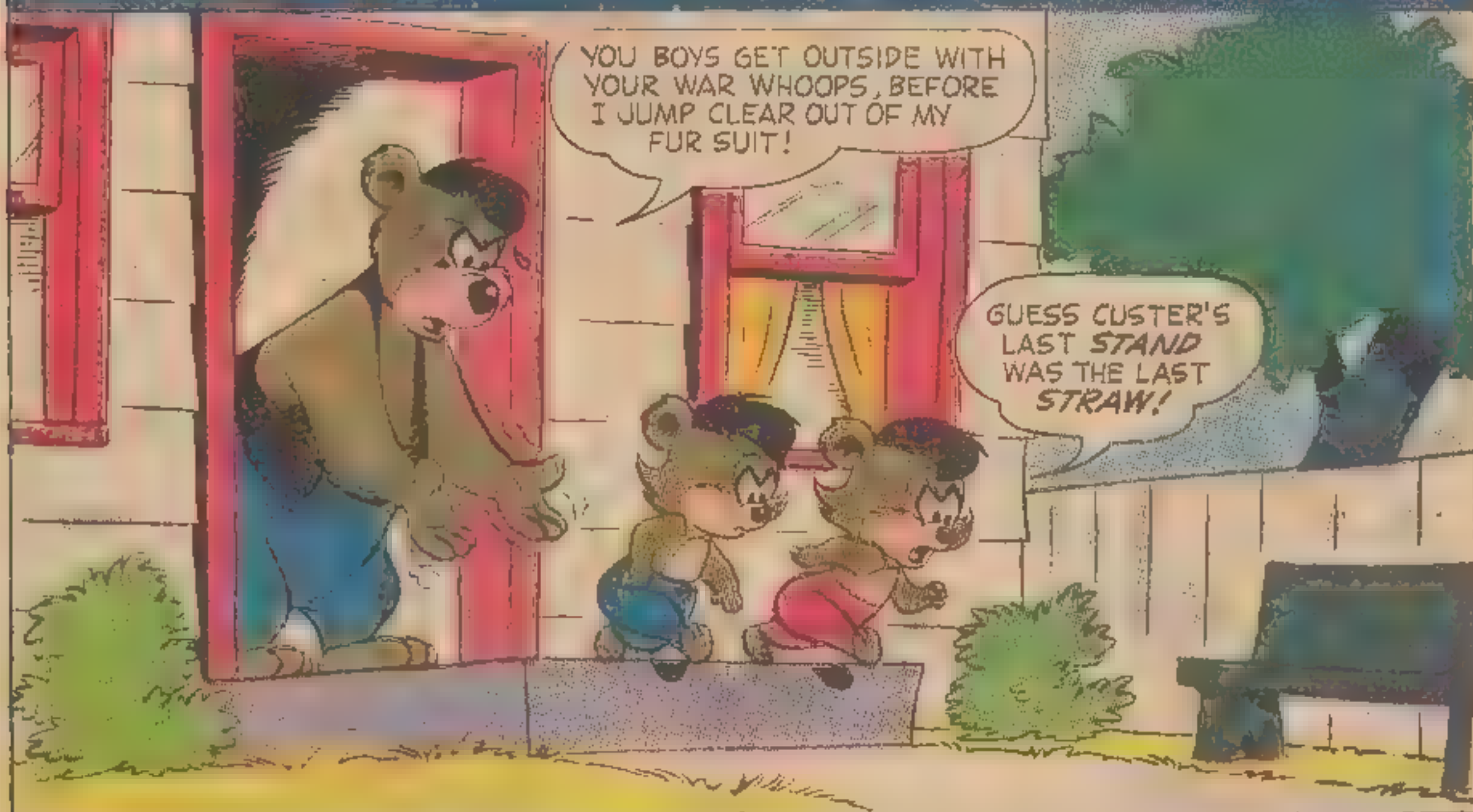
MAY WE HAVE IT, SIRE?

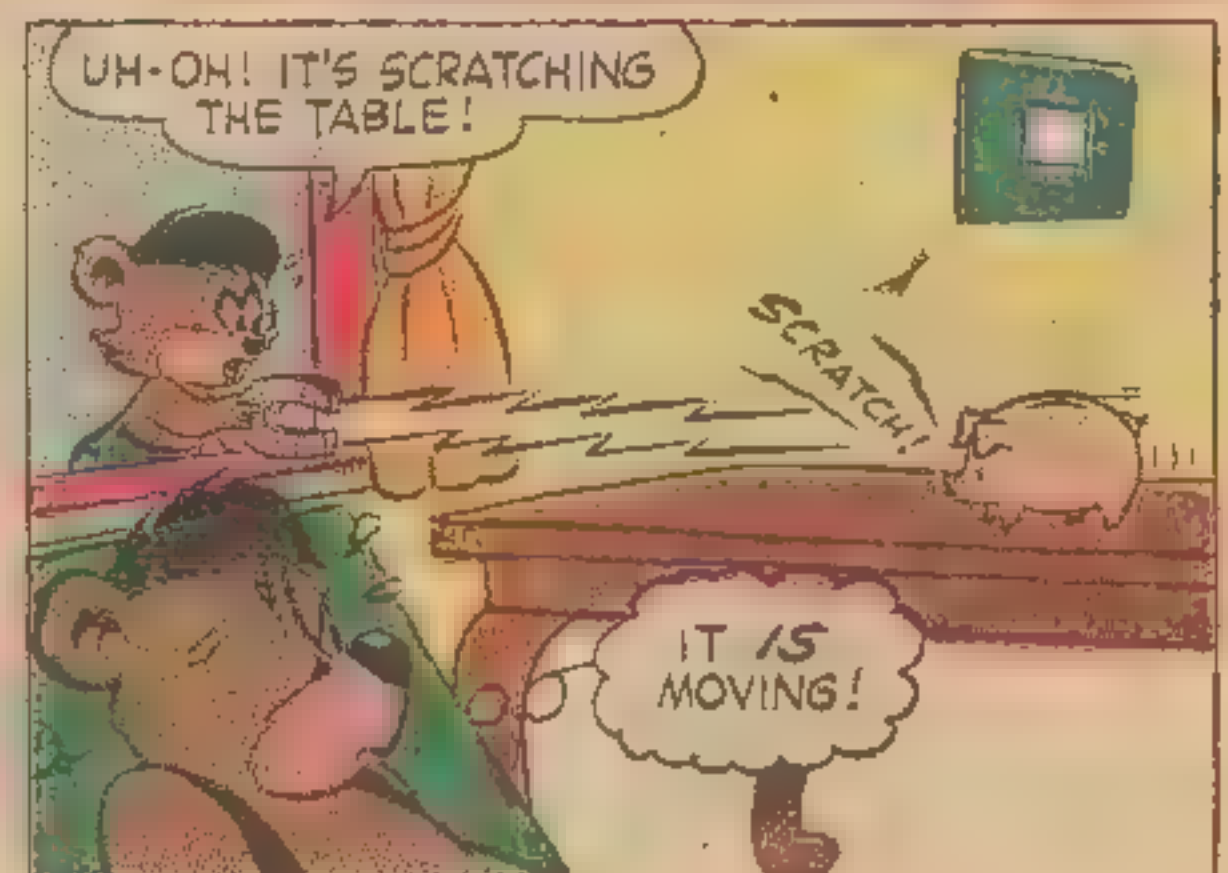
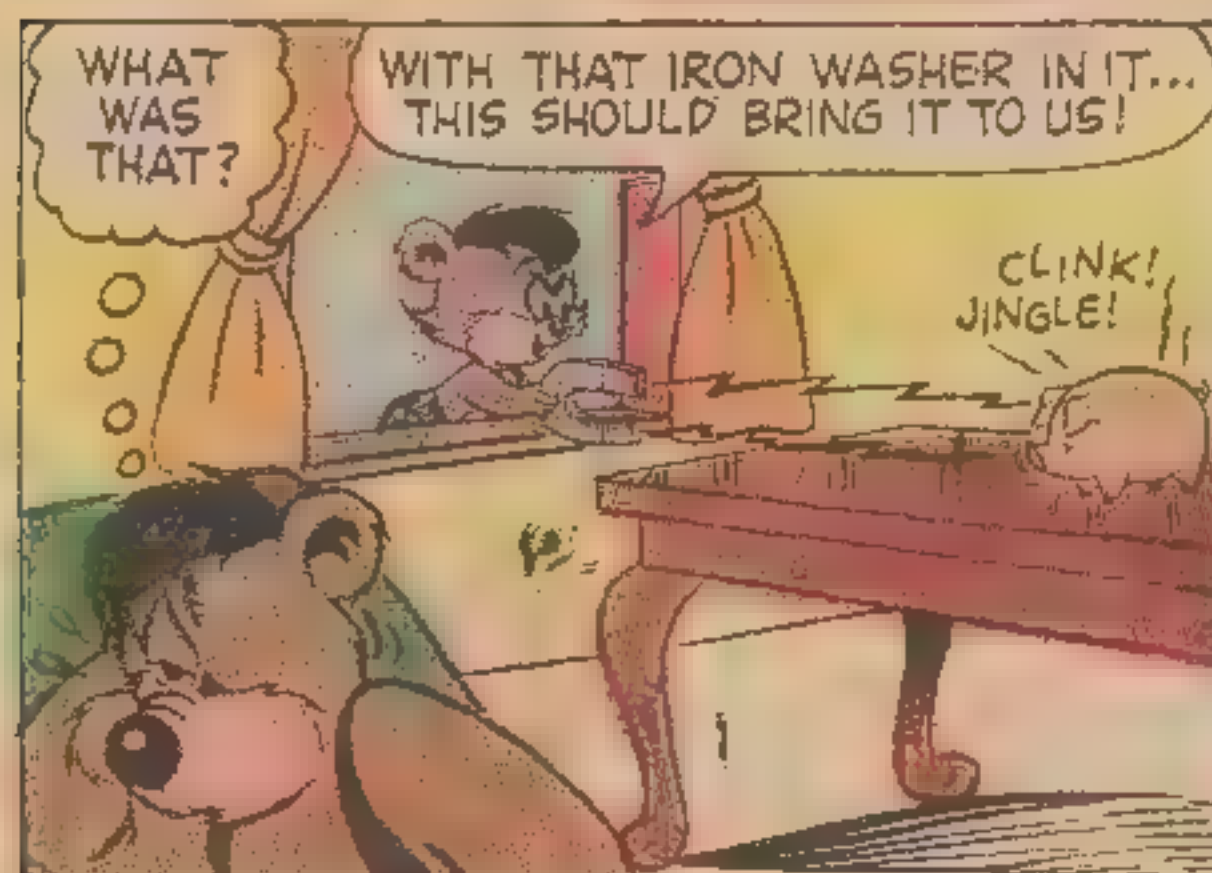
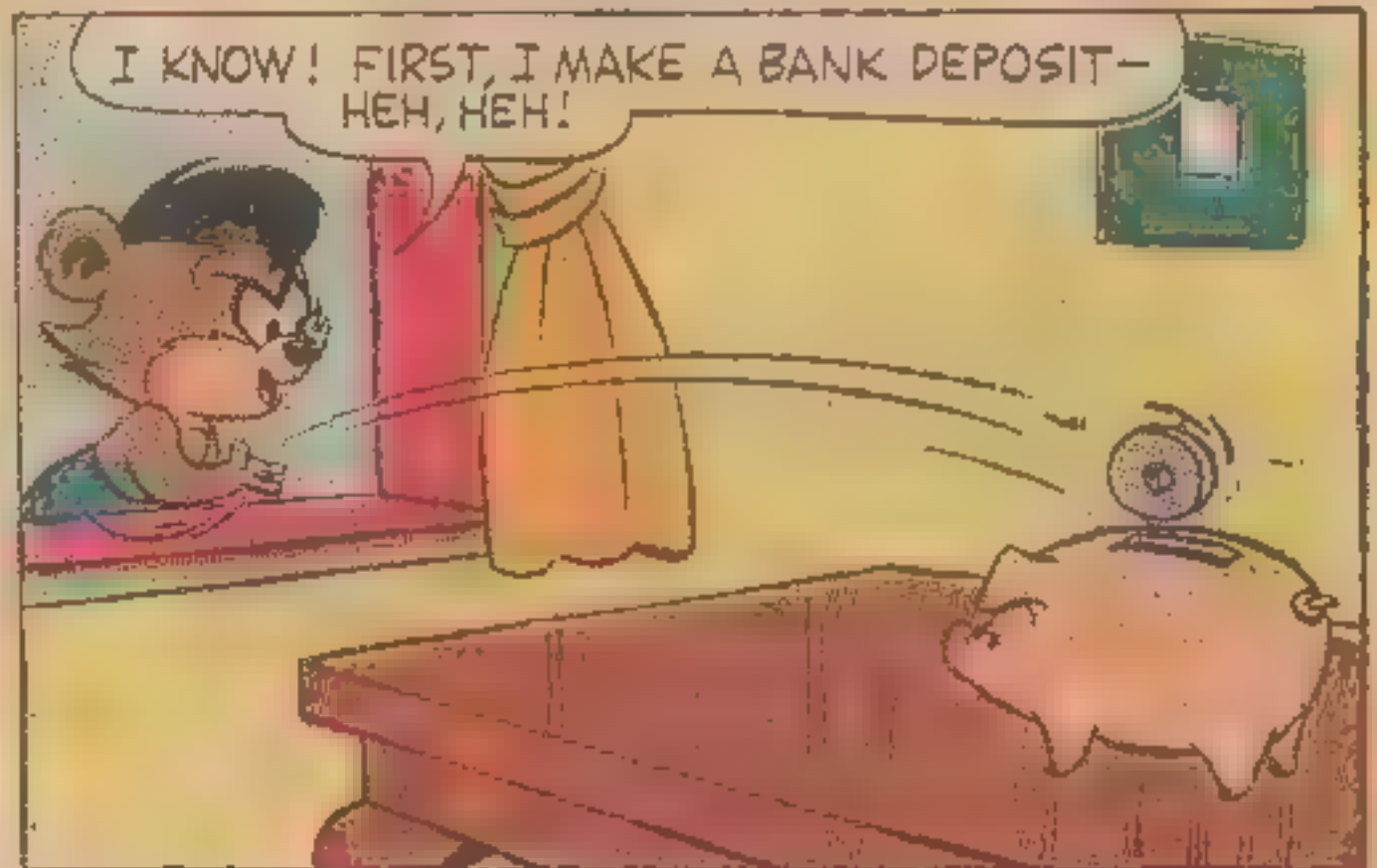
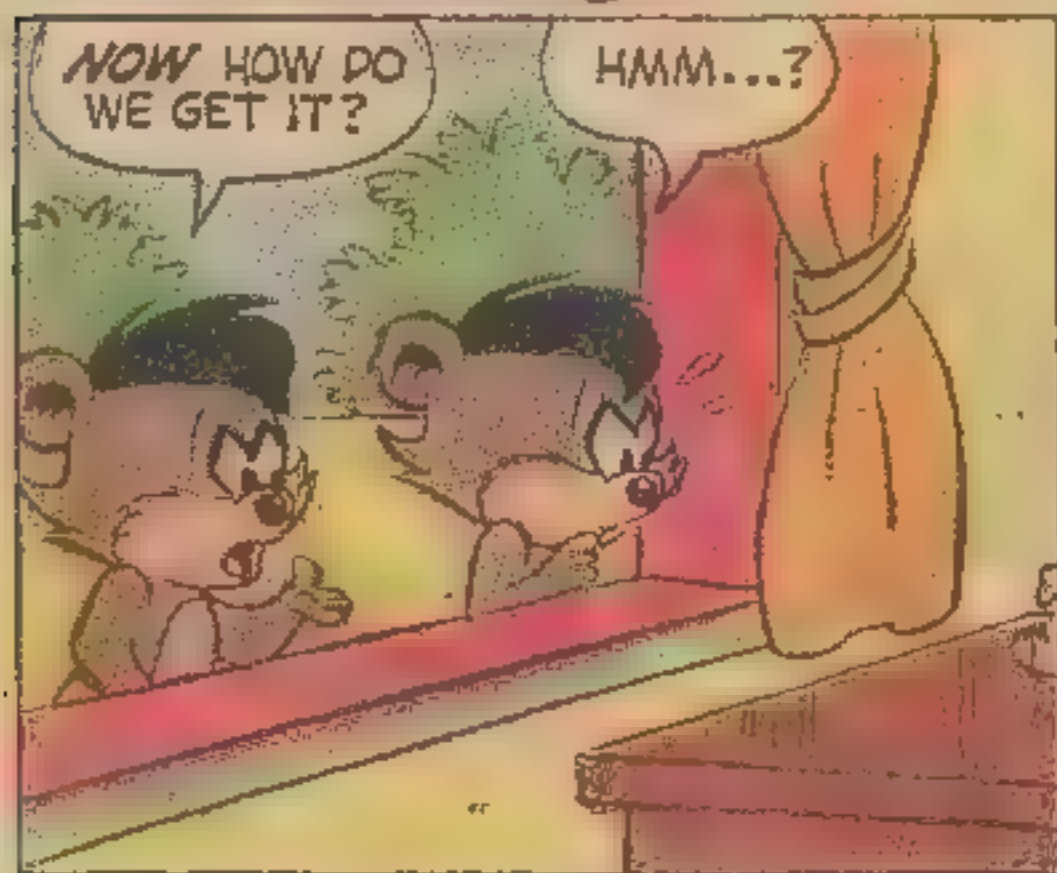
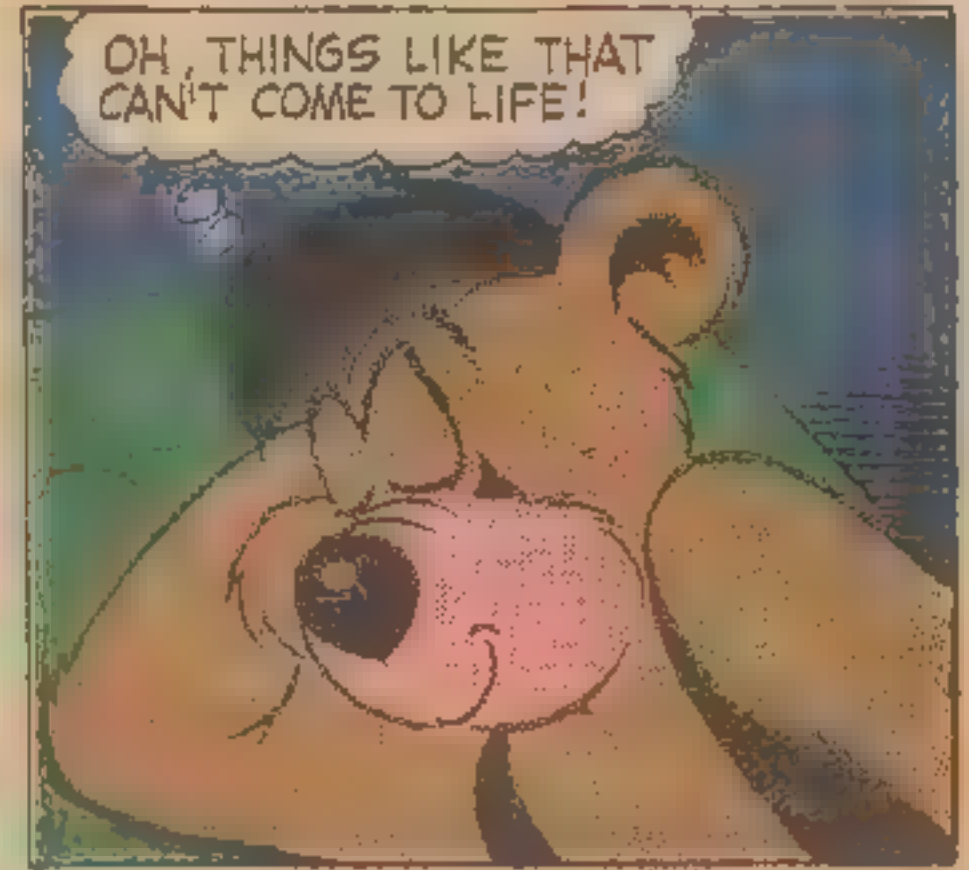
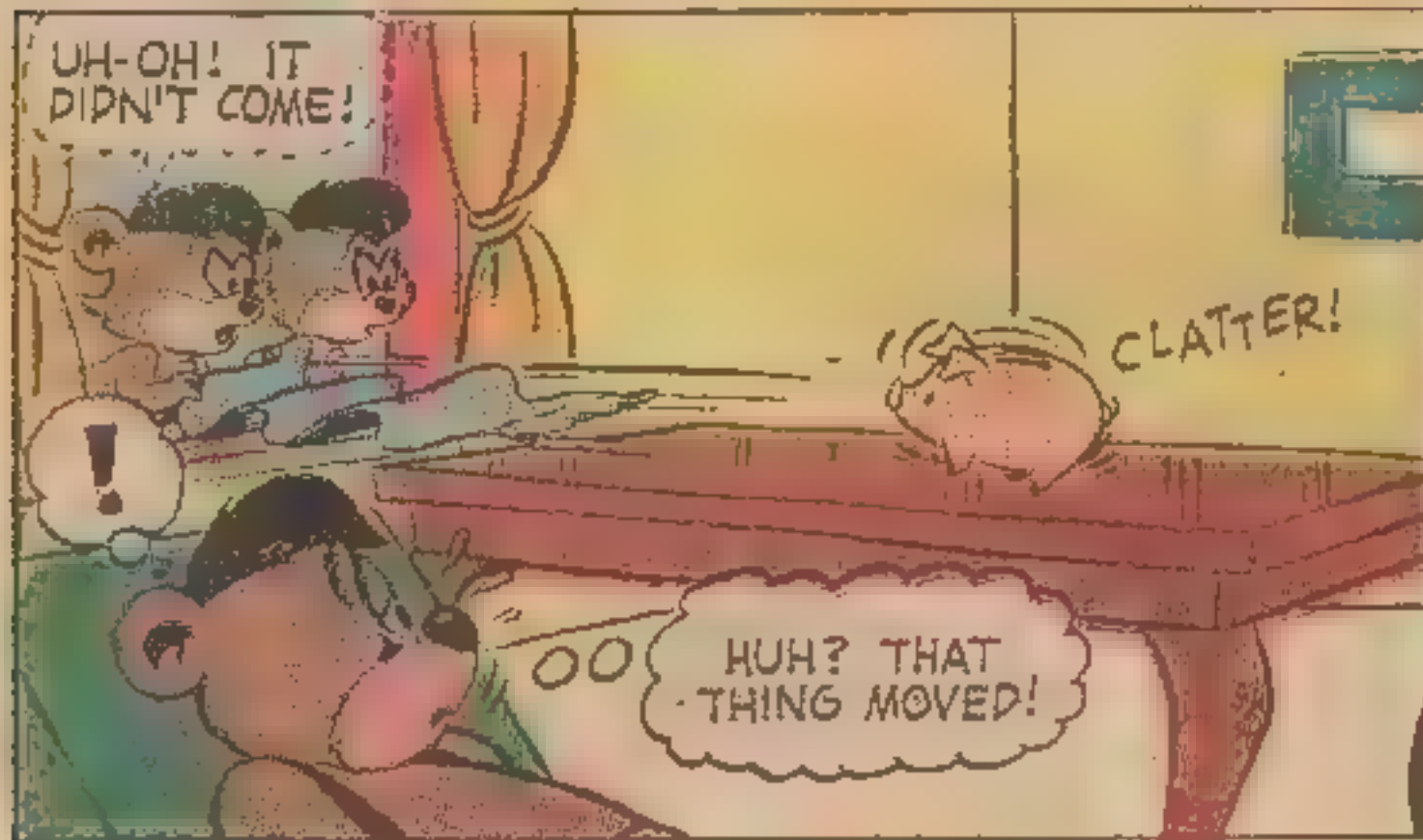
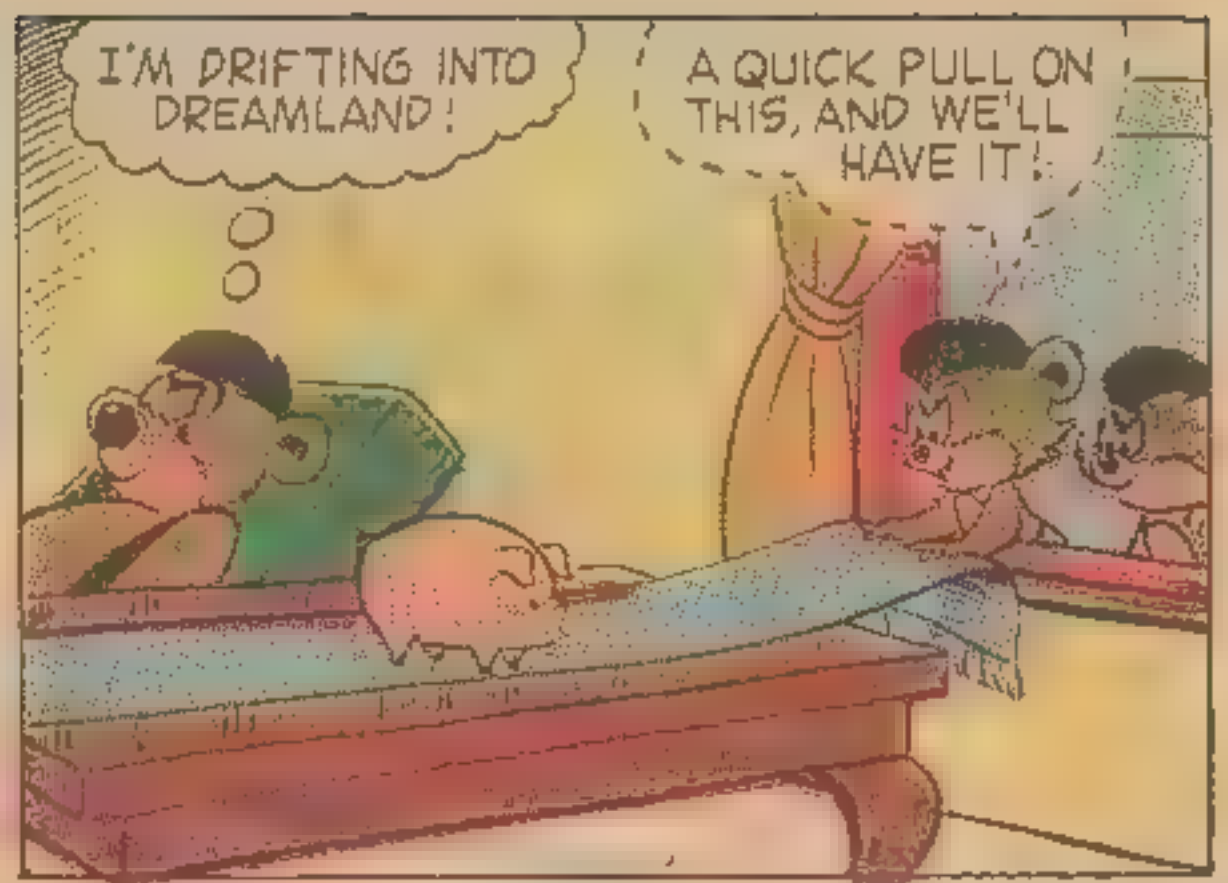
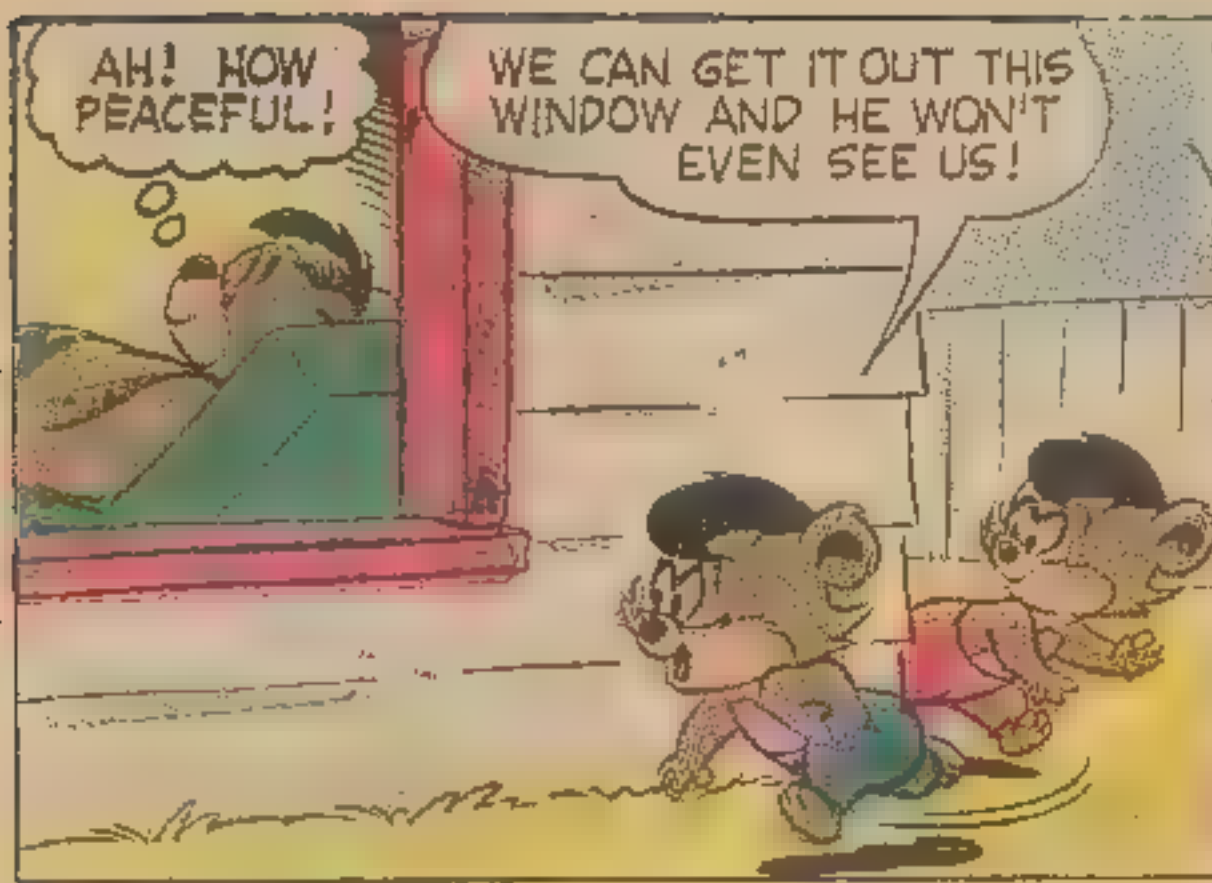
YES! IT WILL BE
YOUR REWARD!

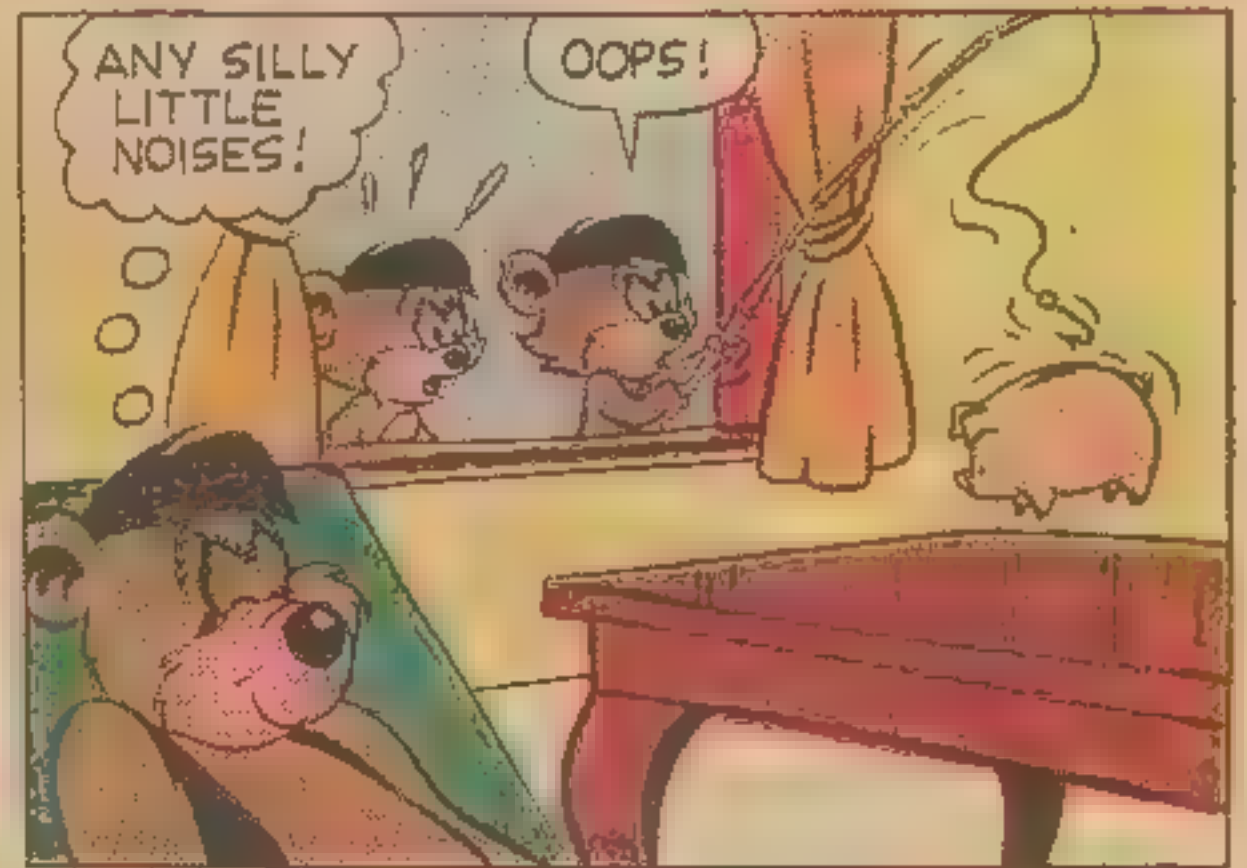
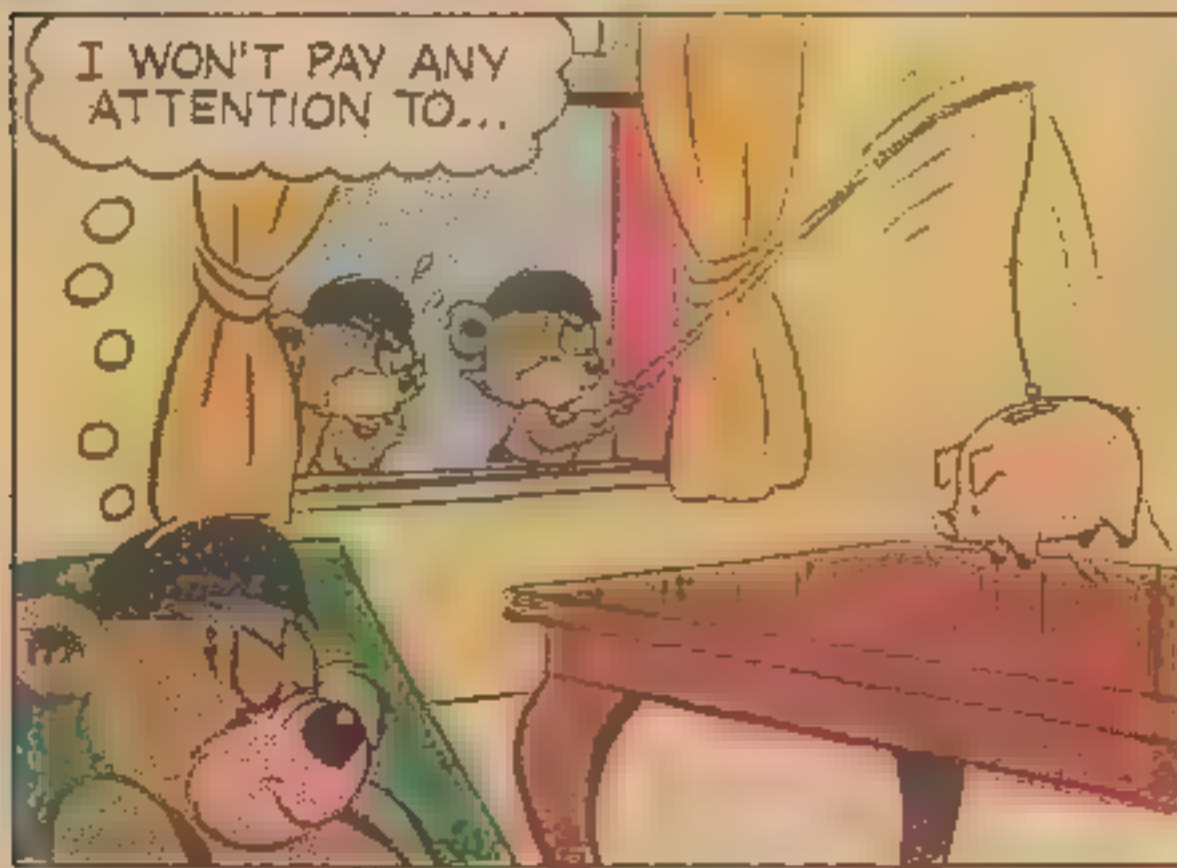
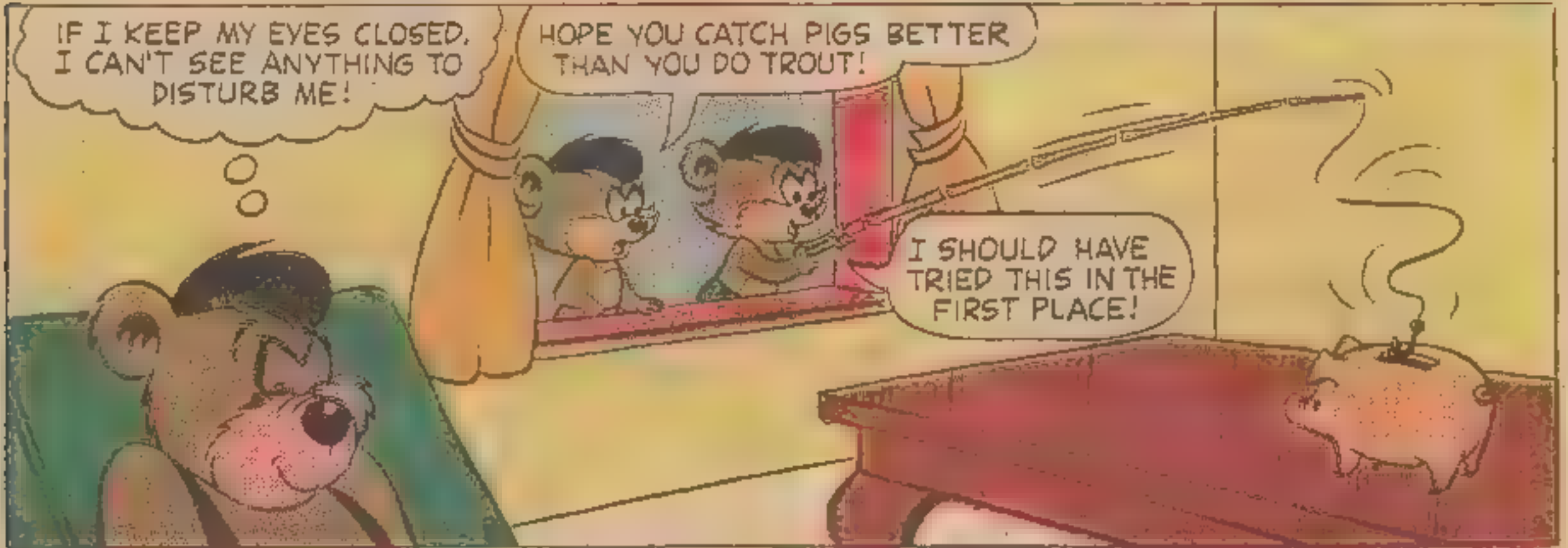
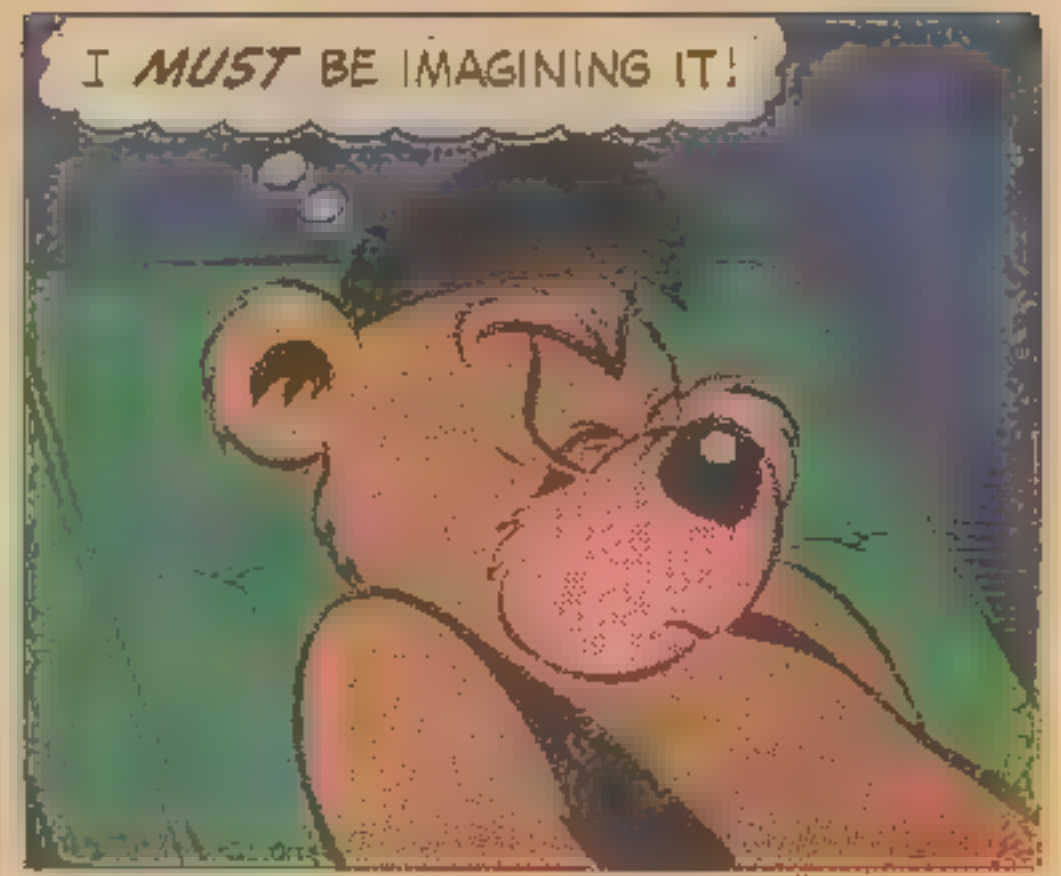
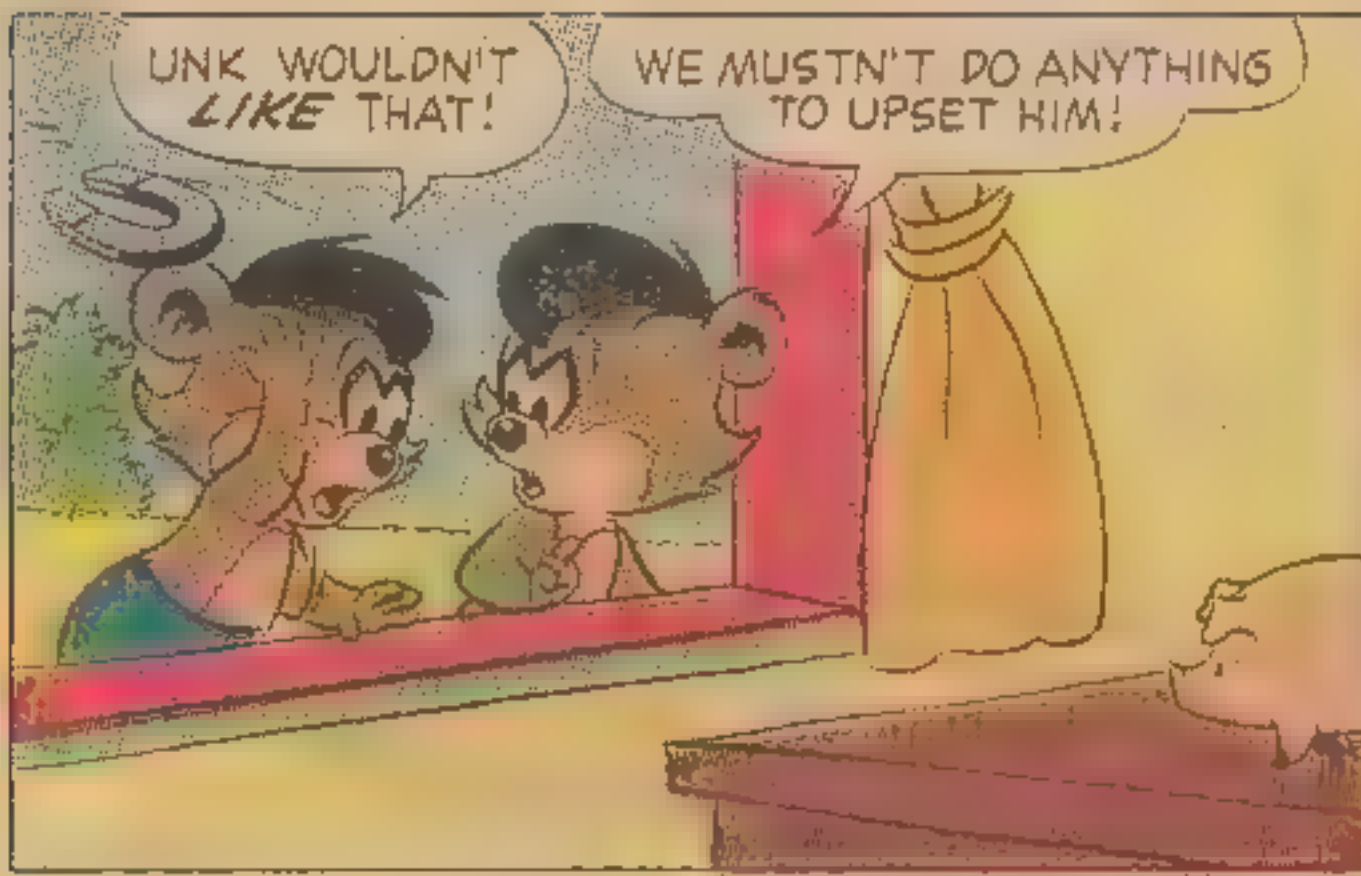
IS IT NOT A
BEAUTY?

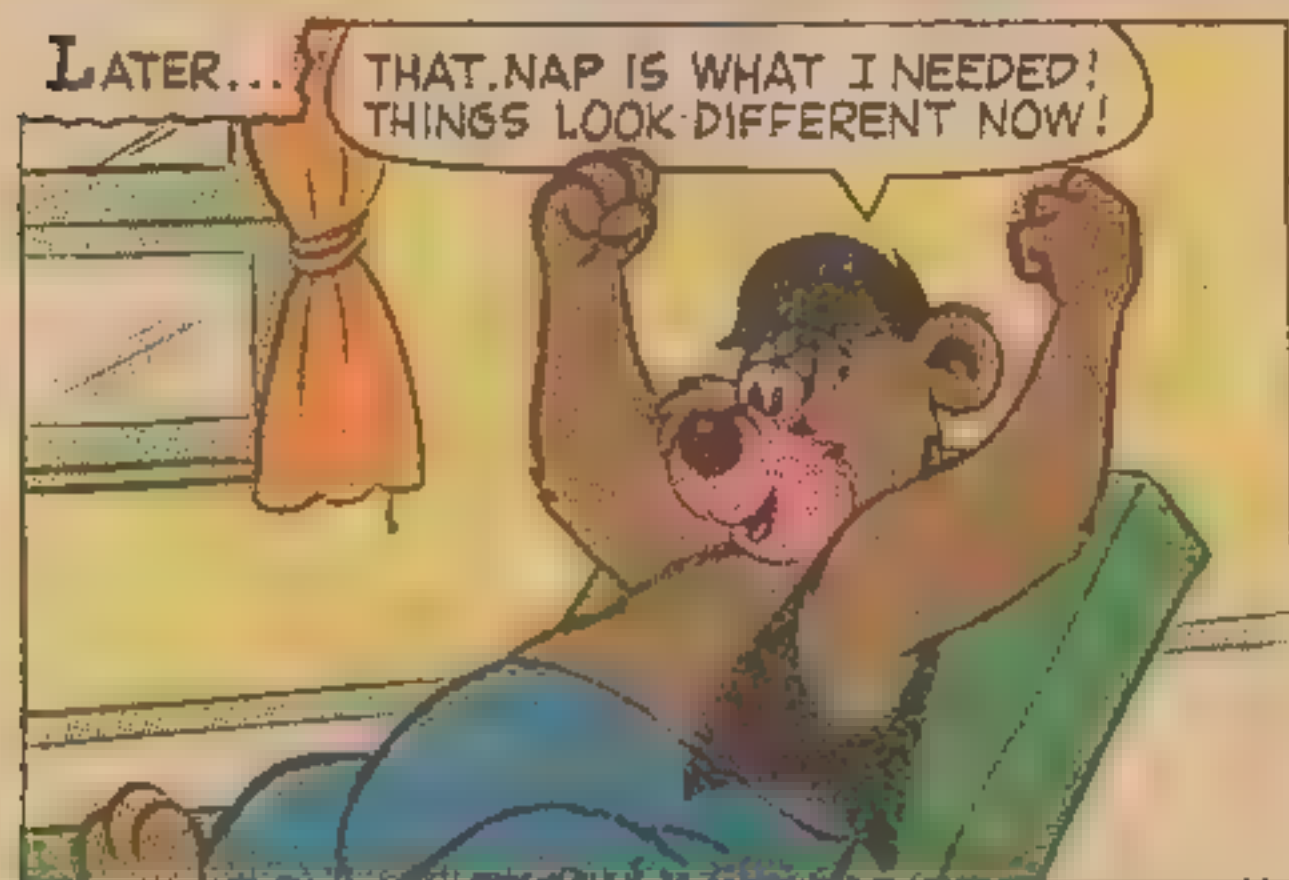
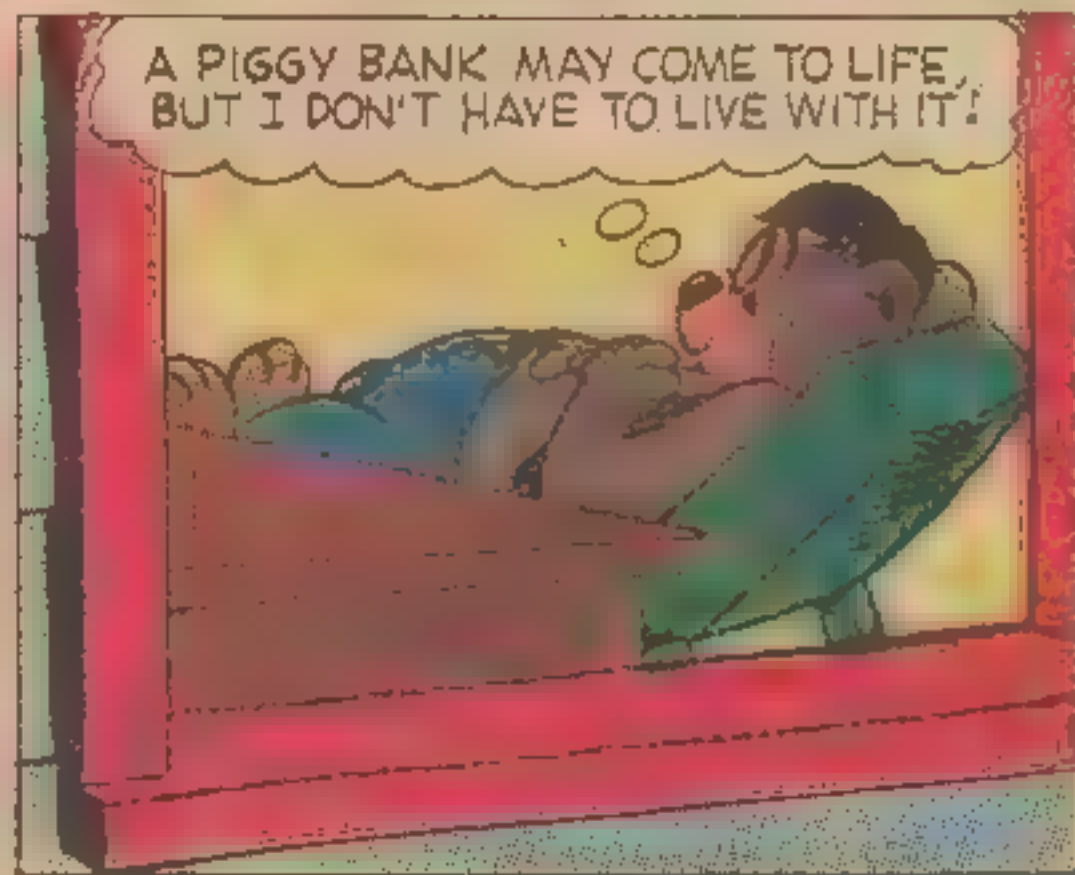
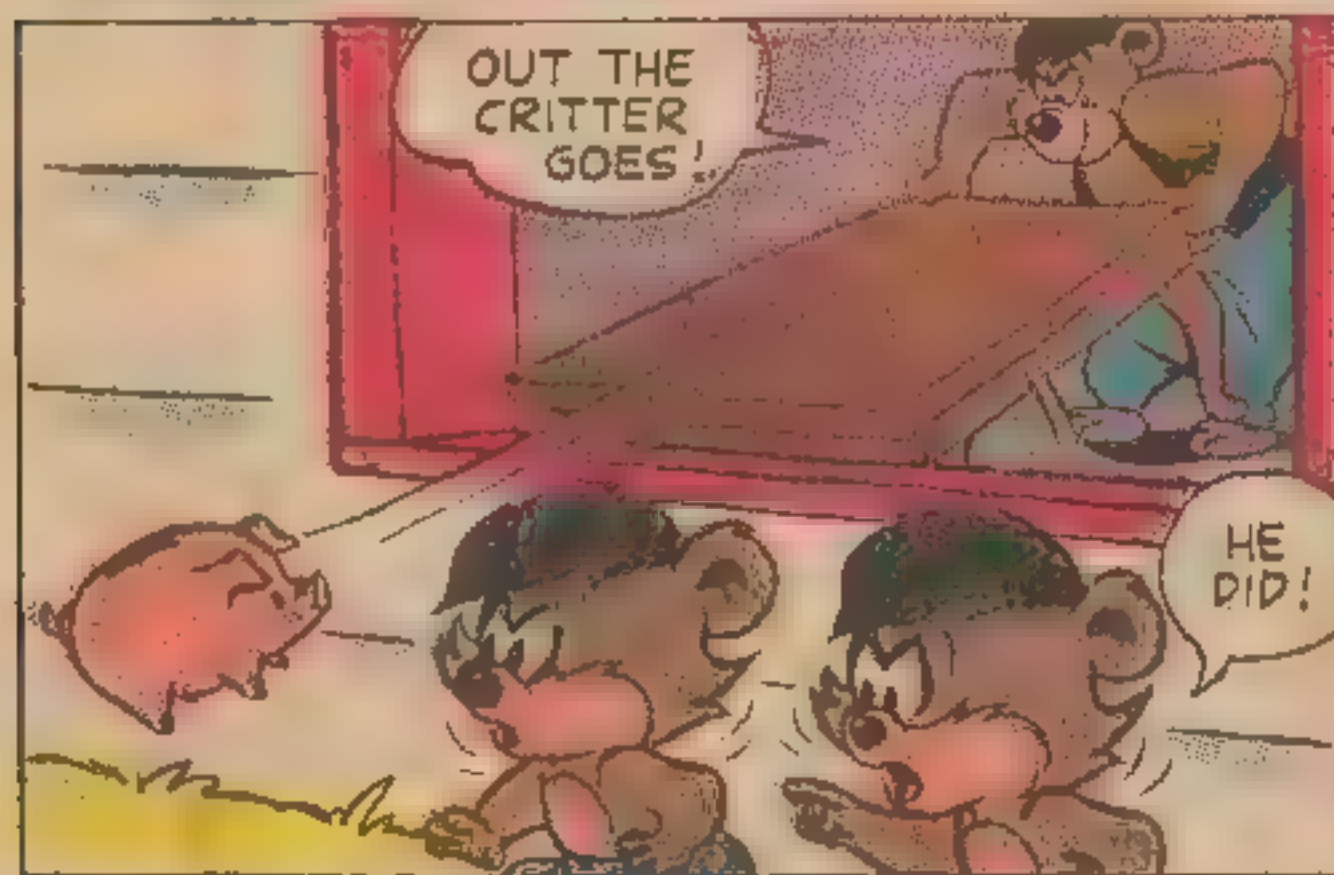
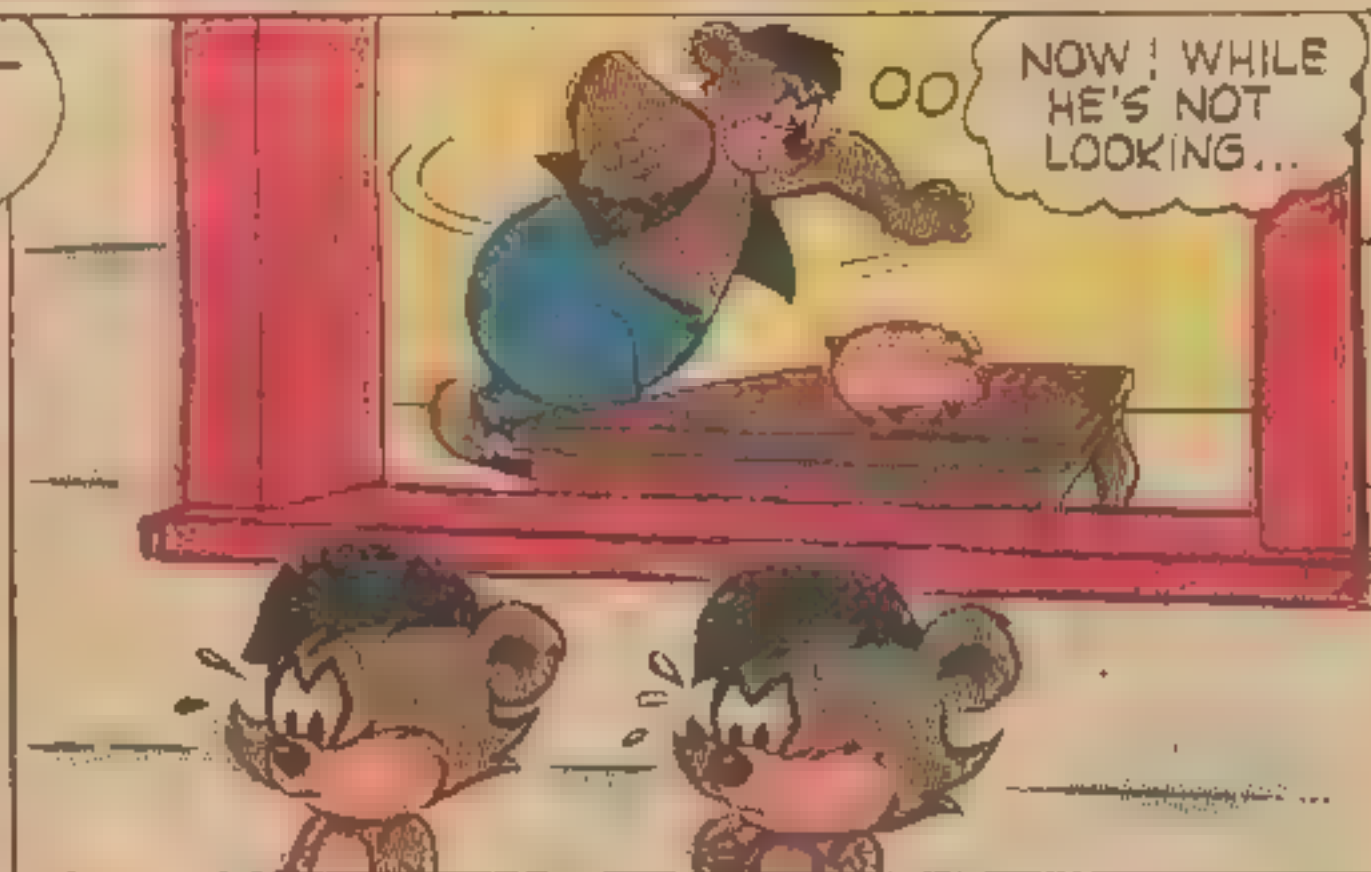
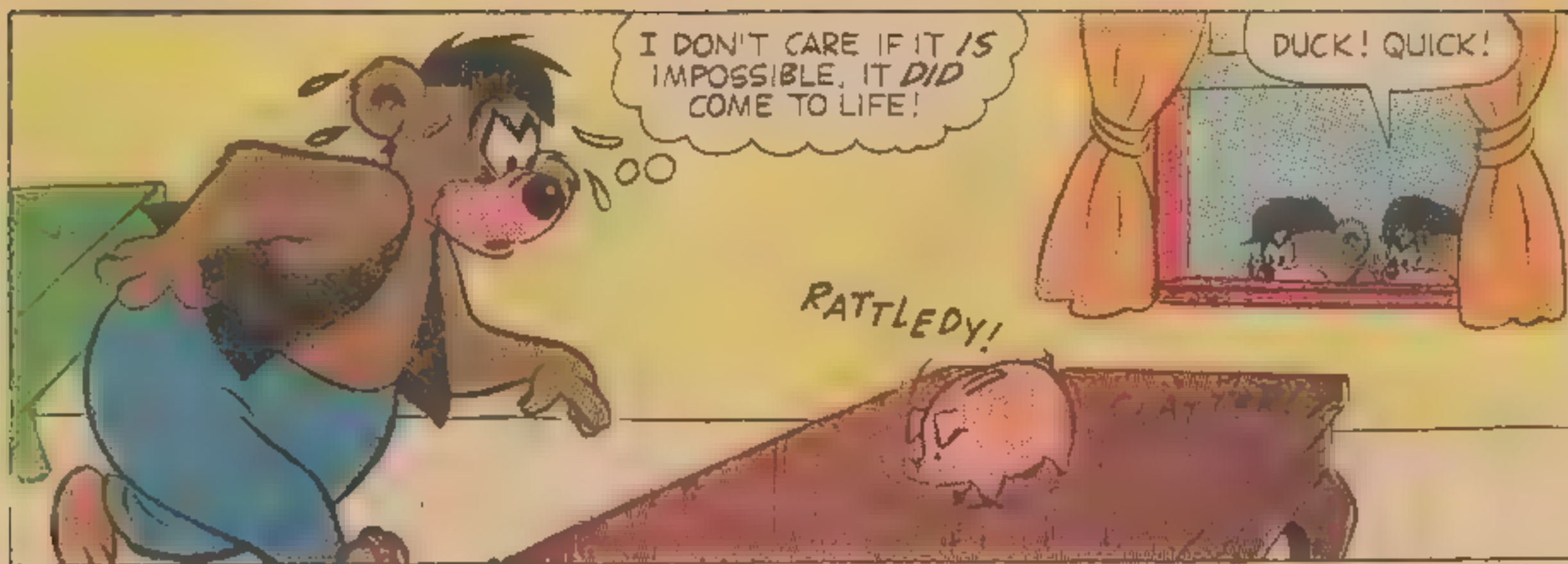


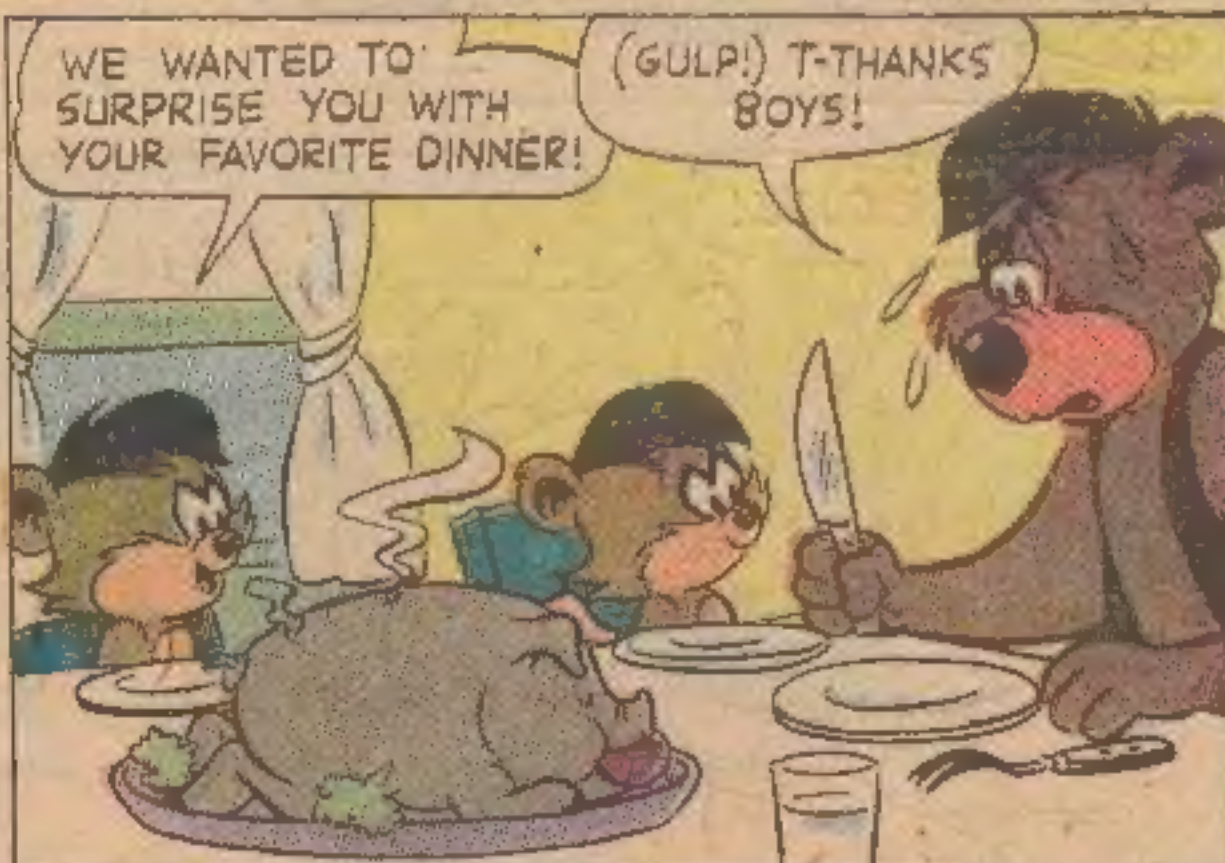
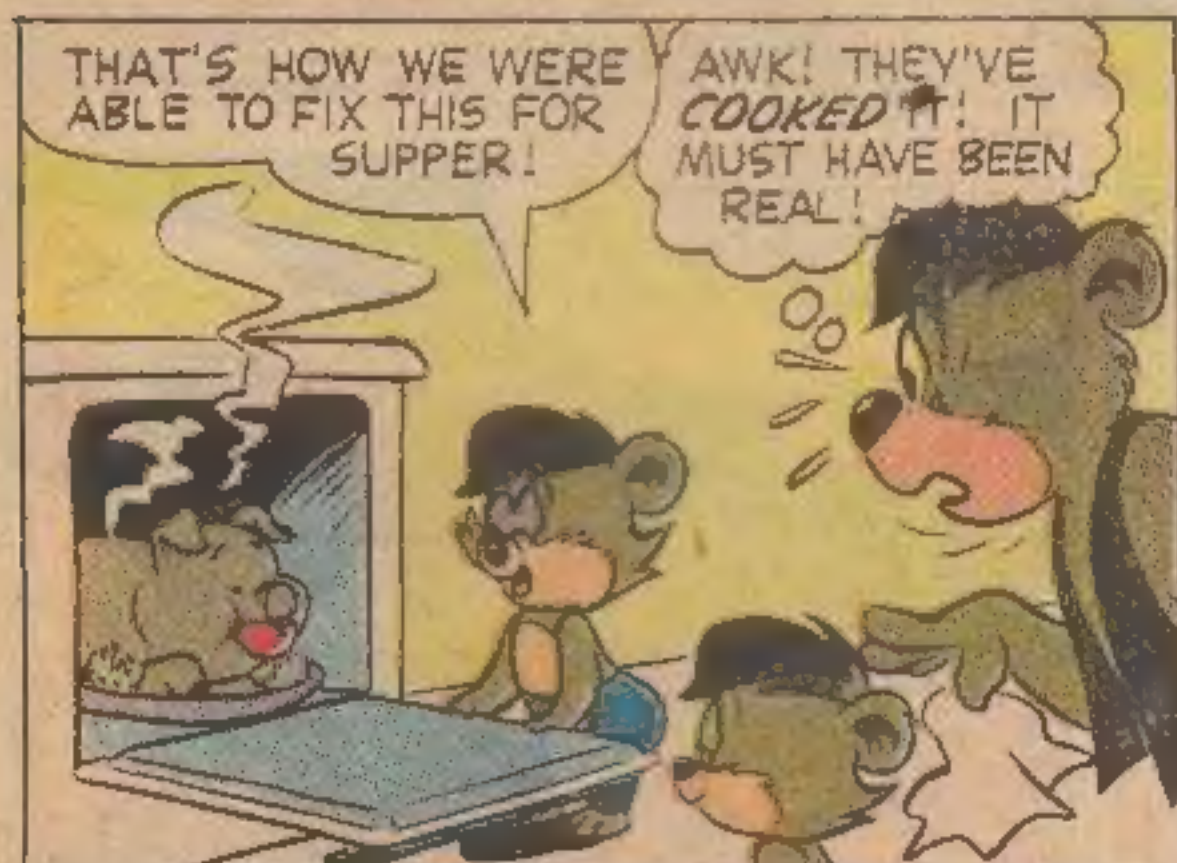
THE PIGGY BANKERS











STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Tom and Jerry Comics published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1960.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was 418,395.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1960

(Seal) JOHN C. WEBER
(My commission expires March 30, 1962)

The MOUSE MUSKETEERS

FRIGHT SIGHTS

(WHEW!) I'M GLAD
THAT JOB IS DONE!

YOU CAN SAY
THAT AGAIN!

FARMING'S A LOT OF
HARD WORK!

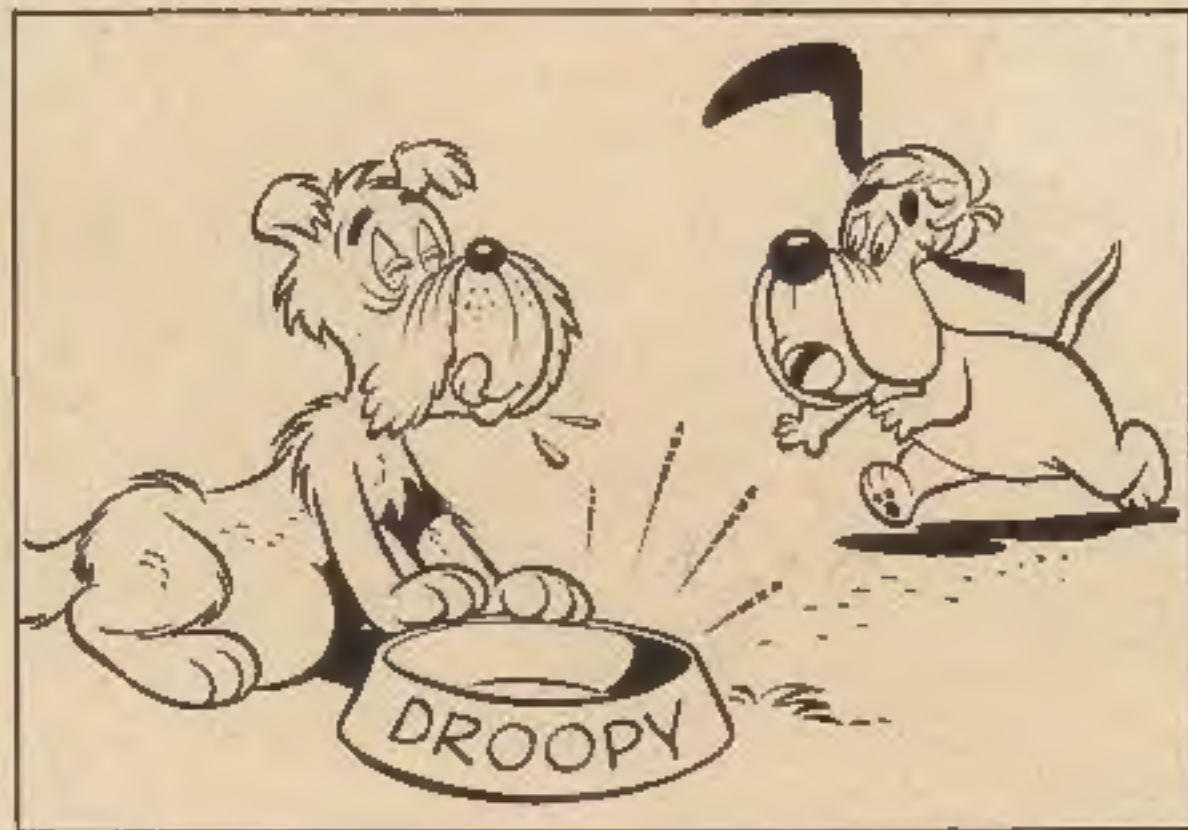
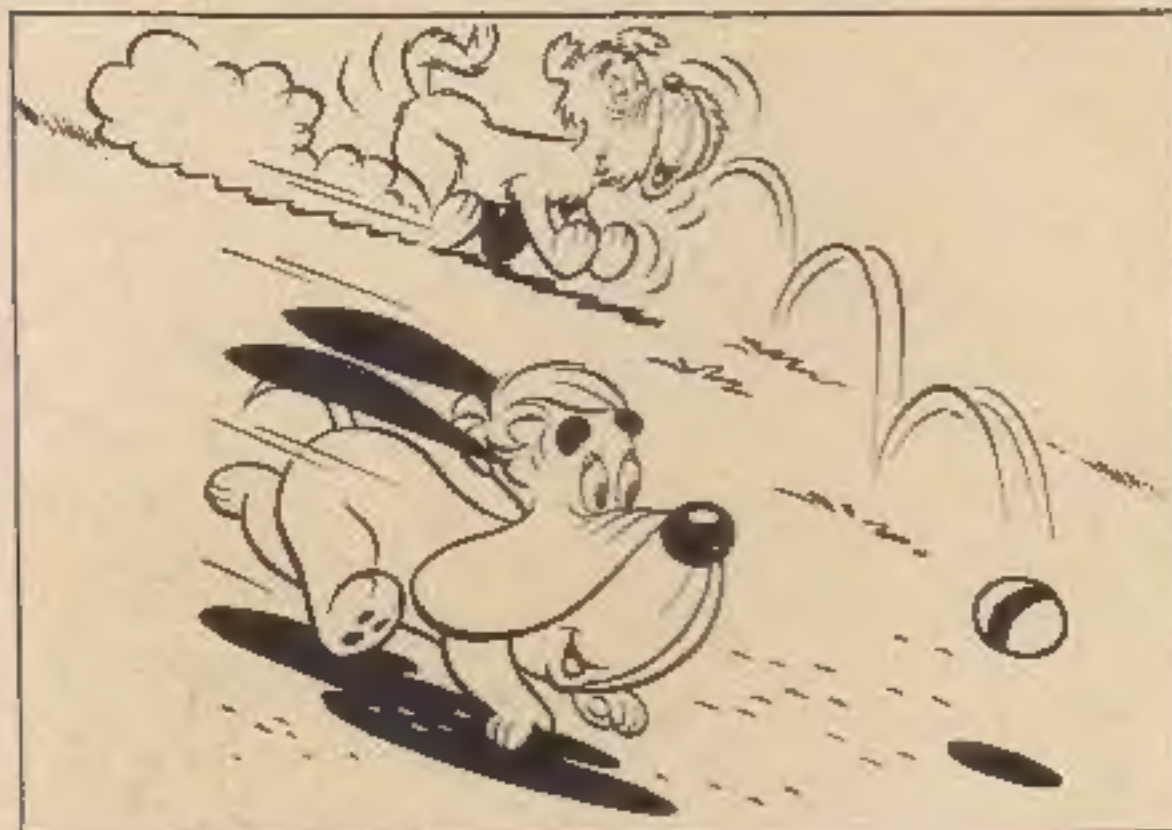
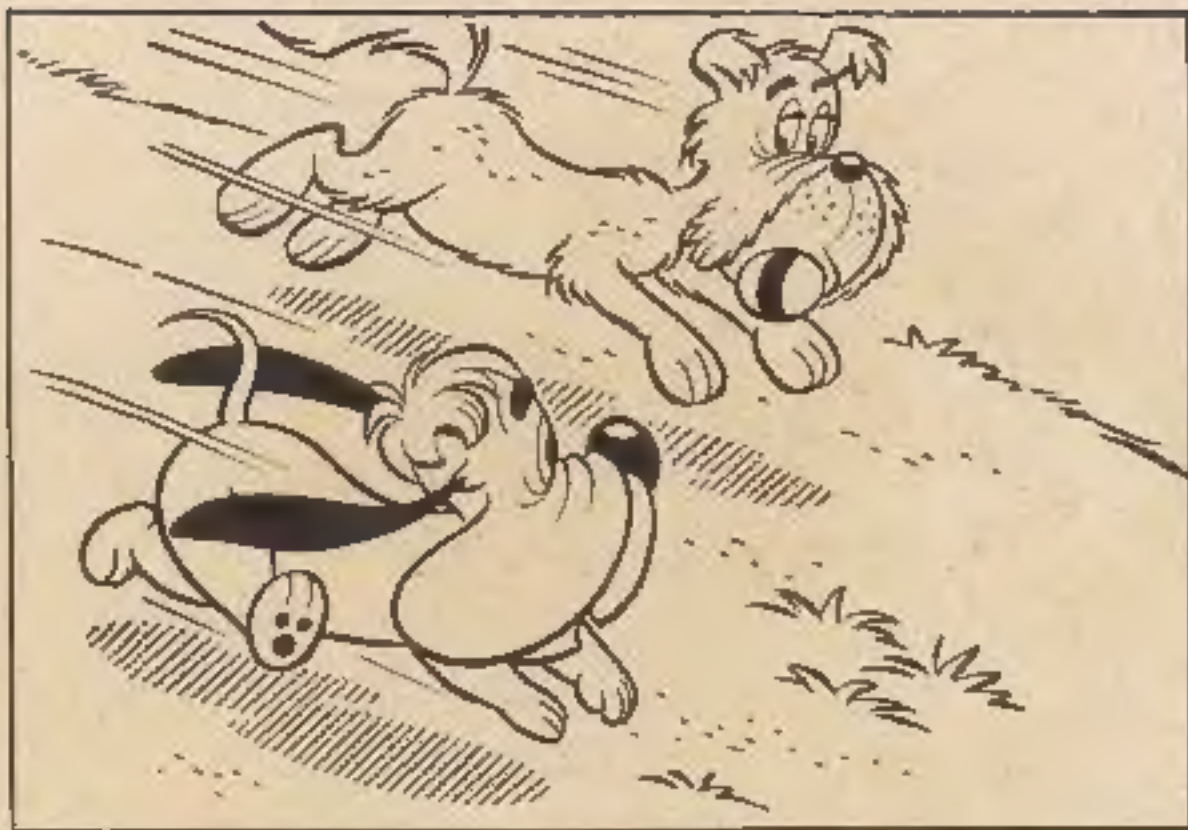
THAT'S FOR SURE!

BUT AT LEAST WE
CAN BE GRATEFUL
FOR ONE THING...

THOSE PESKY CROWS WON'T GET OUR CROPS *THIS* YEAR!

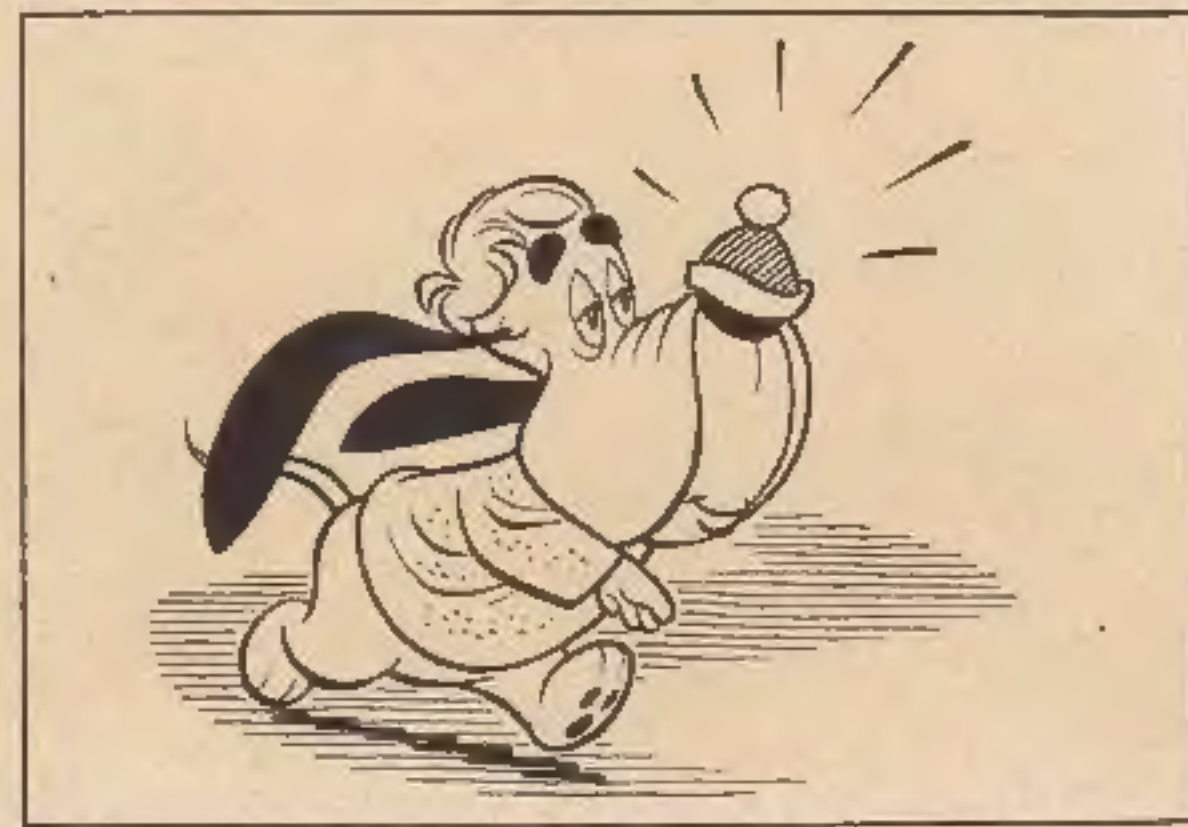
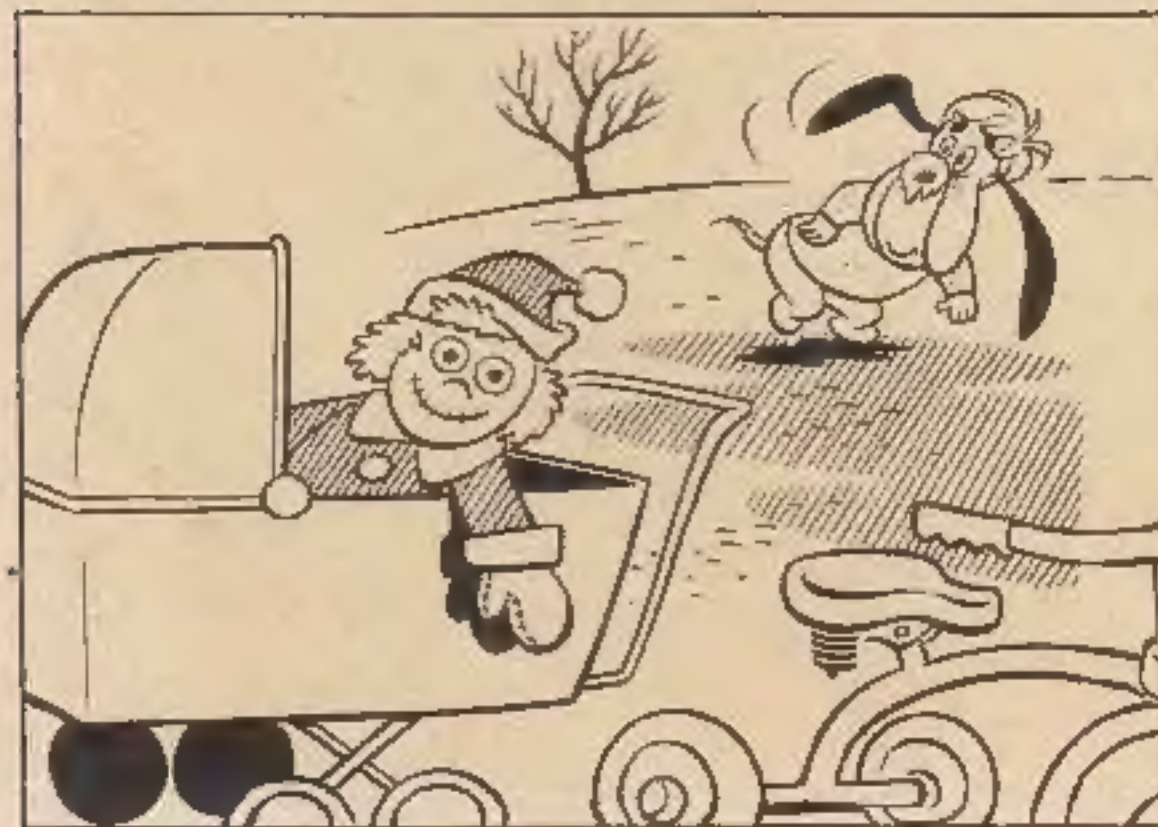
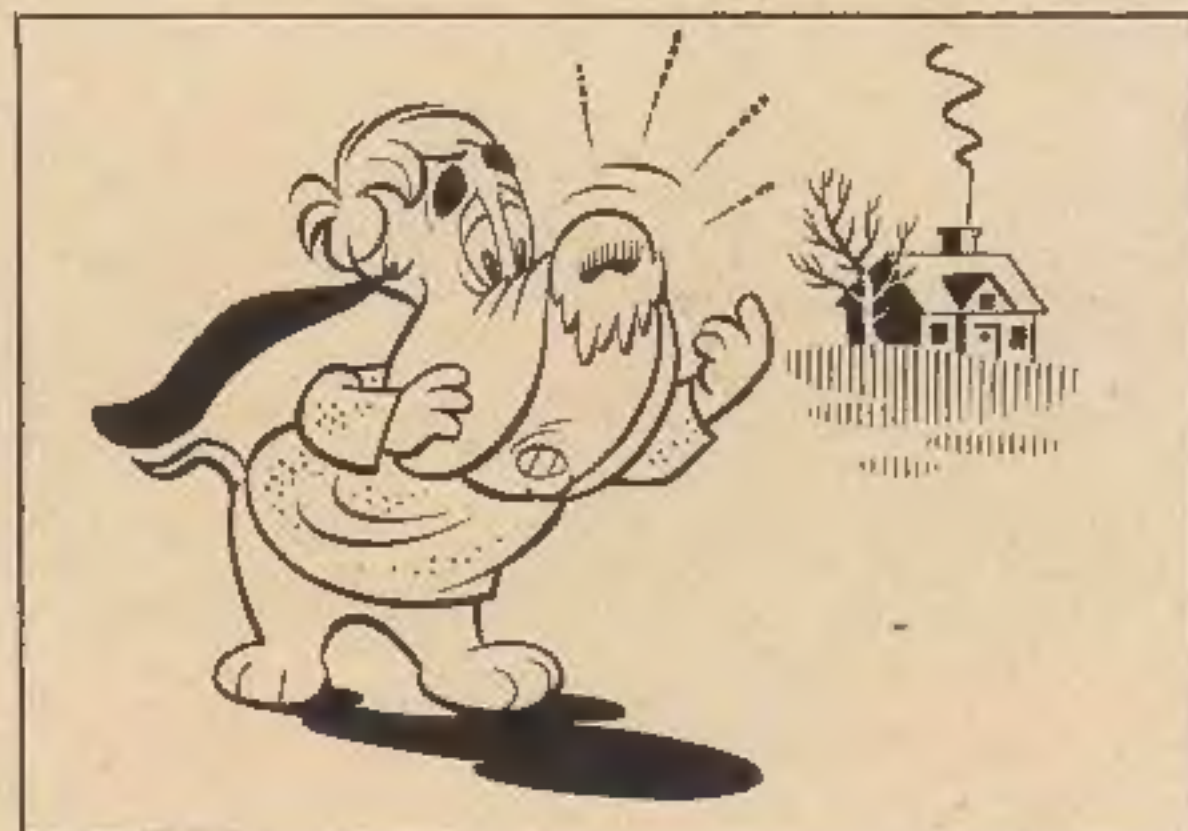
DROOPY

EAT AND RUN



DROOPY

COZY CAP



This is a Beaverbear

A beaverbear is always hungry as a bear for chewy Kraft Caramels and busy as a beaver 'cause, while he's eating one Kraft Caramel he's unwrapping another.



Kraft makes
Caramels like
Kraft makes
everything - and that's good!



Two kinds, Chocolate or Vanilla. Take your choice in bars of 6 or get both in bags—they're a bargain either way!

See Perry Como's Kraft Music Hall, NBC-TV, Wednesday nights